Sept. 7, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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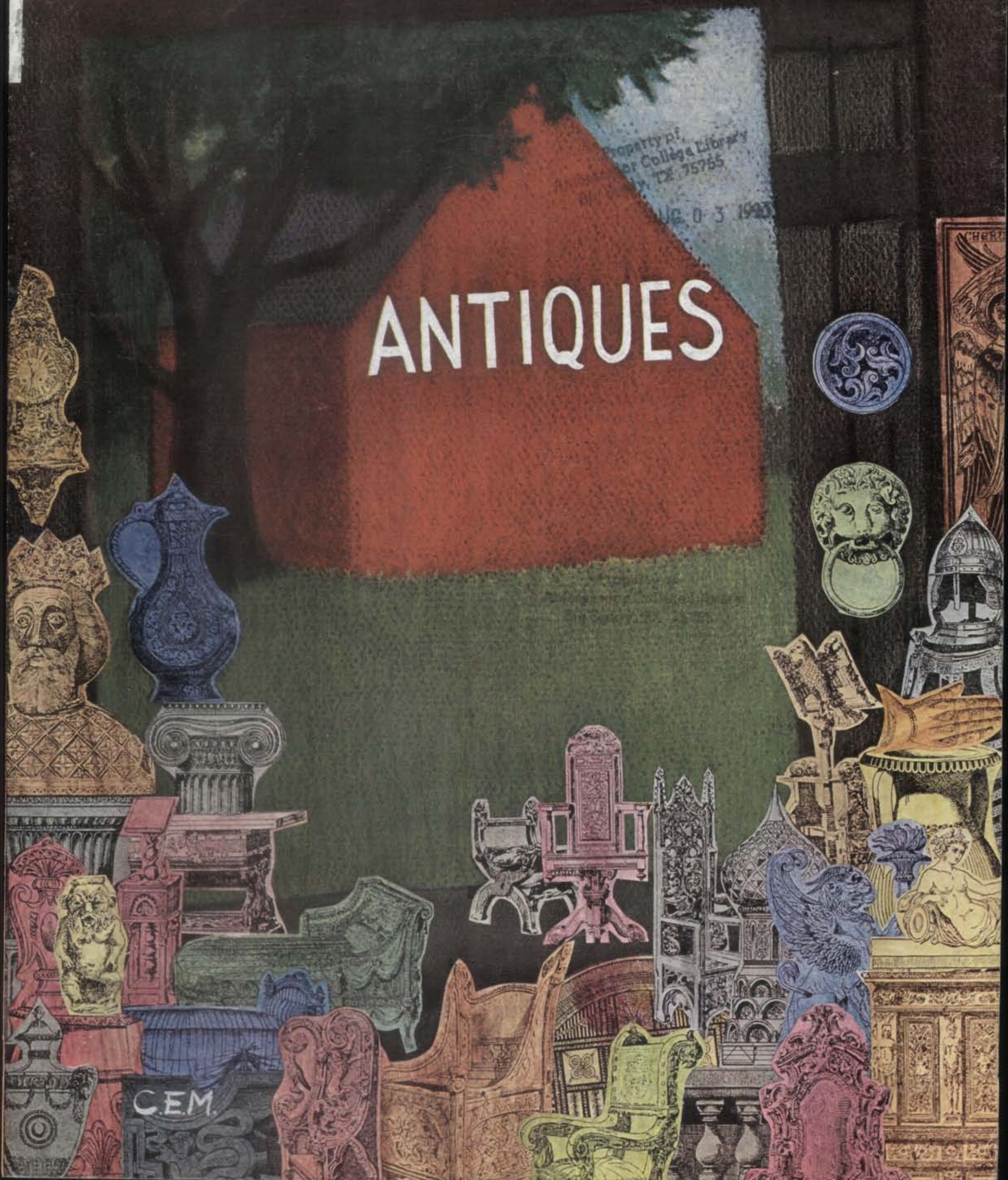
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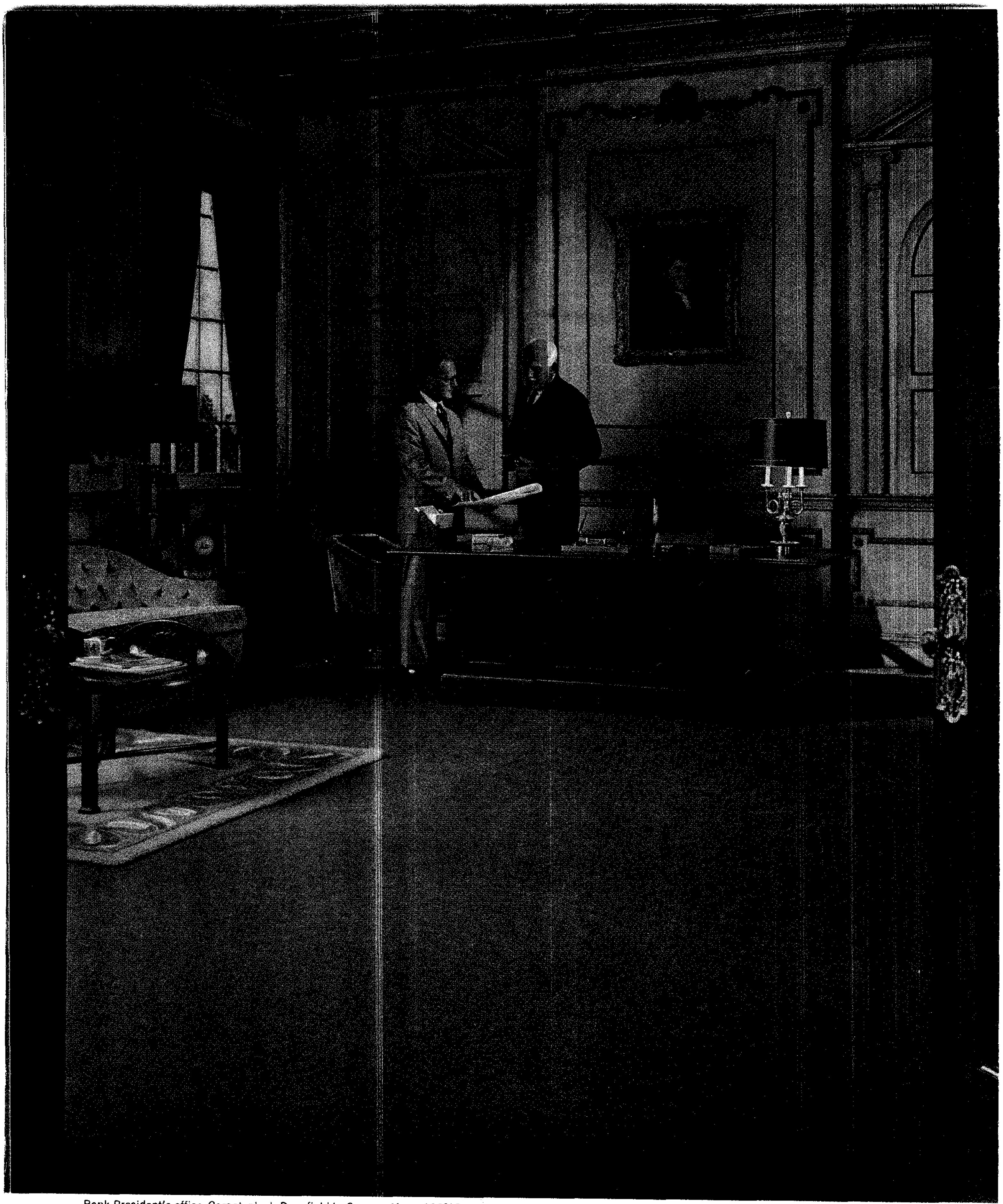

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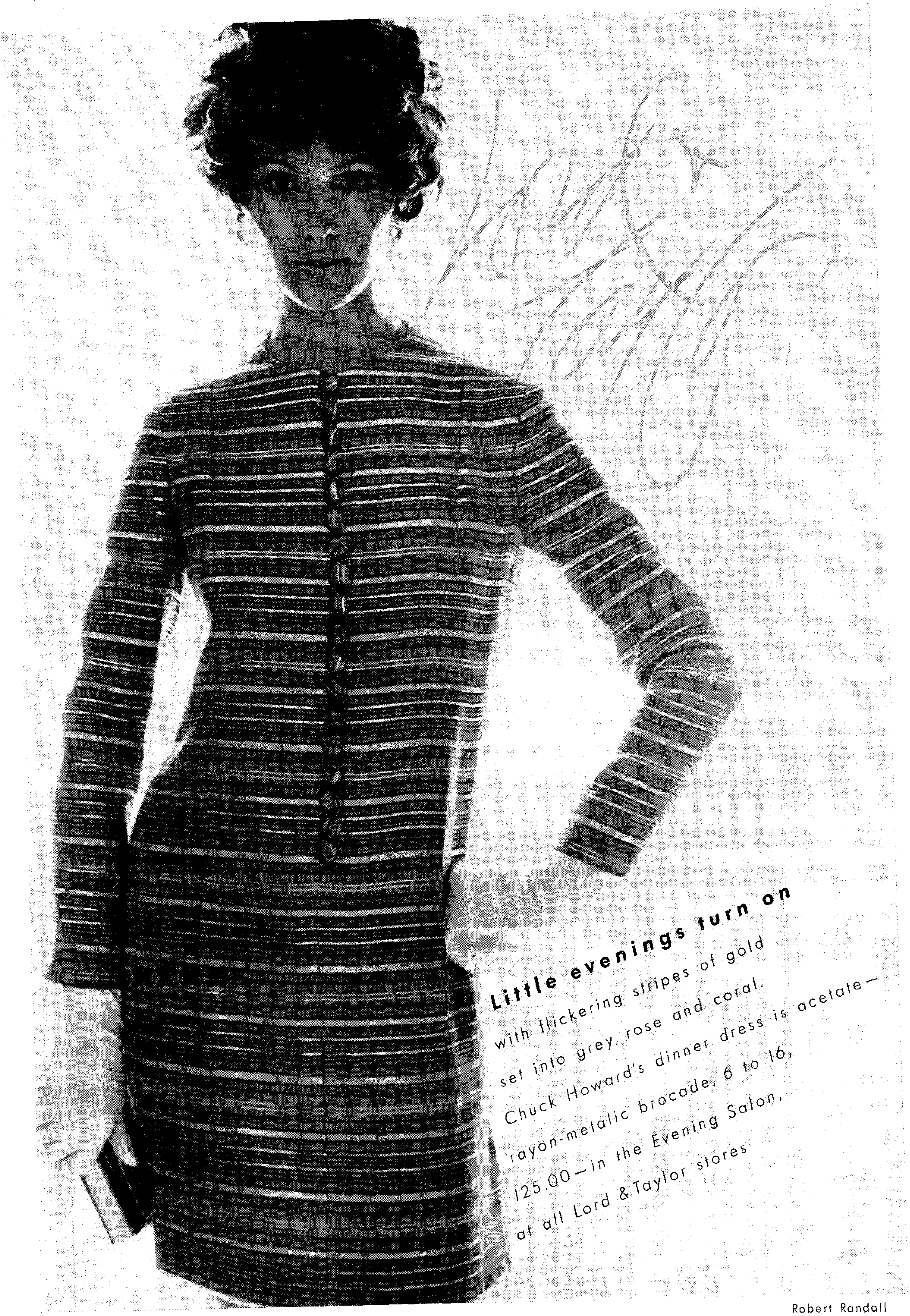

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—De Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE** through Thursday, Sept. 12.... ¶ George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF** from Friday, Sept. 13, through Saturday, Sept. 28. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fourth Wall—An improvisational revue with a cast of five. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lovers—Brian Friel has written a charming, sentimental play about the joys and miseries of Irish lovemaking. Art Carney plays the lead, assisted by several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company. The director is Hilton Edwards, also of the Gate. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Plaza Suite—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. George C. Scott and Maureen Stapleton are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. Starting Monday, Sept. 9, E. G. Marshall will replace Mr. Scott. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Zoe Caldwell in a marvellous comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Moves on Monday, Sept. 9, to the Longacre, 48th St., W., 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD:** Tom Stoppard's account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on R. & G. instead of on Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

George M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by many bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happy Hypocrite—A musical based on Max Beerbohm's 1897 short story, with music by James Bredt and book and lyrics by the late Edward Eager. Opens Thursday, Sept. 5. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Happy Time—A labored, not very tuneful telling of the old tale about how difficult it is to return to the scenes of one's childhood. Robert Goulet and David Wayne perform gallantly against crushing odds. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:15; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **WEST SIDE STORY**, with Barbara Luna, Kurt Peterson, and Victoria Mallory. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 7.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at

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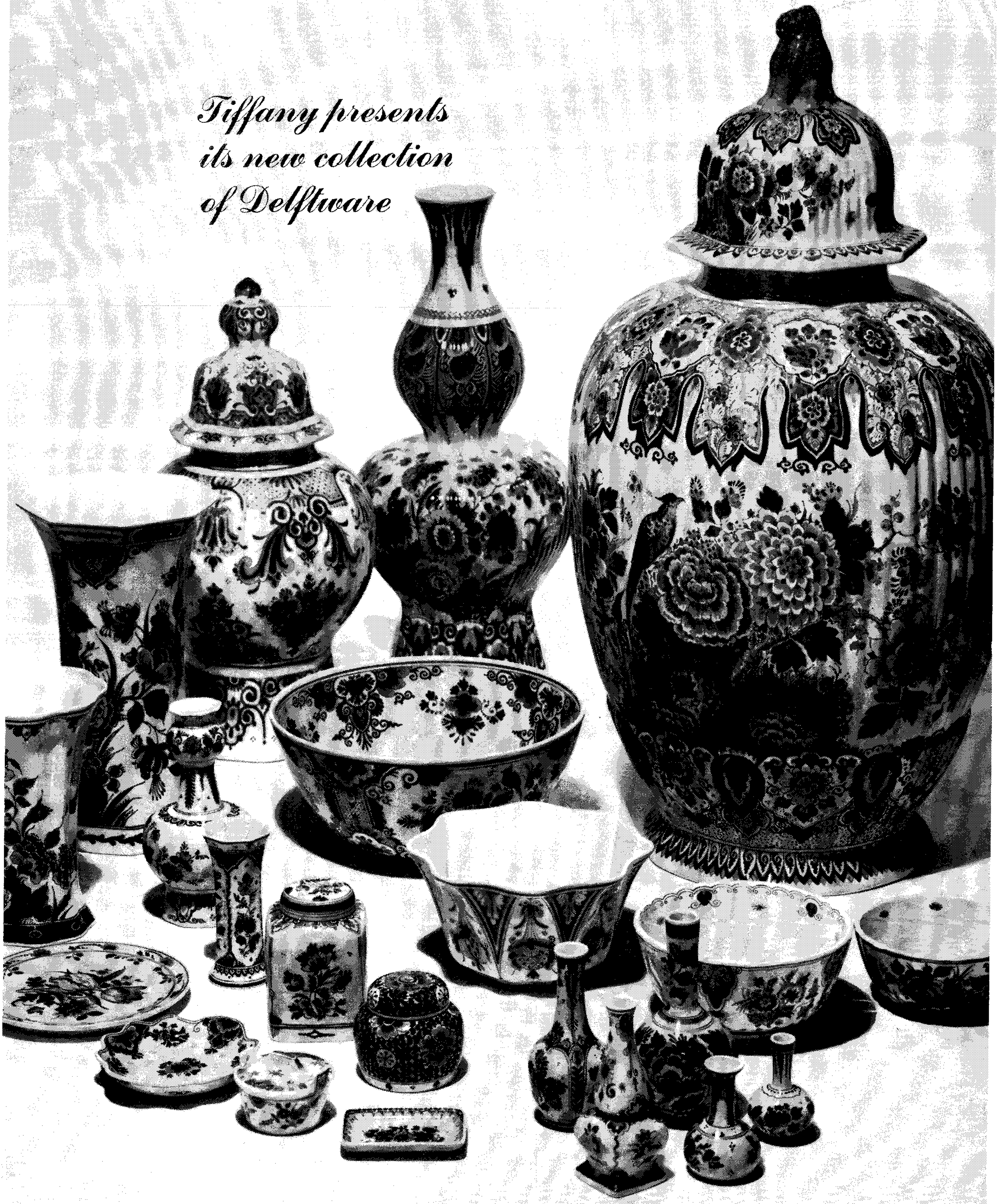

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Your Own Thing—As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." The songs, which come in many pleasing varieties, are by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar; Robert Guerra designed the imaginative settings; and the libretto, sometimes funny and sometimes just sort of, is the work of Donald Driver, who also directed the show. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Arma virumque cano. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Janis Paige is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Hal Holbrook plays the title role. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Anna Galmarini. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 15.)

OUTDOORS

Rebekah Harkness Foundation Dance Festival—The last seven in a series of free performances. Thursday, Sept. 5, at 8: Lotte Goslar and her company; the Harkness Youth Company; Patricia Neary, Karl Musil, and Robert Scevers; Richard Kuch and his company; and the Rod Rogers Dance Company.... ¶ Friday, Sept. 6, at 8: Harkness Youth Company, Anna Marie and David Holmes, the Reyes/Soler Ballet Español de Madrid, and Norman Walker and his company.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 4 (primarily for children): Harkness Youth Company and Lotte Goslar and her company.... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 8: Lotte Goslar and her company; the Harkness Youth Company; Patricia Neary, Karl Musil, and Robert Scevers; Richard Kuch and his company; and the Rod Rogers Dance Company.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 8, at 4 (primarily for children): Harkness Youth Company and Lotte Goslar and her company.... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 8 at 8: Lotte Goslar and her company; the Harkness Youth Company; Patricia Neary, Karl Musil, and Robert Scevers; Norman Walker and his company; and Lucette Aldous and Ben Stevenson.... ¶ Monday, Sept. 9, at 8: Harkness Youth Company; Patricia Neary, Karl Musil, and Robert Scevers; the Rod Rogers Dance Company; Norman Walker and his dance company; and Lucette Aldous and Ben Stevenson.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 10-11: Rain dates. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. The New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, a faintly baroque group, is playing currently. On Wednesday, Sept. 11, folk singers Hedge and Donna and rockers Ars Nova will take over. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, *echt*. On Thursday, Sept. 5, the show will include Al Kooper on organ. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7: Blood, Sweat, and Tears. On Sunday, Sept. 8: a jam session. On Tuesday, Sept. 10, the Nazz will start playing. The drinks center on coffee. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. The Ruby Braff quintet, which includes Brew Moore on tenor, plays, and some Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

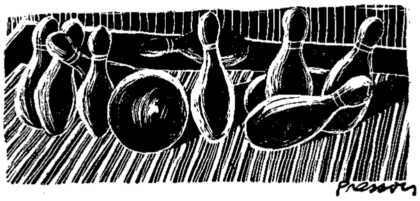
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangement of Petula Clark's latest. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

The Scene, 301 W. 46th St. (JU 2-5760)—Downstairs and unimposing; notable for its entertainment, which currently involves the Caldwell-Winfield Blues Band, the Raven (another blues band), and acoustic-guitarist Hal Waters. The Sunshine Company, a California outfit, starts Monday, Sept. 9. After two-thirty, visiting artists often turn up for jam sessions. Dancing is encouraged.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keep walking—you'll get there eventually. It's a dark and elemental hole whose clientele knows pretty much where it's at. Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs are adding their subtleties to the place. On Tuesday, Sept. 10, a new group will move in. On Saturday, Sept. 7, from five to nine, the Pharoah Sanders quintet will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, Sept. 8, from five to nine, Weldon Irvine's big band will do the same. Monday, Sept. 9, from nine to three, will be turned over to singer Vickey Kelly.



Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs, you can drink or dine while listening to the Mose Allison trio. On Mondays, the trio is off, and new talent is auditioned.... ¶ Downstairs: Mort Sahl, whose wit cuts deep, takes turns with singer Arthur Prysock. Mondays are set aside for special events.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. Its present occupant is the Kenny Burrell quartet. After Sunday, Sept. 8, the Bill Evans trio will replace the Burrells. Monday, Sept. 9, is reserved for the loud and sometimes startling sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu, and sawdust is on the floor. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. When the musicians take a break, you can go to the jukebox and play "Down in the Boondocks."

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sounds of the Chicago Loop. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages *manage to outweigh its pretensions*. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

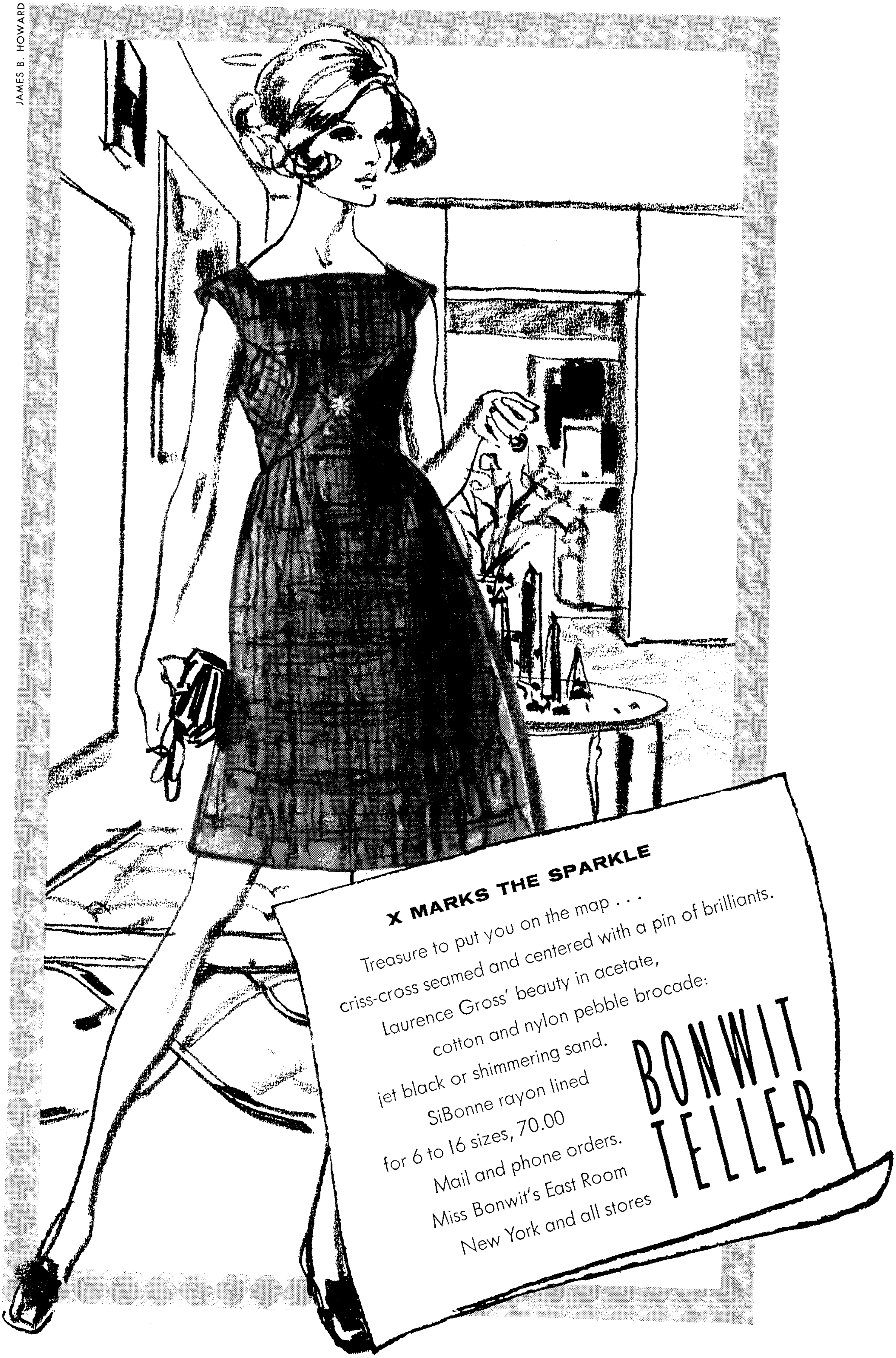
Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pinstriped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the customers groove on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. Live groups alternate with records over a potent system. On Monday, Sept. 9, at eight-thirty, the mixed-media Electric Ear series will continue, with another multi-media, hyper-contemporary, sonic-photic production. Alcohol is out.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (355-7160)—Kind of a cool place. Dancers swing expertly on the parquet floor, and the records stay up. Recorded music from nine to three or four through the week and from eight on Fridays. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, the Blue Notes play for listening. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement, to records, from seven to three or four. It sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The live sound of the Elephant's Memory alternates with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. On Tuesday, Sept. 10, the Street will replace the E.M. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970): On this mountaintop, the newest preserve of the Audubon Societies, the American songbird now thrives and sometimes—as in the instance of Sarah Vaughan, the present incumbent—jives. She cuts loose twice, during dinner and supper; Phil Wayne's band is there practically all the time until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Pierre,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Here every bracket is upper, and up, too, is the music of the spheres—the social ones, of course—that goes on every single night in the Café Pierre. Music from Johnny Mince's band Mondays and Tuesdays, from Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **Delmonico's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The restaurant is paved with good intentions, such as a take-your-time menu, a workable expanse of parquet, and the resolute beat of the little band run by Ernie Warren, who has spent a night-lifetime at this sort of music. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat,** Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): The past tense is the present one aboard the old riverboat, for the Glenn Miller orchestra, now in the hands of Buddy De Franco, is the mainspring. Tub-thumping music commences at six; the Millers come on at seven-thirty. One-thirty is the limit, and there is no sound Sunday nights. . . . **Roseland Dance City,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Old Colonial artifacts like the foxtrot and the two-step have been in the family so long that someone has set up a big, comfortable *musée* for them and their practitioners. There, every night but Monday, they are on view, unhampered by practitioners of the new, disassociational dances. Seven-thirty until one, mostly, but Sundays begin at 3:30 P.M., Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary laws are thinning indeed. . . . **Tavern-on-the-Green,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200): Summer camp for adults, and without camp councillors, so it is possible, on the outdoor terrace, for diners who dance to improvise their own special athletics. The music starts at seven-thirty every night, and runs on until after midnight. . . . **El Morocco,** 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): On Thursday, Sept. 12, the curators will turn on the lights in the museum, dance music will spring up, and the rituals of a new season will begin. No real news there; the big thing is that Peter Duchin will be running one of the bands.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Kaye Stevens, a gay blade of grass in the barren fields of panem-et-circenses humor, pops into the Royal Box during dinner and supper. The estimable orchestra of Lee Evans is much more frequent. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—In the Château's big new home, Spain can be seen to have grown by leaps and bounds, many of them offered up by the very young Miguel Sandoval and his ballerinas. Los Chavales de España and their easy-does-it new-form folklore fill the rest of the evening. The players' stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays, except that Los Chavales hibernate every Sunday. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—A mighty wind machine, the Temptations, does the singing, in most modern glee-club fashion, and throws in high, wide, and handsome stepping, too. The four components, all male and all young, are in service twice or more every night of the week. On Thursday, Sept. 12, they will be succeeded by Jerry Vale, his campaign smile, and his throaty tenor. . . . ¶ The street-level lounge undulates; after ten o'clock, to the slinky sight-and-sound you'd find in one of the more acceptable Vegas lounges.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Lainie Kazan, a soprano for whom the word is sometimes "predictable," holds court in the fine old Persian Room throughout dinner and supper; the orchestras of Burt Farber and of Mark Monte make the autumn evenings seem longer and more cheerful. All quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ A pianoforte-and-fiddle crew commences its career in the Palm Court, from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and then moves on to the Edwardian Room. And the Palm Court, ever a thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when, at eight, violin and piano lightly turn their thoughts to Vienna. Except on Sunday and Monday nights, the violin is the possession of Gunnar Hansen, the majordomo. Someone else fills in on Mondays, and no one shows up on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A fairly reasonable précis of Paris is the burden of a lot of the songs Patachou brings across the ocean every year, but this woman of the world is not unacquainted with the crop we grow over here. She appears at the dinner and supper hours in the Maisonette. George Cort and Quintero run the two orchestras that boom away the rest of the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rest are the attributes of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): The Empire Room reopens on Friday, Sept. 13, to install Shirley Bassey, that volatile London oriole, on the throne during dinner and supper, and to surround her and them with the dance music, seven-thirty until two, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a dance trio will resume its seasonal duties on Tuesday, Sept. 10, from eight until one, and dinner and supper will be on the hob. The trio's schedule is Tuesday through Saturday each week; Muriel Roberts, already at her eclectic piano, is at work, four-thirty through eight-thirty, every night but Saturday and Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Until the main task force returns to this community center, the piano of Lynn Mullinax, which begins at eight, keeps the franchise going in the proper mood. Closed Sundays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Treasure Island as it is today, without pirates but still with a bottle of rum and some yo-ho-ho, this last accomplished by one or another perambulatory West Indian singer. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): There are times when it does seem, as one casts an eye about the happy premises,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

that the don't-trust-anyone-over-eighteen regiment is communing only with itself and the modish, modernist music of Chuck Wayne's triad, which is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Fear not the Greeks bearing guitars, the Armenians bearing ouds, the Israelis bearing banter, for they make common cause *in this new republic on the eastern shore of* the Mediterranean. The major interests are Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, jokers; Tasso Mavris, guitarist; George Mgrdichian, oudist; and Jasmine, a dancer who throws her *ventre* to the four *vents* with great grace and facility. One may dine as the Israelis do. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): "Glass—Handle with Care" should be the label on the beaded walls that divide this strivers' paradise into a thousand corners, none of them quiet. Jacques Kayal's piano is audible from five until two every night but Monday. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is hardly for everyone, but the fact is that Charles De Forest's songs and *piano cheer this den of propinquity,* where he carries on to a late hour every evening but Sunday. There are other players, too, none of whom need be entered in a memory book. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The décor and the diet have overtones of London, but the loudest, and merriest, overtones are in the sturdy voice of Lynn Richards, who is at her piano in the bar from nine until two, though never on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Lautrec may have designed Rita Dimitri, the franglaised soubrette à la grecque who sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on in her salon. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Not so much New York East as it is Europe East; that is, it could almost be mistaken for the pavilion of, say, the Royal Hotel in Budapest. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band is thoroughly Hungarian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti, yes, implies the sort of menu and wine card, but La Scala at audition time is the attitude of the irrepressible waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Instant Replay" is the name of the small boy-and-girl revue that takes place twice a night, except on Sunday. The cast exhibits unflagging zeal and uncertain technique; as for the skits, some are original thought and some are the sincerest form of flattery.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): There is (spiritually, at least) a welcome mat on the drawbridge, which is always down. Beyond the portcullis, the violin of Norbert Faconi, as well as nourishment, awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A retrospective show of New York in its Edith Wharton days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to midnight, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Music quite literally in the round. The chair of applied piano is occupied by a professor—Ray Hartley is the name—from an institution of quite high learning. He works out from five-thirty until one, though never on Sunday or Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Parking in *this* Roman plaza is restricted to the dining tables; the sheet is thus kept clear for Herman Honigsberg and his perambulatory rout of musicians to circumnavigate. Closed Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays. . . . **PROMENADE CAFE,** in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (PL 7-5730): In the open-air sunken living room, and under one of the many garden-party umbrellas, this or that installation of musicians breeze (from noon until midnight) through a recipe that is two parts nostalgia, one part schmalz. Sundays are inaudible.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by gallery artists, including Maurice Grosser, Margo Hoff, and Thomas Quirk; through Oct. 5. *(Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)*

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until dark; through Sept. 15.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Ninety mezzotints from the Museum's collection, constituting a survey of this method *of printmaking, which originated in the* seventeenth century; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

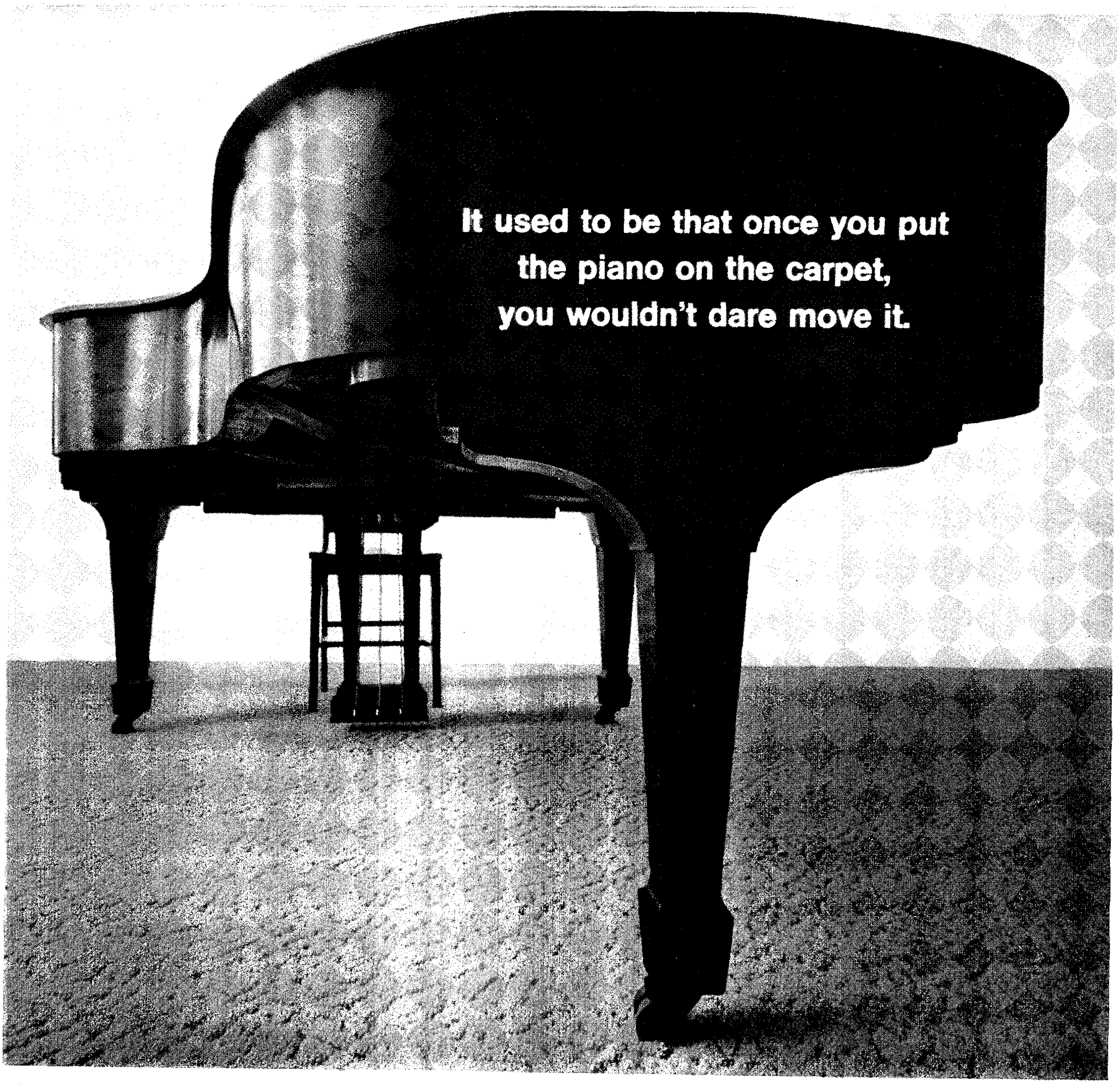
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A selection of late-period paintings and drawings by John D. Graham, a figure in the New York art world in the thirties and forties, who abandoned Abstract art for a kind of hallucinatory portraiture, mostly of women; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Fifty-seven paintings, wall pieces, sculptures, and objects from the past twenty years by thirty-three artists, most of them "minimalists;" through Sunday, Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Five major paintings (by Kandinsky, Picasso, Gris, Marc, and Rouault) borrowed by the Museum; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibitions at the moment. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Works by sixty-three painters and sculptors under forty years of age (ranging from Anuszkiewicz to Zox) acquired in recent years by the Museum; through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ A show of works that use light and electronics by six individual artists (among them Stephen Antonakos and Stanley Landsman) and a mixed-media group known as USCO; through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Musical instruments—the Crychord, the Harmonic Cannon, the Boo, and others—designed by West Coast composer Harry Partch will be displayed Sunday, Sept. 8, through Sunday, Sept. 15. On Tuesday, Sept. 10, at 8:30, Mr. Partch will conduct a twelve-man ensemble at the instruments' controls. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran, and includes carved pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States; through Oct. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man



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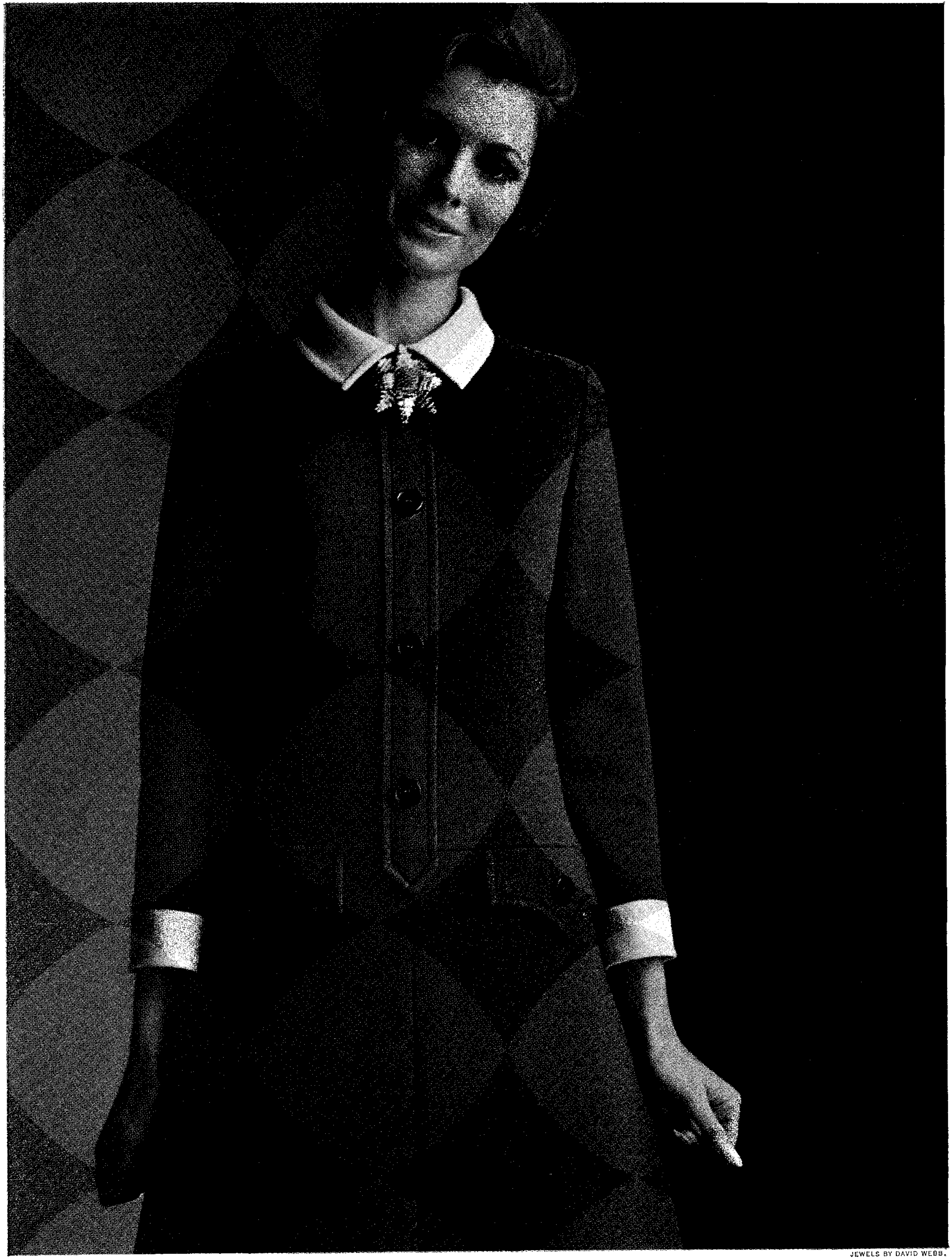

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Bookbindings by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, 1884-93: through Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Treasures from the Pierpont Morgan Library collections; through Oct. 19. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

ORCHESTRAS

Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra—Lukas Foss conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, and his company of musicians in a series of six programs of music from India. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday through Friday, Sept. 10-13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 14-15, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Lance Hayward and Bill Lee—With the Millard Williams Bass Choir. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Sept. 8, at 8:30.)

Chambers Brothers; Blood, Sweat, and Tears; and Amboy Dukes—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Washington, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 8, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday, Sept. 10, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 8. . . . **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, at 8:05.

Boxing—Frank DePaula vs. Jim McDermott, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 8:30.)

Dog Show—Westchester Kennel Club. (Croton Point Park, Harmon. Sunday, Sept. 8.)

Horse Shows—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 5-8.). . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 12-15.)

Hunt Racing—Fair Hill Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 7, and Saturday, Sept. 14.)

Olympic Equestrian Trials—For the Grand Prix Dressage Team. (Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7-8, at 3:30.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 14. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 7, and the Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 14. . . . **atlantic city**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays; last day Saturday, Oct. 12. Post time is 2 through Saturday, Sept. 7; after that, 1:30. The United Nations Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 11.

Tennis—United States Open Tennis Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 5-7, at noon, and Sunday, Sept. 8, at 1. For information about tickets call 504-6600.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)

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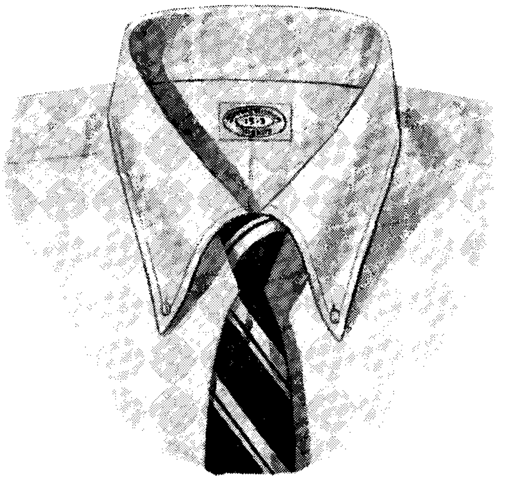

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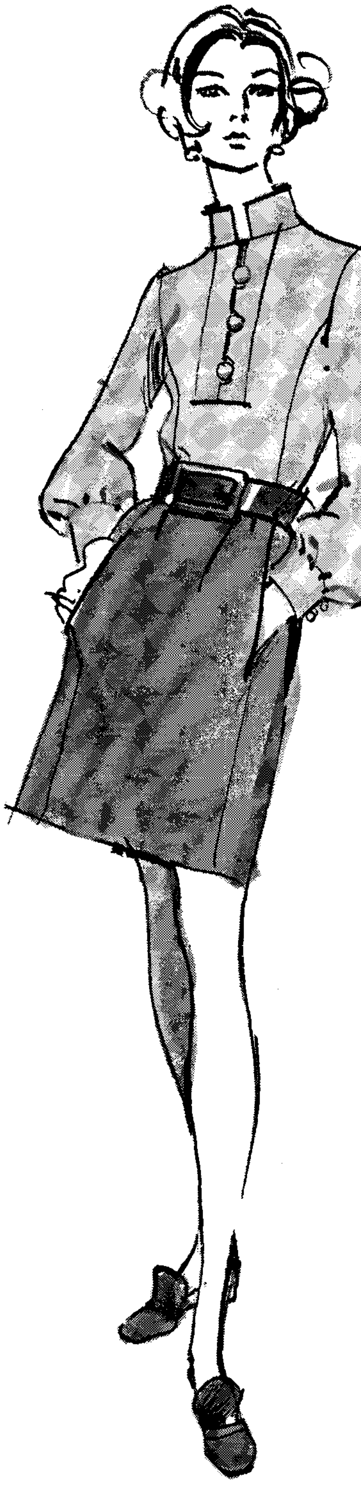

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Past," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 8. Meets at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 10:30: Books, including art reference works, press books, and a collection of books on arms and armor; from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 13, at 1:45: English silver, belonging to several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 1:45: English and Continental furniture and decorations, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Sept. 6.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Sept. 5 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Night Must Fall" (1937), with Rosalind Russell and Robert Montgomery. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 11:30: "Variety" (1926), a German film, with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 3 and 5:30: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" (1937), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "Top Hat" (1935), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Baboona" (1935), a Martin Johnson film. . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2 and 5:30: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935), with Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ Sept. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise" (1931), with Greta Garbo. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Sept. 15, Sept. 17-18, and Sept. 27-29. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Sept. 20-22 and Sept. 24-25. . . . **WORLD SERIES**: Starts Oct. 2, if there are no tie playoffs, in the home park of the National League champion.

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center: Sept. 28 (exhibition games, Detroit vs. Baltimore and Knicks vs. United States Olympic Team) and Oct. 15 (first official game of the season).

Boxing—Manuel Ramos vs. George Chuvalo, heavyweights, 10 rounds; and Buster Mathis vs. James J. Woody, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center. Sept. 26.)

Dog Shows—Westbury Kennel Association. (Old Westbury. Sept. 29.) . . . ¶ Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Oct. 5.)

College Football—Some early games of the season—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 21**: Army vs. Citadel, at West Point, and Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 28**: Army vs. Vanderbilt, at West Point; Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca; Fordham vs. Detroit, at Fordham; Harvard vs. Holy Cross, at Cambridge; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton; Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford; and Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 5**: Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence; Cornell vs. Rutgers, at Ithaca; Fordham vs. Sewanee, at Fordham; Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester; Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton; and Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 12**: Army vs. California, at West Point; Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover; St. John's vs. Fordham, at Redmen Field, Jamaica; Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse; and Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.

Professional Football—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, Oct. 6. . . . **SHEA STADIUM**: Jets vs. San Diego Chargers, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Denver Broncos, Oct. 13.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Open Championship. (Inwood Country Club, Inwood, L.I. Sept. 25-27.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Exhibition games: Rangers vs. Canadiens, Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto, Sept. 29.

Horse Show—Chester County Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Sept. 28.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Oct. 2 and 5.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Oct. 12.)

Olympic Games—At Mexico City, Mexico: Oct. 12-27.

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Sept. 16-Oct. 26. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Oct. 14-Nov. 18.

Soccer—The United States World Cup team vs. the Israeli National team. (Yankee Stadium. Sept. 15.)

Sports-Car Racing—At **BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT**, Bridgehampton: Sept. 15. . . . **WATKINS GLEN**: Oct. 6.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA**, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season will open on Sept. 16, with Cilea's "Adriana Lecouvreur," and will run through April 19. . . . **NEW YORK CITY OPERA**, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The season will open on Sept. 17, with Puccini's "Il Trittico" (three short operas—"Il Tabarro," "Suor Angelica," and "Gianni Schicchi"), and will run through Nov. 17. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): Opening performance of the New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conducting, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Symphony of the New World, Oct. 6. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Philadelphia Orchestra, Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Denver Oldham, piano, Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Erick Friedman, violin, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 7. . . . ¶ David Bean, piano, Oct. 9. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Nashville Little Symphony, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Samuel Baron, flute, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Carroll Glenn, violin, Oct. 9. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN CENTER** (564-4400): The Queen's Guards, a tattoo, Oct. 1-13.

Ballet—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Sept. 17-Oct. 20.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Cuban Thing," a play by Jack Gelber, with Rip Torn, Jane White, Maria Tucci, Rose Gregorio, and Michael Wager. . . . ¶ Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna are the authors of "Lovers and Other Strangers," a comedy in five episodes; Richard Castellano, Zohra Lampert, Gerald S. O'Loughlin, Miss Taylor, Dick Van Patten, and Mary Louise Wilson have the leading roles. . . . ¶ A revue, "And Now, Noël Coward . . . ," made up of songs, sketches, and excerpts from plays and other works written by Mr. Coward over the past fifty years. The cast includes George Grizzard, Dorothy Loudon, Carole Shelley, and Arthur Mitchell. . . . ¶ A comedy entitled "*Woman Is My Idea," by Don C. Liljenquist,* in which John Heffernan and Hugh Marlowe will appear. . . . ¶ Donald Pleasence in Robert Shaw's play "The Man in the Glass Booth," imported from London. . . . ¶ Theatre 1969 Playwright's Repertory will open with two one-act plays by Edward Albee—"Box" and "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung," followed by revivals of Albee's "The American Dream," "The Death of Bessie Smith," and "The Zoo Story," plus Beckett's "Krapp's Last Tape" and "Happy Days." . . . ¶ Howard Sackler's play, "The Great White Hope," starring James Earl Jones. . . . ¶ Marlene Dietrich in a six-week engagement of her one-woman show of songs. . . . ¶ Gilbert Bécaud in a solo show of French and English songs. . . . ¶ *Two new productions by the APA* Repertory Company—T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" and Molière's "The Misanthrope." . . . ¶ "Her First Roman," a musical by Ervin Drake, based on Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra;" Richard Kiley and Leslie Uggams head the cast. . . . ¶ "The Flip Side," Hugh and Margaret Williams' London comedy, with David McCallum, Monica Evans, Gwyda DonHowe, and Don Francks.

Other Dates—Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 16. . . . ¶ National Mexican Festival and Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden Center, Sept. 17-22. . . . ¶ New York Film Festival, at Philharmonic Hall, Sept. 17-28. . . . ¶ The first day of fall is Sunday, Sept. 22. . . . ¶ The twenty-third session of the United Nations General Assembly is tentatively scheduled to convene here on Sept. 24. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 5 elections, Sept. 30 and Oct. 3-5. . . . ¶ A total eclipse of the moon will take place the morning of Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Columbus Day is Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . ¶ New York Antiques *Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 14-19.*

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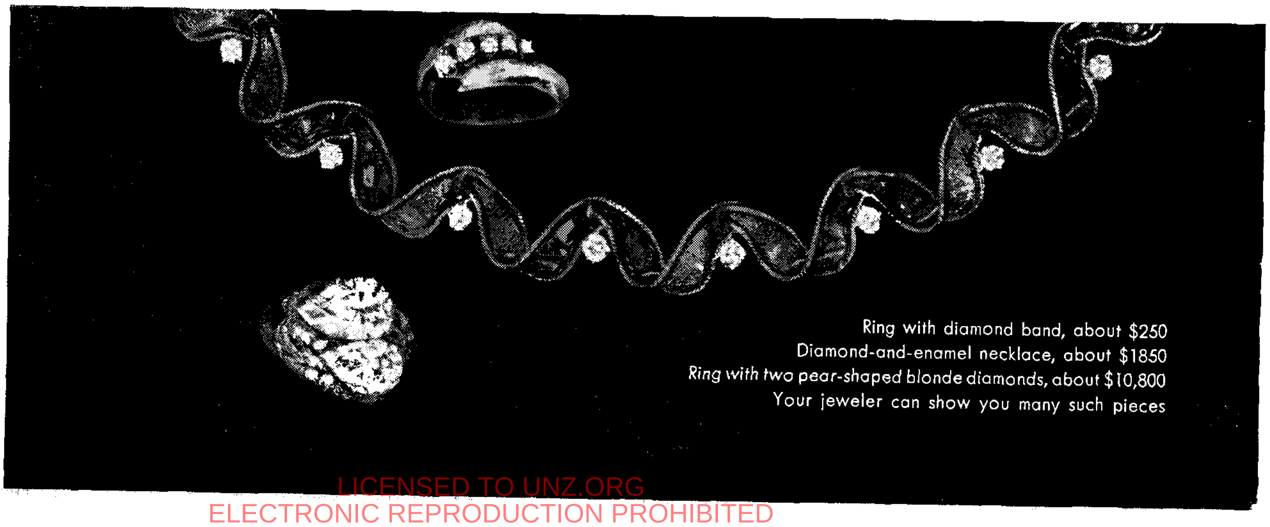

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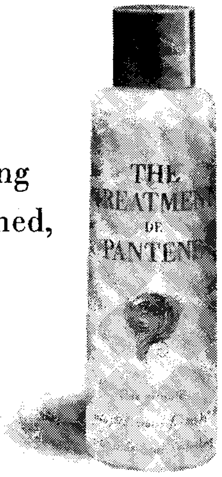

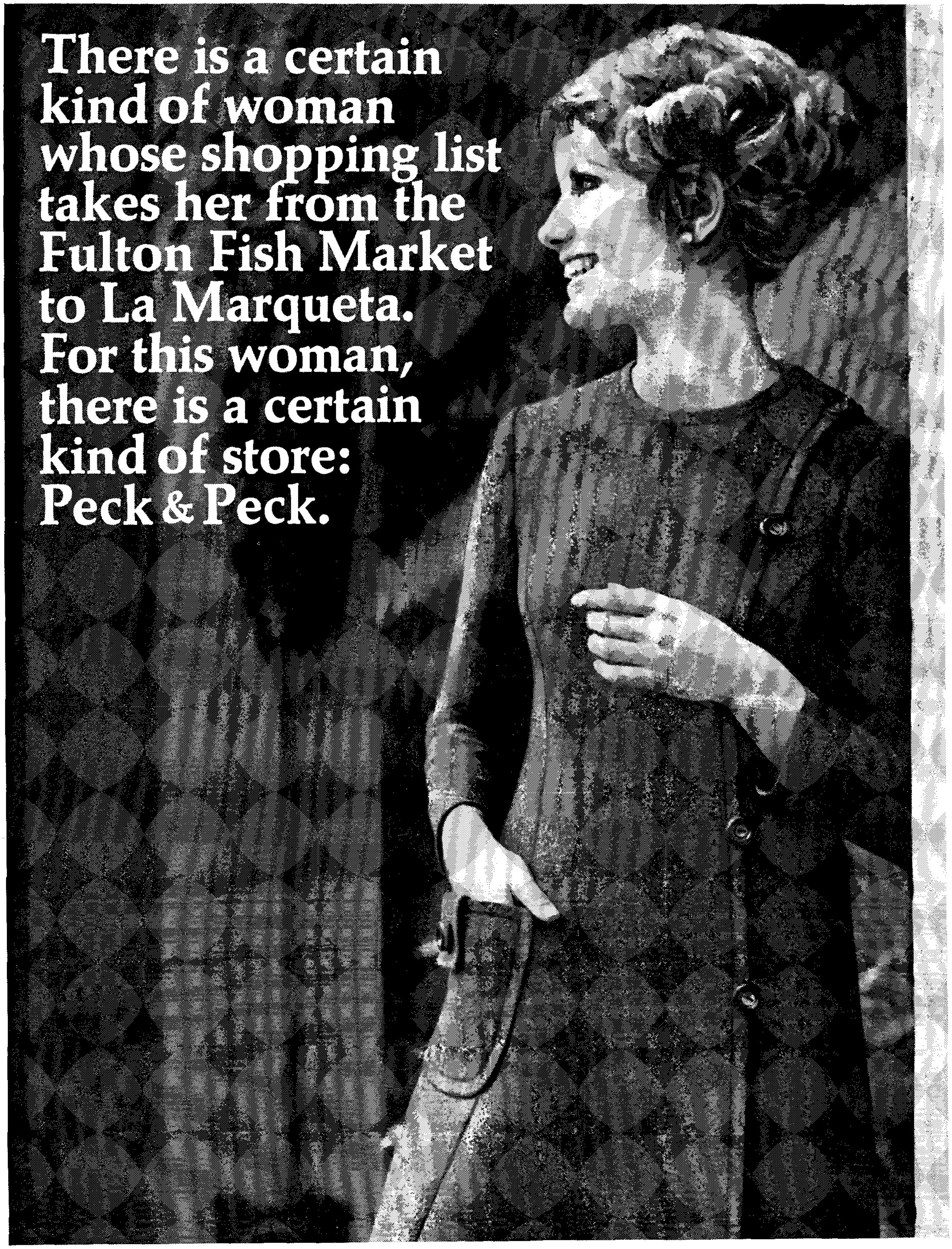
There is a certain kind of woman whose shopping list takes her from the Fulton Fish Market to La Marqueta. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.

Between buttons on one side and a patch pocket on the other, there's a great coatdress here. Its bodice is beautifully small and its skirt flares just a bit. Wood and plastic buttons. Grey wool flannel. Lined. 8 to 18, 55.00

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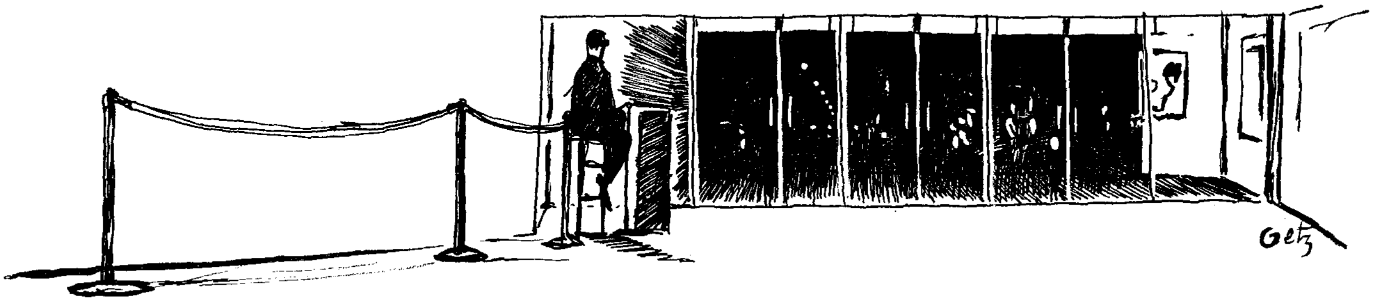
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 11.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves St. Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers again, this time taking over a department store. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 10.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—A comedy by Jean Renoir, made in Paris and starring Michel Simon. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9180; through Sept. 11.)

The Bride Wore Black—Jeanne Moreau as a multiple murderess in a film that turns out to be not a thriller but a peculiar and tenderly comic account of love for a murdered husband. François Truffaut directs, in open homage to Hitchcock; he is out of his genre, but the stamp of his grace is there. In French. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Sept. 8.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 11.)

The Deadly Affair (1967)—A spy story, directed by Sidney Lumet and starring James Mason, Simone Signoret, and Harriet Andersson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Sept. 11.)

Eclipse (1962)—Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

Funeral in Berlin (1966)—A complicated melodrama about British and Russian Intelligence agents, starring Michael Caine. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 5-8, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Go West (1941)—Still more Marx Brothers, here interpreting life on the wild plains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 11.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hugs and Kisses—A droll, sober-faced young writer is booted out of his girl friend's pad, because she needs peace to practice Bartók, and he moves in on a happy couple in exchange for a little chaotic amateur butlering. Much better than the title makes it sound. Jonas Cornell, the Swedish director, has an attentive eye for his three main characters and seems interestingly fond of them. (He wrote the screenplay.) In Swedish. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Sept. 10.)

The Married Woman (1965)—How to be married, have an affair, be miserable, and be happy, as recounted by writer-director Jean-Luc Godard. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 7.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers *again*, now cutting up in the musical world. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Sept. 10.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's funny play, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. There is a brilliantly mopey performance by Walter Matthau as the card-playing divorced husband driven mad by a male crony who comes out in housewifeliness like measles. Jack Lemmon is the fusspot. Gene Saks directs. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.... ¶R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Sept. 10.)

Petulia—Richard Lester at his best, directing Julie Christie and George C. Scott. We knew his technical brilliance, but not his charity and eye for modern distress—nor his skill with actors. The story is set in San Francisco. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting Sept. 11.)

Poor Cow—Unexciting version of Nell Dunn's novel, with Carol White as a thieves' Darling and Terence Stamp as her burglar-lover. Kenneth Loach's semi-documentary direction is no more than competent. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 10.)

The Producers—A farce about Broadway. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn are intermittently funny but in dire need of better material than writer-director Mel Brooks has given them. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180....¶Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Sept. 10.)

Rachel, Rachel—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Rosemary's Baby—A Gothic-gynecological horror film about a nice birdbrain—played by Mia Farrow—who lives in the Dakota with John Cassavetes and gets mysteriously pregnant under the eye of Ruth Gordon as a witch neighbor. Ruth Gordon is very funny, but the film wastes its director, Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Scalphunters—An entertaining Western that doesn't take itself too seriously. Burt Lancaster and Ossie Davis are buddies, and Shelley Winters and Telly Savalas are sweethearts, and under Sydney Pollack's direction they all perform with wit and—for them—restraint. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Sept. 10.)

Sebastian—Dirk Bogarde is a master decoder in what was probably intended to be a witty, romantic thriller. It didn't turn out that way, but it is tolerably amusing when John Gielgud is on the screen. With Susannah York and Lilli Palmer. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Sept. 10, except the afternoons of Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7-8.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—A picture demonstrating that to be a child in a Russian village is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 5.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 11.)

The Two of Us—This Second World War fable about an anti-Semitic old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, but rather too simple and artless. With Michel Simon and Alain Cohen. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own screenplay (in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30 and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

War and Peace—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy, in two parts, made with every resource of detail and dramatic intelligence, and with battle scenes that look like Goya's. Dubbed, by some apish decision. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. The schedule of showings is complicated; our best advice is to phone the theatre.)

The Whisperers (1967)—Edith Evans as a very old woman living alone in the industrial North of England. Bryan Forbes directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 11.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 8.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—W. C. Fields again, this time involved with Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, and the circus. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

Zita—Years ago, Robert Enrico made a short film called "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," from the Ambrose Bierce story about a man's imagination trying to cheat death by tricking the time scale. This full-length feature by the same director has the same hidden theme in its account of a young girl—Joanna Shimkus—running rings round the irreversible loss ahead in the death of her loved aunt, played by Katina Paxinou. In French. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Sept. 10.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Sept. 10: **THE PRODUCERS.**
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
ULYSSES.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Sept. 10: **POOR COW**; and **ZORBA THE GREEK.**
From Sept. 11: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** (in French); and **DUTCHMAN.**

Pocket Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 13th. (YU 2-0115; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Sept. 5: "Rhapsody in Blue" (1945), Joan Leslie, Robert Alda; and "Mammy" (1930), Al Jolson.
Sept. 6-10: "Public Enemy" (1931), James Cagney, Jean Harlow; and "White Heat" (1949), James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.
From Sept. 11: "Little Caesar" (1930), Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart; and "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938), James Cagney, Pat O'Brien.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 10: **SEBASTIAN**; and "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway. (On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Sept. 7-8, "Thunderbirds Are Go," a full-length animated film, will be shown instead.)
From Sept. 11: "Madigan," Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda; and "Thoroughly Modern Millie" (1967), Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Frankenstein" (1931), Boris Karloff; and "Dracula" (1931), Bela Lugosi.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Obsession" (in Swedish).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ZITA (in French).

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Therese and Isabelle" (in French), Essy Persson.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

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Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Hang 'Em High," Clint Eastwood, Inger Stevens.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Murder Czech Style," a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Sept. 10: **HUGS AND KISSES** (in Swedish).
From Sept. 11: "Deadfall," Michael Caine.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Secret Life of an American Wife," Walter Matthau, Anne Jackson.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
MY LITTLE CHICKADEE; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE PRODUCERS.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 10: **THE ODD COUPLE.**
From Sept. 11: **PETULIA.**

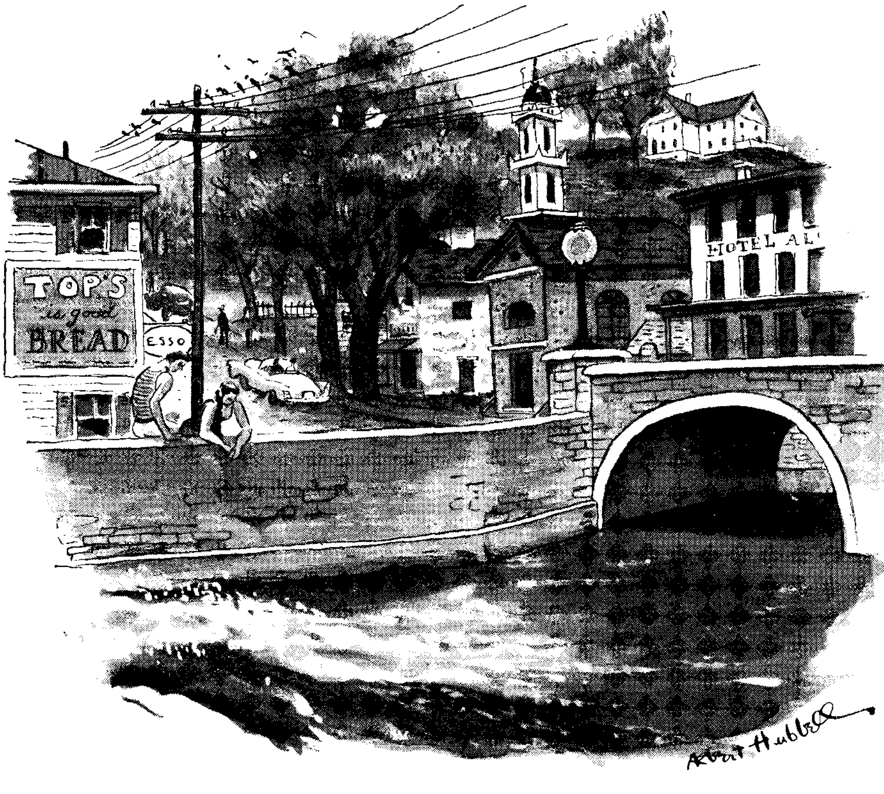
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 10: "The Legend of Lylah Clare," Kim Novak, Peter Finch.
From Sept. 11: "The Stranger Returns," Tony Anthony.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Sept. 10: **THE BIG STORE**; and **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA.**
From Sept. 11: **AT THE CIRCUS**; and **GO WEST.**



Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 10: "The Detective," Frank Sinatra; and "Two for the Road" (1967), Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.
From Sept. 11: "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway; and "What's New Pussycat?" (1965), Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Interlude," Oskar Werner, Barbara Ferris.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"The Legend of Lylah Clare," Kim Novak, Peter Finch.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Sept. 10: **THE ODD COUPLE.**
From Sept. 11: **PETULIA.**

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Targets," Boris Karloff.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
WAR AND PEACE.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Where Were You When the Lights Went Out?," Doris Day, Robert Morse.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Sept. 8: **THE BRIDE WORE BLACK** (in French).
From Sept. 9: "He Who Rides a Tiger," Tom Bell.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Killing Game" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Seventh Continent," a Yugoslav film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"Paris in the Month of August" (in French), Charles Aznavour, Susan Hampshire.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (SC 4-3700)
Through Sept. 10: "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.
From Sept. 11: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 11: **BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING** (in French); and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 10: **THE SCALPHUNTERS**; and "The Thomas Crown Affair," Steve McQueen, Faye Dunaway.
From Sept. 11: **THE WHISPERERS**; and "Sweet November," Sandy Dennis, Anthony Newley.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 5: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian); and "The Bridge" (1961; in German).
Sept. 6: "The Devil's Disciple" (1959), Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster; and "The Troublemaker" (1964), Thomas Aldredge.
Sept. 7: **THE MARRIED WOMAN** (in French); and "Swedish Wedding Night" (1965; in Swedish), Jarl Kulle.
Sept. 8: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**; and "I'm All Right, Jack" (1960), Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
Sept. 9: **ECLIPSE** (in Italian); and "One Summer of Happiness" (1955; in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist.
Sept. 10: **THE DEADLY AFFAIR**; and **FUNERAL IN BERLIN.**
Sept. 11: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish); and "Seduced and Abandoned" (1964; in Italian).

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Sept. 10: **THE PRODUCERS.**
From Sept. 11: "Benjamin" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.

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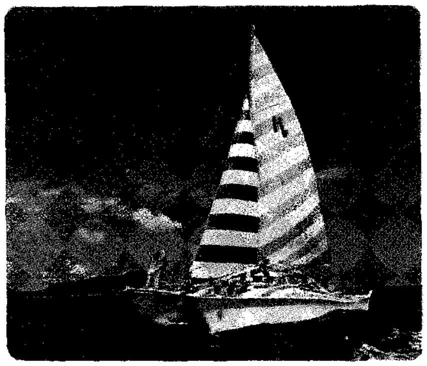
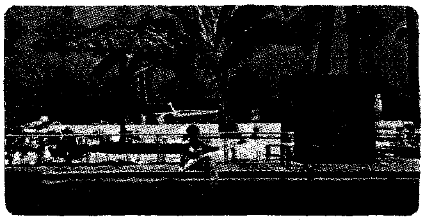
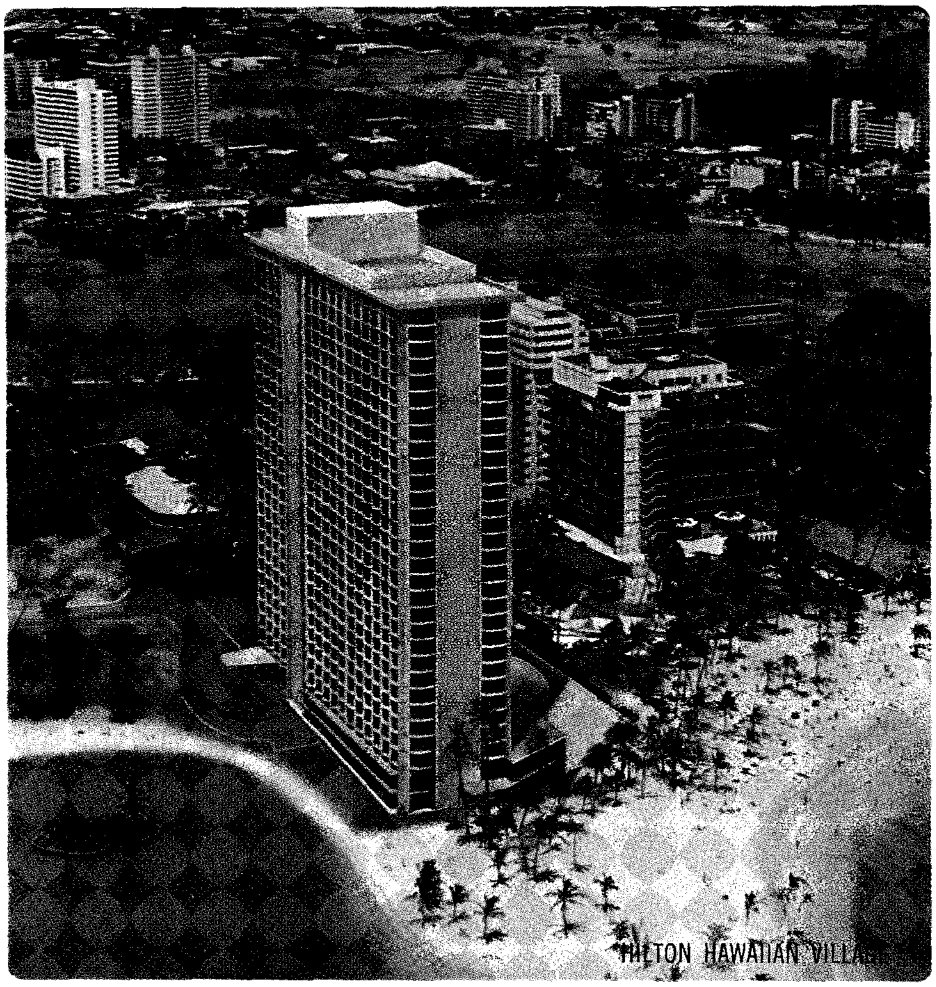
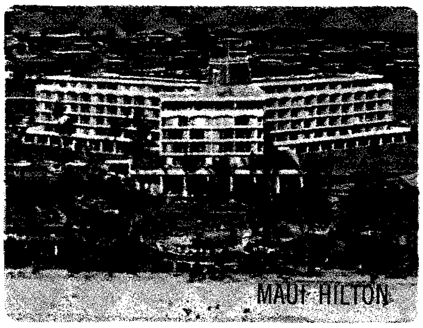
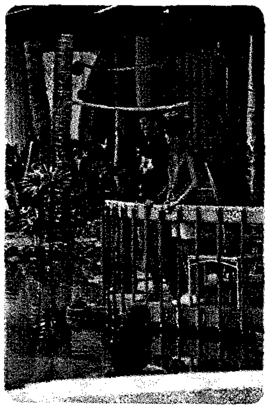


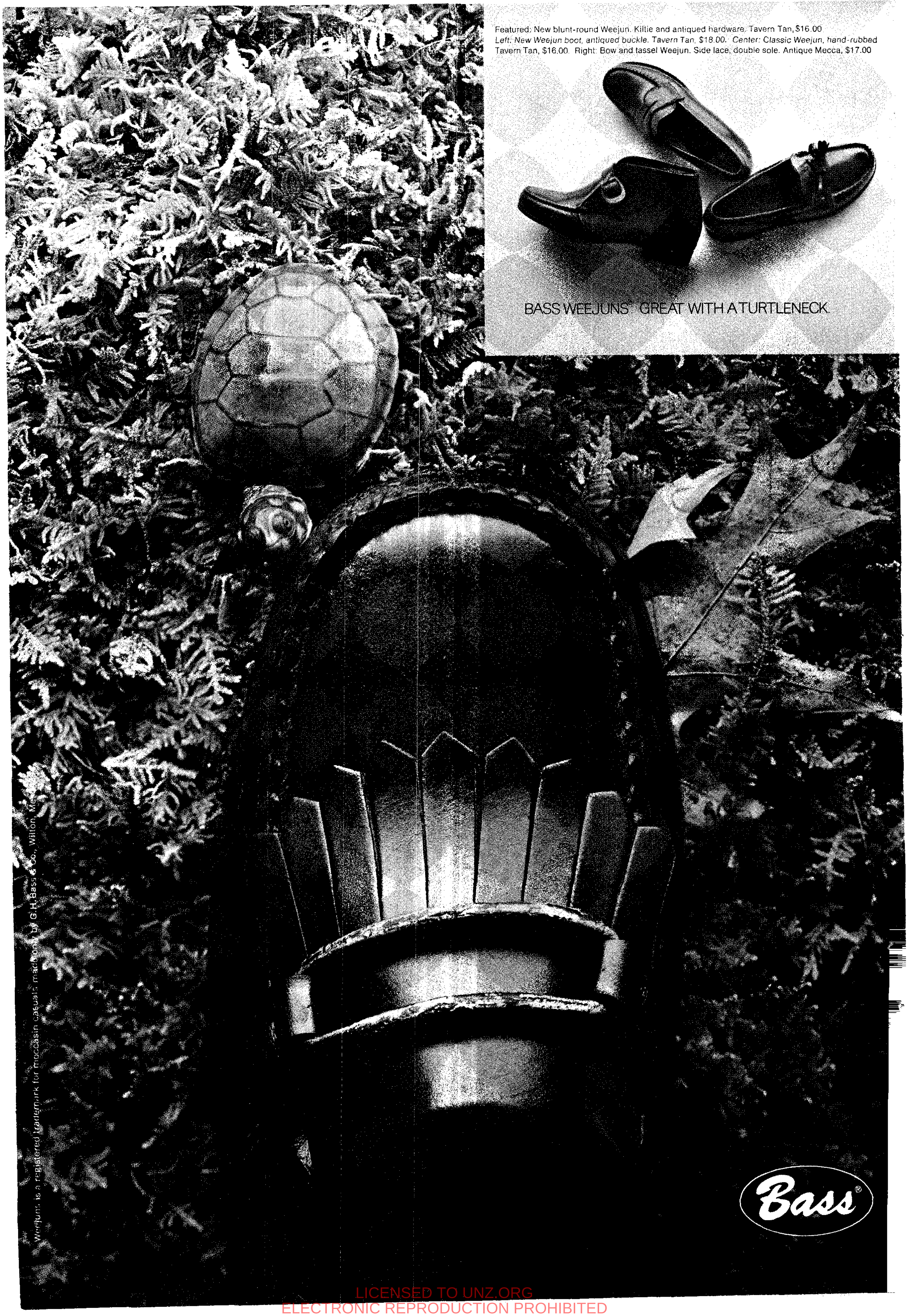








KONA HILTON



Featured: New blunt-round Weejun. Kiltie and antiqued hardware. Tavern Tan, $16.00
Left: New Weejun boot, antiqued buckle. Tavern Tan, $18.00. *Center:* Classic Weejun, hand-rubbed Tavern Tan, $16.00. Right: Bow and tassel Weejun. Side lace, double sole. Antique Mecca, $17.00

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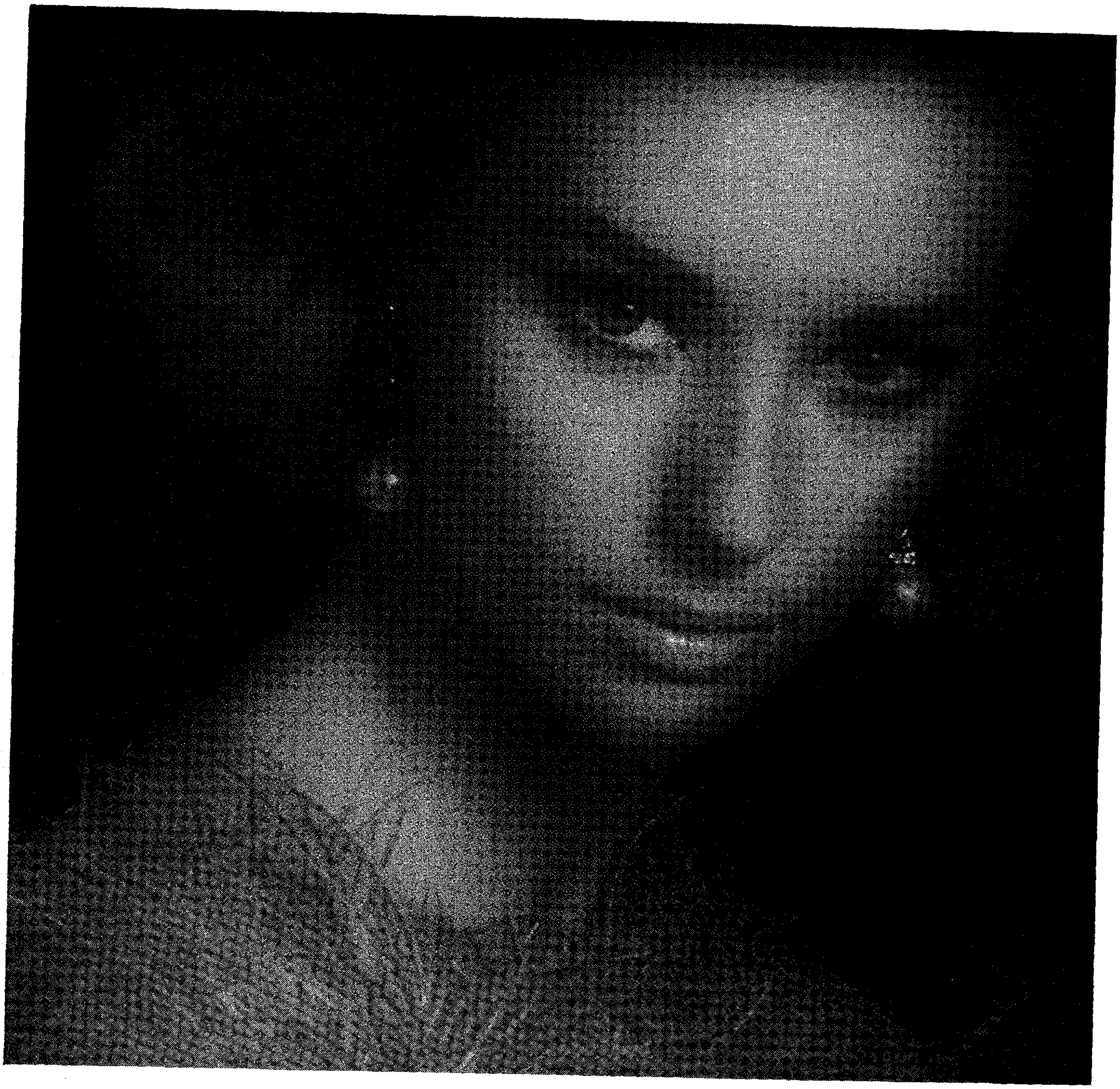

Slightly breathless—but in good time

Half a minute ahead of the coming fashion, the new Super-Royal gilded lipstick colors (Germaine Monteil's non-metallic gold formula which is the hottest thing in the beauty world today) now glistening through autumn's deepened fashion shades. The gold gives permanent shine and gloss to the rich colors and turns a cool-little-smile provocative to a most unsafe degree.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received another letter from the long-winded lady, who writes as follows:

“‘The truth is not in triumphing. It is merely what remains when everything else has been squandered away.’ ‘This spring has just ended and will never return. Everything will be known in the winter.’ These are the words of a Czech writer, Ludvík Vaculík, and they are taken from his ‘Manifesto of Two Thousand Words,’ which was published in several Czech newspapers last June, at a time when Czechoslovakia was jubilant. The ‘Manifesto’ was signed by over seventy Czechs—‘from sports to science, Communist and non-Communist,’ according to Jerry Landay, a news commentator on Station WINS, who has recently returned from Prague. Mr. Landay talked about the ‘Manifesto’ and read excerpts from it on WINS at intervals from about midnight until dawn Wednesday, August 21st, when we in New York had just heard of the invasion of Czechoslovakia by the Russians. WINS is an all-news station, and we were told that tanks were moving through the streets of Prague, and that the Central Committee building and Radio Prague were being surrounded, and that Alexander Dubček and other high government officials had been taken away, their destination unknown, and over and over again we were told that ‘some Czech citizens are trying to stop advancing Russian tanks with their bodies.’ And from time to time Mr. Landay would repeat his speech, telling us that he had returned from Prague with a souvenir he values highly—six pieces of paper containing an English translation of Mr. Vaculík’s ‘Manifesto.’ The ‘Manifesto’ was not authorized by the Dubček government, but neither did the government forbid or suppress it. Each time Mr. Landay spoke of the ‘Manifesto’ and its signatories, he said the same thing: ‘It was both the vibrant symbol of Czech rebirth—its unofficial Declaration of Independence—and suddenly its Last Will and Testament.’ While I listened to WINS, I looked through the city edition of the New York *Times*, which had gone to press just as the first bulletins of disaster came from Prague. There were three-column headlines on the front page saying, ‘PRAGUE REPORTS INVASION BY TROOPS OF THE SOVIET, POLAND AND EAST GERMANY,’ and the story that followed gave all the news that was available up to about ten-thirty. I read all of that issue of the *Times*—all about the Democrats getting ready for their Convention, all about everybody. I read about the Londoner who saved his pet goldfish, George, from drowning and may receive an award from the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for his act. And I read about another Londoner, a cleaning lady in St. Alban’s Cathedral, who picked up a rumpled brown paper bag from under one of the pews and found inside not the stale sandwiches she expected but seventy-five hundred dollars’ worth of gold and platinum, diamonds, bloodstones, and onyxes—a dazzling haul. On page 2 of the *Times* there was a photograph of Count Carl-Gustav von Rosen, the Swedish aviator who broke the Nigerian blockade of Biafra and got food in to the starving Biafran people. And on page 3 there was a photograph I kept turning back to look at, because I thought the two faces shown there reflected the spirit of Ludvík Vaculík’s words. It was a photograph of two white South African students standing still with their heads up while other white students threw white paint at them. According to the *Times*, a group of students drove thirty miles from Witwatersrand University to Prime Minister Vorster’s residence in Pretoria to present a petition protesting a government veto of the appointment of a black African social anthropologist to a lecturing post at Capetown University. The two photographed are nineteen or twenty years old, and they have conventional haircuts—boys’ haircuts—and they are wearing conventional suits. One of them has on a shirt and tie, under his jacket, but the other is so covered with paint that it is hard to tell if he is wearing a tie or not. In any case, they put on good clothes for the occasion of presenting the petition, and their clothes are ruined. They stand with their hands down—holding books, I think—and the only sign they give of self-defense is to half close their eyes. Their faces are grim but not angry or distressed, and they look as though they were standing their ground not for the present only but also for the future. There was a lot to read in that copy of the *Times*, while I listened to WINS and Jerry Landay, but I kept turning back to the two South African boys.

“Dawn came about six—a thick, dark-orange dawn that cleared slowly to show the morning sky pale and unenthusiastic over the city. As soon as it was full light, I started over to Seventy-fourth Street and Second Avenue. I wanted to see if any kind of early-morning service was being held at the Jan Hus Presbyterian Church there, but no one was around or near the church except one man sitting on the front steps reading a newspaper. I walked a bit. That is a wide-open, airy section of the city, close to the river, with the usual tall, new, balconied apartment houses looking very clean and big next to the older buildings, smaller, darker, and out of fashion. There were numbers of people out, all of them walking dogs, but First Avenue is wide and free-looking, and there is little traffic there at that hour—seven-fifteen or so—and the dogs and their owners looked natural and happy, as though they were in the city because they enjoyed it, not because they had to be here. At one time, the Czech and Slovak citizens of New York were concentrated in the area from Seventy-first to Seventy-fifth Street, and there are still many Czech and Slovak restaurants and shops, a Czech funeral home, Czech and Slovak names everywhere. In the doorway of a tiny Czech gift shop, the proprietor stood reading the *Times*, but, except for the expression on his face, there was no sign around that a blow had been struck that might smash the globe and would in any case leave deep and lengthening fissures in it. My walk took me past the Jan Hus Presbyterian Church again. The man with the newspaper still sat there alone, engrossed in his reading. I took a taxi to Fifty-sixth Street and Fifth Avenue and walked downtown from there. It was getting on to eight o'clock, and there were people walking along the street, walking to work—a peaceful big-city scene, dominated by St. Patrick's Cathedral on the east side of the avenue and Rockefeller Center on the west side. A thin, dark young man hurried past me reading a French-language newspaper that had headlines about the Russians and the Czechs. When I got to the corner of Forty-fourth and Fifth, I looked along the block and saw, way at the end, a little crowd of people gathered around the window of the Hammond Organ store, looking in. I thought: The organ people have put a television set in their window, and everybody is looking at the news from Prague. I hurried along to join them, and made a place for myself between two distinguished-looking men, one black, one pinky-white, both dressed for the day in neat business suits. Being short, I had to forage for my view, and when I finally got a look through the window I saw no television set but only a gray-haired lady sitting by a large organ and smiling out above our heads at something. I turned, and in front of the luncheonette across the street was a tall camera, and then I saw the familiar movie-making truck—one truck only. They were making a movie. I turned back and stared in at the lady again. Not for long. A tall young man with black, curly hair came across the street and asked us to move away to the side—not all of us, only some. Apparently, a few of those at the window were bona-fide members of the acting company. The two distinguished-looking men and I moved away, and formed up again in a row on the sidewalk, where we stood staring at the curly-haired man, who did not seem pleased with us. 'Farther back,' he said patiently. 'Move back, please. Back to the door, *please*.' The three of us hurried to move about ten yards farther back, and when we had formed up again, our director was crossing the street, returning to his camera and its crew. We all suddenly realized whatever it was we realized, and we scattered hastily, going our different ways.

"I went into the Algonquin Hotel and bought a copy of the late city edition of the *Times* and sat down and began comparing it with my well-worn early edition. In the late edition, the Czechoslovakian news had headlines all across the front page, and took up so much space that many items that had been front-paged earlier had been pushed to the back pages, where they, in turn, displaced other items, including the one about George the goldfish and the one about the St. Alban's Cathedral cleaning lady. But Count Carl-Gustav von Rosen still turned an interested face to the world on page 2, and the South African students held their place on page 3, and their faces still reflected the prophetic challenge of Ludvík Vaculík's words. I would like to propose a cheer for the South African students, and a cheer for Count Carl-Gustav von Rosen. A cheer for Jerry Landay. A cheer for the New York *Times*. A cheer for little George, whose life was saved by his kind and nimble master, Mr. Peter Humphrey, fifty-five. A cheer for the cleaning lady, Mrs. Ivy Rickman, who said of the bag of jewels, 'My eyes popped out. I knew I'd have to tell a cathedral official, but I couldn't resist first trying on a few rings and bracelets.' No cheers for Ludvík Vaculík. I ask God to bless him and keep him safe to write in freedom soon again. 'This spring has just ended and will never return. Everything will be known in the winter.' "

City Hall

COMPARED to the demonstrations in Chicago, the two-day skirmish that swirled around our own City Hall last week seems, in retrospect, relatively tame—no more than six hundred participants, a mere ten injuries, none of them critical, and only thirty-one arrests. If, as in Chicago, the participants in the protest succeeded in winning nothing but public attention, at least the New York demonstrations never got out of hand, despite predictions and preparations to the contrary by both sides. Perhaps because of the maturity of the participants, most of whom were parents, the protest leaders seemed unable to muster sufficient fervor to mount anything more than token attacks against the police-guarded sawhorses that surrounded City Hall. The symbols were there, of course—the placards denouncing police brutality, and the insulting chants and catcalls, and at least one instance of deliberate provocation by a policeman—but for the most part, to the dismay of the opposing commanders, an inexplicable air of sympathy drifted over the barricades from both sides.

The issue that brought the pickets to City Hall was a decision by Commissioner Jack R. Goldberg, of the Social Services Department, to replace a cumbersome and administratively expensive system of emergency supplementary welfare payments with a flat quarterly grant of twenty-five dollars for each child in a family. This ruling—together with the concurrent withdrawal of a number of emergency grants—brought objections from both the city's Social Service Employees Union and the Citywide Coördinating Committee of Welfare Groups, and the two of them organized the demonstration. It began on Tuesday with a polite request to see Mayor Lindsay, and soon built up into a series of charges, battles, and barrages of bottles. There were thirteen arrests, and the day ended with the police, reinforced by a mounted detachment, pushing the demonstrators back. The Coördinating Committee leaders vowed to return, and Wednesday found both sides drawn up for battle. Some two hundred policemen—mostly uniformed men in bright-blue riot helmets—had again cordoned off City Hall with sawhorses. On Centre Street, to the east of the building and across from the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, about three hundred women, most of them wearing sweaters and slacks against a possible spell in custody, were marching in a rough ellipse around an I.R.T. subway entrance and an attached newsstand. By the time we arrived, two of the women had already been arrested on disorderly-conduct charges. At the moment, the leaders of the protesters—twenty-seven-year-old Hulbert James, the Coördinating Committee's executive director, who had been among those arrested the previous day on charges of inciting to riot, and Mrs. Beulah Sanders, the thirty-three-year-old chairman of the committee, who is the mother of three children—were conferring inside the barricades with Lewis Feldstein, an assistant to the Mayor, in what began as a secret parley and soon deteriorated into a public fight.

"We don't want to see you, we want to see Lindsay!" James ended up by yelling. "All we want to know is: Can we get an appointment with the Mayor?"

"Not this afternoon," Feldstein replied, and then tried to explain that Lindsay had already driven uptown to break ground for one of six middle-income housing developments that were to be dedicated that day.

"We are telling you to tell the Mayor, wherever he is, to put down that shovel and come on here," Mrs. Sanders said.

Despite the efforts of the two leaders, however—as well as those of some other committee members, who joined in—the most that Feldstein would promise was to relay to the Mayor the group's request for an appointment. "No good!" a Spanish-accented voice shouted from the crowd, and a minute later the women resumed picketing. Feldstein borrowed a police bullhorn and called out, "I understand the severity you feel about this issue, but you can't run a city by breaking commitments, and Mayor Lindsay has a full commitment today—"

"If we don't meet with him today, he's going to have to walk the streets of Harlem tomorrow!" a woman in the crowd shouted.

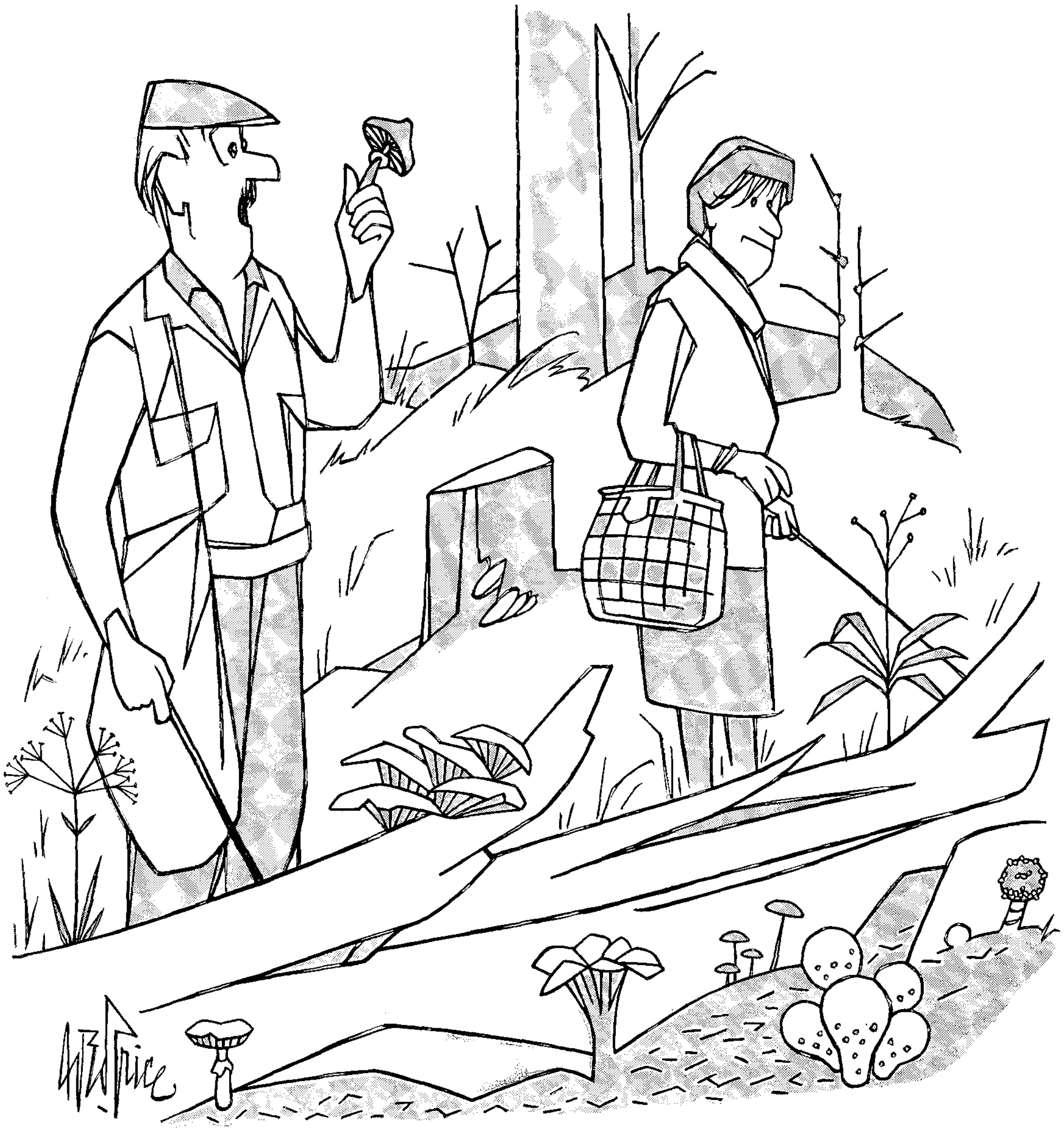
As if in response, a woman in a white sweater and slacks, her hair cut short, reached out and quite coolly upset one of the police barricades. A nearby sergeant pointed at her with his nightstick, and then he and a patrolman moved into the crowd to isolate her from the line of pickets. Almost contemptuously, the woman danced backward through the picket line, skipping and darting among the other pickets, until, unwittingly, she backed directly into the arms of a detective who had circled the line from the other direction. There was a crush of bodies as the woman fell, and then police were running in from all directions, thrusting their nightsticks out to cordon off the woman and her captors. A minute later, she and two young boys—brothers, thirteen and fifteen years old, who were later said to have been attempting to pull the woman free of the arresting officer—were half dragged and half carried to a patrol wagon parked in the City Hall driveway. There was more yelling. "If you hurt me, you'd better kill me!" one woman screamed across the barricades.

After a while, the picket line began moving in an orderly fashion again.

A few feet away, an elderly man in an orange-colored straw hat approached several of the protest leaders. "We don't want to destroy each other," he said. "We need one another. This country has had one civil war; we don't need another." For an answer, he received only silence, and then one woman deliberately turned her back on him. A bit later, completely ignored, he drifted away.

Women were not the only participants in the protest. At the north end of the block, another scuffle began, from which a patrolman, bleeding from a neck wound, emerged pushing a man in a conservative gray suit; police said later that he had attacked the patrolman when the patrolman tried to make way for a pedestrian. Also detaching themselves from this crowd, we noticed, were two girls, one bearing a sign that read, "No More Walks Through Harlem, Mayor Lindsay." A white-haired detective moved quickly to intercept them, and after a brief whispered conversation the girl with the picket sign grudgingly handed over the uniform cap of the injured policeman.

Back in the picket line, a white



"Hello! What's this? 'Caution: Ingestion of This Mushroom May Be Hazardous to Your Health.'"

girl—one of a number of office workers who had joined the demonstrators in the past few minutes—reached out for the hand of a Negro girl, who drew it back abruptly. One of the Negro women leaders of the protest, having seen this racial slight, moved into the line of march and took a hand of each of the girls to complete the picketing circle.

A little later, a gray-haired white woman, quite obviously opposed to the demonstrators, tried to breach the circle in a determined attempt to reach the subway entrance. Actually, the police had closed the entrance—there was another one across the street, in the Municipal Building—but the woman, stiff with anger, darted around a barricade and tried to break through. The surprised demonstrators gave way for only a second, and then pushed back. By the time police reached the spot, there was a good deal of shoving, and then the gray-haired woman, lashing backward with her fist, struck a patrolman in the chest. For a tense moment, action stopped completely, and then the picket line began moving again and the woman was being led—still furious—into the subway entrance. "Imagine what would have happened if she'd been black and she hit that cop," one of the pickets said.

By now, it was well past four, and Mrs. Sanders, emerging from a caucus with James and several of her co-leaders, approached the barricades again.

"What do you want?" asked an officer in plain clothes—Lieutenant Harold Litsky, of the Community Relations Division.

"I want to go to City Hall—it's a public place," Mrs. Sanders said. "I am going through this barricade to talk with Lindsay."

The Lieutenant shook his head. "I'm afraid you're not coming in."

With apparent good humor, Mrs. Sanders read off the numbers of several police shields into the microphones of radio and television reporters who had pressed around her. "You tell these men to let us by," she said to the reporters. "What can we mere women do, anyway? Besides," she added, pointing across the barricade to one smiling patrolman swinging his nightstick, "he wants me to come in, don't you?"

"Look," said Lieutenant Litsky, making a gesture to the patrolman to move away, "I have other things to do."

"Man, so have I," Mrs. Sanders said. She reached out and pulled the barricade away, and again there was a rush of police. "Press, get back!" an officer shouted, and several detectives seized Mrs. Sanders. "You want to come in, come on in," one detective said as, his hand under her elbow, he led her to a patrol wagon.

"Can I ask what you are arresting me for?" she said.

"Disorderly conduct," the detective replied.

Then Mrs. Sanders and another woman protester were loaded into the patrol wagon.

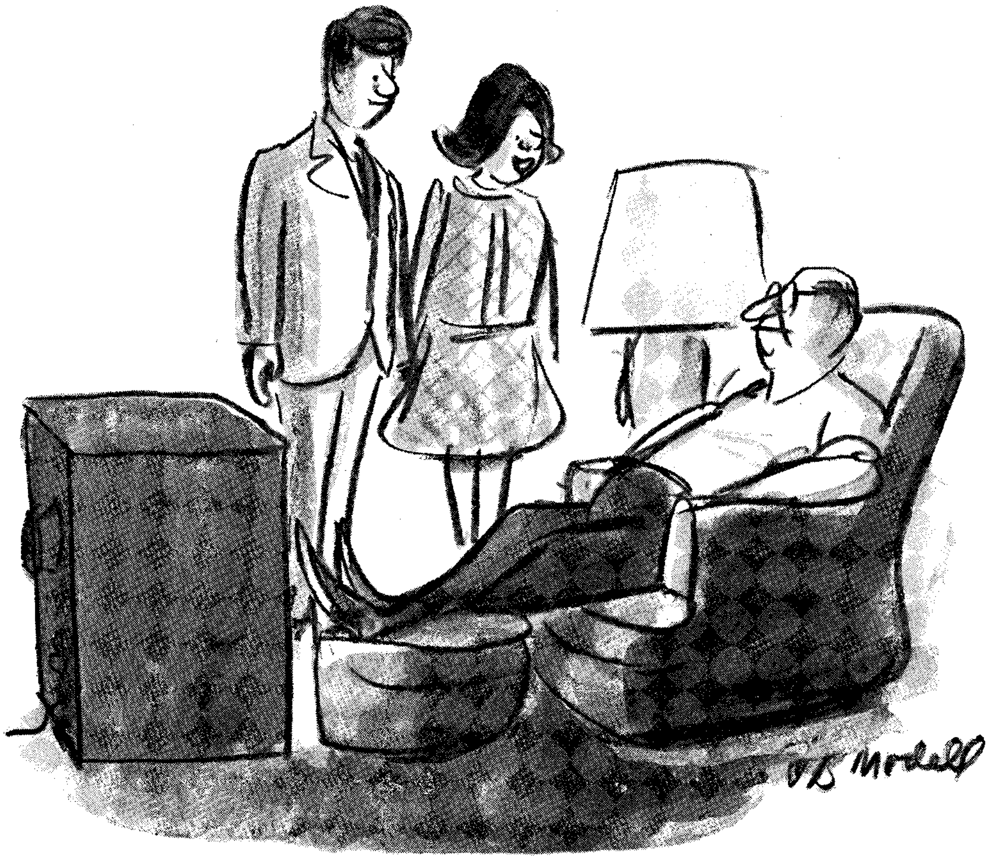
Almost coincident with the departure of Mrs. Sanders was the return of the two women who had been arrested a few hours before, at the start of the demonstration. The women, who identified themselves to reporters as Mrs. Benney Pollock and Miss Patricia O'Neill, had been released on their own recognizance, and had hurried back to rejoin the demonstration.

"What I want to know is what happened to my beautiful sign," Mrs. Pollock said. "It read, 'Commissioner Goldberg, Shoes Alone Cost $25!'" Having failed to find it in a pile of discarded signs—one from the Social Service Employees Union read, "Down with Aristocracy"—she selected one that read, "We Will Not Permit Our Children to Freeze This Winter," and moved off into the picket line. But by now the demonstration was about over, and James, mounting the shelf of the subway newsstand, conceded defeat. "I don't mind saying in front of the press right now that I feel very sick and disappointed," he said. "You women are always saying the men aren't around, so we can't do anything. Well, we had men around today, and you held them back."

"What do you mean, we held them back?" shouted a woman wearing a "Black Is Beautiful" cap. "You better go on home!"

"I know there are a good many people here who would like to go through the barricades and do other acts," James went on, "but I will appeal for you not to, because I think the cops are ready for just that, and, besides, the enthusiasm isn't here." He called for a show of hands on the question of ending the demonstration, and although no one supported immediate withdrawal, he looked out at his followers and concluded—correctly, we thought—that "that was a very weak response out there."

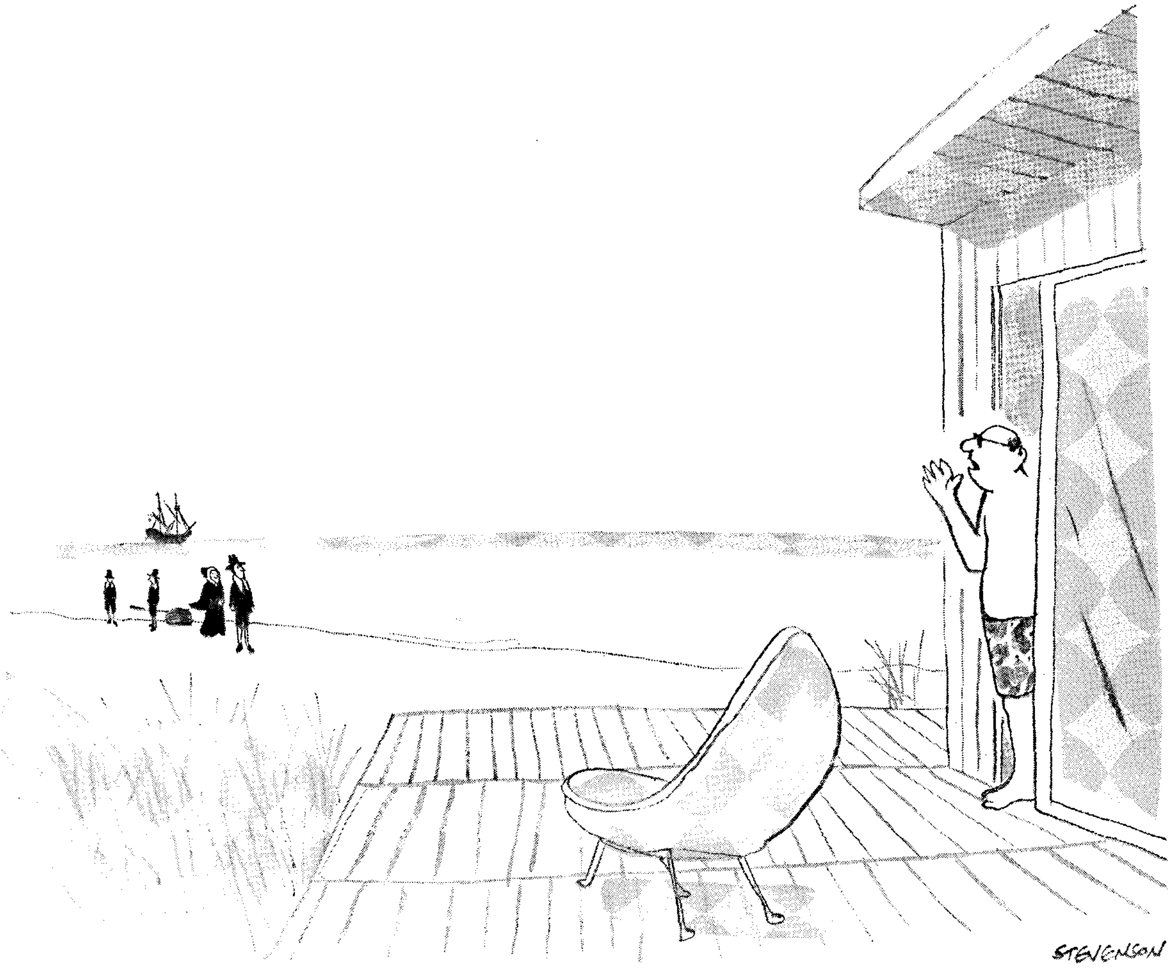
The demonstration was over. A few demonstrators doggedly hung around—six were arrested when police finally cleared the street, after six o'clock—but most had already left and the others were leaving. We walked past the barricades into City Hall, where we



"Dad, we'd like to break in here with a message of special interest."

found a number of reporters and the Mayor's press secretary, Harry O'Donnell, engrossed in watching, on television, the Democratic Convention roll call on the Vietnam plank.

The next day, at his press conference, Mayor Lindsay said that no appointment had been, or would be, made with the leaders of the Citywide Coördinating Committee of Welfare Groups.



"It's been done!"

The Biltmore

LAST Thursday afternoon, at about four o'clock, hardly fifteen hours after Vice-President Humphrey was nominated as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, a demonstration began to gather here on Forty-third Street, in front of the Biltmore Hotel, where Humphrey has his New York headquarters. Again, we were present. At first, the crowd consisted of about five hundred people, most of them young, and most of them wearing the clothes and hairstyles of the hippies and some dissenters, but as the afternoon continued, the demonstration grew to two or three thousand people, and its complexion changed. A good number of housewives with shopping bags and young men in suits and ties were there, and representatives from some very liberal unions—such as Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Union—began to march. At five o'clock, the demonstration grew once again as people getting out of work joined it. Eventually, it stretched for two blocks on Vanderbilt Avenue and took up the sidewalks all around the Biltmore block. There were many McCarthy buttons and O'Dwyer buttons in the crowd. In several other peaceful demonstrations that we have been to, we have noticed that although the demonstration may have had a very specific purpose, most of the conversations we overheard in the ranks turned out to have little to do with the purpose of the demonstration, and were just the kind of gossip that you might overhear in a bus. But in this demonstration almost every conversation we heard was about what had happened at the Convention the night before, and about the people who had been beaten by the police in downtown Chicago. And whereas most demonstrations only chant for an hour or so and have just one or two slogans, this crowd kept its mission in mind constantly, and not only maintained vigorous chanting for several hours but also provided a continuous flow of new slogans. There were traditional slogans, such as "What do you want? PEACE! When do you want it? NOW!," and many made up for the occasion, such as "Daley must go!" and "Two-four-six-eight, we don't want a Fascist state!" and "H.H.H., Ha, Ha, Ha!" and "Dump the Hump!" Signs read, "Saigon, Prague, Chicago" and "For Shame, Chicago, for Shame!" and "Nixon and Humphrey—What's the Difference?" and "No More Vietnams, Newarks, and Chicagos!"

"Something does it for everyone," said one young man. "I actually kind of liked Humphrey, but what happened in the Convention and in Chicago just did it for me. Something snapped, and here I am."

"They must be trying to kill the Democratic Party," another said.

The marchers flashed victory signs to the passersby, and quite a few of these made victory signs back. Other passersby were angry.

One elderly businessman, whose lips were trembling with indignation, said to a policeman, "Why don't you beat the *crap* out of them?"

Two men in suits looked at the demonstration contemptuously, and one said, "They need their heads cracked."

His companion replied, "And their parents should have their heads cracked, too, for not bringing them up right."

The first man said, "You know, I think George Wallace may be right. He said that *he'd* crack their heads."

A young man asked a woman, "Who are you for?"

"I don't know, but I'm against Humphrey," she replied.

A short, pretty girl turned to a friend and said, "You know, I'm just going to be able to vote this year, and I was looking forward to it. But now I don't have anyone to vote for. I don't feel like voting. But I really looked forward to it."

BECH TAKES POT LUCK

THOUGH Henry Bech's few persistent admirers among the critics praised his "highly individual and refractory romanticism," his "stubborn refusal to mount, in this era of artistic coup d'état and herd movement, any bandwagon but that of his own quixotic, excessively tender, strangely anti-Semitic Semitic sensibility," the author nevertheless had a sneaking fondness for the fashionable. Each August, he deserted his shabby large apartment at Ninety-ninth and Riverside and rented a cottage on a Massachusetts island whose coves and sandy lanes were crammed with other writers, television producers, museum directors, under-secretaries of State, old *New Masses* editors possessively squatting on seaside acreage bought for a song in the Depression, movie stars whose forties films were now enjoying a Camp revival, and hordes of those handsome, entertaining, professionless prosperous who fill the chinks between celebrities. It innocently delighted Bech, a child of the lower middle class, to see these luxurious people padding in bare feet along the dirty sidewalks of the island's one town, or fighting for overpriced groceries in the tiny general store of an up-island hamlet. It gratified him to recognize some literary idol of his youth, shrunken and frail, being tumbled about by the surf; or to be himself recognized by some faunlike bikinied girl who had been assigned "Travel Light" at the Brearley School, or by a cozy Westchester matron, still plausible in her scoop-back one-piece, who amiably confused Bech's controversial chef-d'œuvre "The Chosen" with a contemporary best-seller of the same title. Though often thus accosted, Bech had never before been intercepted by a car. The little scarlet Porsche, the long blond hair of its driver flapping, cut in front of Bech's old Ford as he was driving to the beach, and forced him to brake within inches of two mailboxes painted with flowers and lettered, respectively, "Sea Shanty" and "Avec du Sel." The boy—it was a boy's long blond hair—hopped out and raced back to Bech's window, extending a soft hand that, as Bech docilely shook it, trembled like a bird's breast. The boy's plump face seemed falsified by the uncut mane; it engulfed his ears and gave his mouth, perhaps because it was unmistakably male, an assertive quarrelsome look. His eyebrows were sun-bleached to invisibility; his pallid blue eyes were all wonder and love.

"Mr. Bech, hey. I couldn't believe it was you."

"Suppose it hadn't been me. How would you explain forcing me into this ditch?"

"I bet you don't remember who I am."

"Let me guess. You're not Sabu, and you're not Freddie Bartholomew."

"Wendell Morrison, Mr. Bech. English 1020 at Columbia, 1963." For one spring term Bech, who belonged to the last writing generation that thought teaching a corruption, had been persuaded to oversee—it amounted to little more than that—the remarkably uninhibited conversations and to read the distressingly untidy manuscripts of fifteen undergraduates. Languid and clever, these young people had lacked not only patriotism and faith but even the coarse morality competitiveness imposes. Living off fathers they despised, systematically attracted to the outrageous, they seemed ripe for Fascism. Their politics burlesqued the liberal beliefs dear to Bech; their literary tastes ran to chaotic second-raters like Miller and Tolkien and away from those saints of formalism—Eliot, Valéry, Joyce—whose humble suppliant Bech had been. Bech even found fault with them physically: though the girls were taller and better endowed than the girls of his youth, with neater teeth and clearer skins, there was something doughy about their beauty; the starved, conflicted girls of Bech's generation had had distinctly better legs. He slowly remembered Wendell. The boy always sat on Bech's left, a fair-haired young Wasp from Stamford, crewcut, a Connecticut Yankee, more grave and respectful than the others, indeed so courteous Bech wondered if some kind of irony were intended. He appeared to adore Bech; and Bech's weakness for Wasps was well known. "You wrote in lower case," Bech said. "An orgy with some girls in a house full of expensive furniture. Glints of pink flesh in a chandelier. Somebody defecated on a polar-bear rug."

"That's right. What a great memory."

"Only for fantasies."

"You gave it an A, you said it really shook you up. That meant a hell of a lot to me. I couldn't tell you then, I was playing it cool, that was my hang-up, but I can tell you now, Mr. Bech, it was real encouragement, it's really kept me going. You were great."

As the loosening of the boy's vocabulary indicated a prolonged conversation, the woman beside Bech shifted restlessly. Wendell's clear blue eyes observed the movement, and obligated Bech to perform introductions. "Norma, this is Wendell Morris. Miss Norma Latchett."

"Morrison," the boy said, and reached in past Bech's nose to shake Norma's hand. "He's beautiful, isn't he, Ma'am?"

She answered dryly, "He'll do." Her thin brown hand rested in Wendell's white plump one as if stranded. It was a sticky day.

"Let's *go*," a child exclaimed from the back seat, in that dreadful squeezed voice that precedes a tantrum. Helplessly Bech's hands tightened on the steering wheel, and the hairs on the back of his neck stiffened. After two weeks, he was still unacclimated to the pressures of surrogate paternity. The child grunted, stuffed with fury; Bech's stomach sympathetically clenched.

"Hush," the child's mother said, slow-voiced, soothing. "Uncle Harry's talking to an old student of his. They haven't seen each other for years."

Wendell bent low to peer into the back seat, and Bech was obliged to continue introductions. "This is Norma's sister, Mrs. Beatrice Cook, and her children—Ann, Judy, Donald."

Wendell nodded four times in greeting. His furry plump hand clung tenaciously to the sill of Bech's window. "Quite a scene," he said.

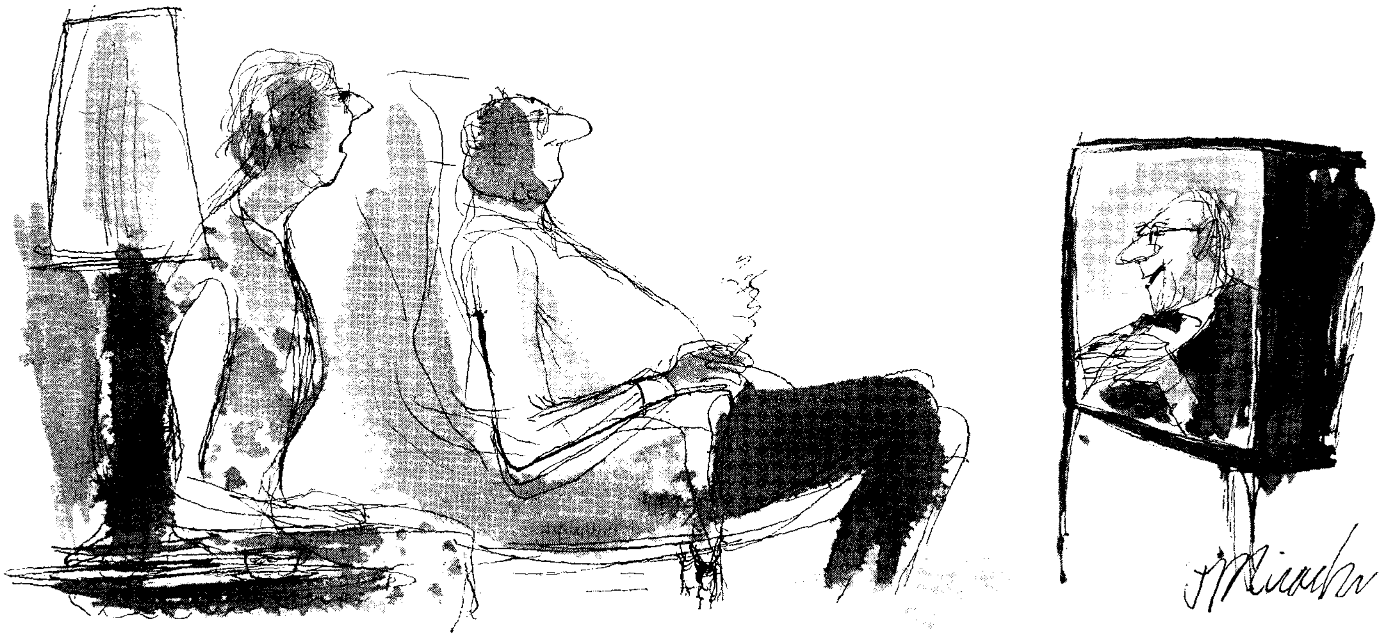
Bech told him, "We're trying to get to the beach before it clouds over." Every instant, the sky grew less transparent. Often the island was foggy while the mainland, according to the radio, blissfully baked.

"Where's everybody staying?" The boy's assumption that they were all living together irritated Bech, since it was correct.

"We've rented a shoe," Bech said, "from an old lady who's moved up to a cigar box."

Wendell's eyes lingered on the three children crammed, along with sand pails and an inflated air mattress, into the back seat beside their mother. He asked them, "Uncle Harry's quite a card, huh, kids?"

Bech imagined he had hurt Wendell's feelings. In rapid atonement he explained, "We're in a cottage rented from Andy Spofford, who used to be in war movies—before your time, he played sidekicks that got killed—and



"You can call it charisma. I call it blarney."

• •

lives mostly in Corsica now. Blue mailbox, third dirt road past the Up-Island Boutique, take every left turning except the last, when *you* go right, not *hard* right. Mrs. Cook is up from Ossining visiting for the week." Bech restrained himself from telling Wendell that she was going through a divorce and cried every evening and lived on pills. Bea was an unspectacular middle-sized woman two years younger than Norma; she wore dull clothes that seemed designed to set off her sister's edgy beauty.

Wendell understood Bech's apologetic burst as an invitation, and removed his hand from the door. "Hey, I know this is an imposition, but I'd love to have *you* just glance at the stuff I'm doing now. I'm out of that lower-case bag. In fact I'm into something pretty classical. I've seen the movie of 'Ulysses' twice."

"And you've let your hair grow. You're out of the barbershop bag."

Wendell spoke past Bech's ear to the children. "You kids like to Sunfish?"

"Yes!" Ann and Judy chorused; they were twins.

"What's Sunfish?" Donald asked.

Going to the beach had been the children's only entertainment. Their mother was drugged and dazed, Norma detested physical activity before dark, and Bech was frightened of the water. Even the ferry ride over to the island felt precarious to him. He never sailed, and rarely swam in water higher than his hips. From his apartment on Riverside Drive, he looked across to New Jersey as if the Hudson were a wide flat black street.

"Let's do it tomorrow," Wendell said. "I'll come for them around one, if that's O.K., Ma'am."

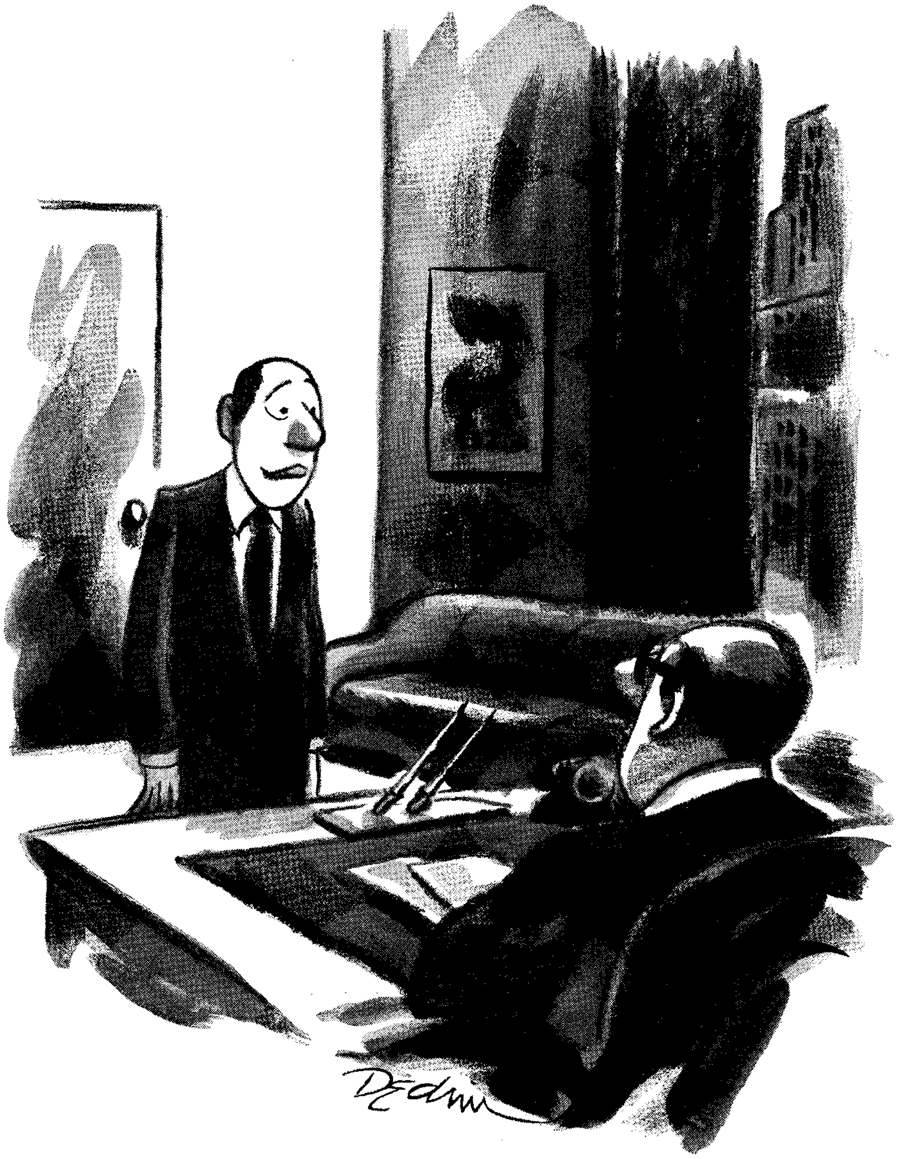
Bea, flustered to find herself addressed—for Bech and Norma had almost enforced invisibility upon her, staging their fights and reconciliations as if she were not in the cottage—answered in her melodious grief-slowed voice, "That would be lovely of you, if you really want to bother. Is there any danger?"

"None. I have life jackets. I used to be a camp councillor."

"That must have been when you shot your polar bear," Bech said, and pointedly restarted the motor.

They arrived at the beach just as the sun went behind one of those irregular expanding clouds whose edges hold blue sky at bay for hours. The children, jubilant at freedom and the prospect of Sunfishing, plunged into the surf. Norma, as if unwrapping a fragile gift in faintly poor taste, removed her beach robe, revealing a mauve bikini, and, inserting plastic eyecups in her sockets, arranged herself in the center of a purple towel the size of a double bed. Bea, disconsolate in a loose brown suit that did not do her figure justice, sat down on the sand with a book—one of Bech's, curiously. Though her sister had been his mistress for two and a half years, she had just got around to doing her homework. Embarrassed, fearful that the book, so near his actual presence, would somehow detonate, Bech moved off a few strides and stood, bare-chested, gazing at his splendid enemy the sea, an oblivious hemisphere whose glitter of whitecaps sullenly persisted without the sun. Shortly, a timid adolescent voice, the voice he had been waiting for, rustled at his shoulder. "I beg your pardon, sir, but by any chance are you . . . ?"

Wendell found Bech's diffident directions no obstacle and came for the children promptly at one the next day. The expedition was so successful Beatrice prolonged her visit another week. Wendell took the children clamming and miniature-golfing; he took them to an Indian burial ground, to an abandoned windmill, to grand beaches fenced with No Trespassing signs. The boy had that Wasp knowingness, that facility with things: he knew how to insert a clam knife, how to snorkle (just to put on the mask made Bech gasp for breath), how to bluff and charm his way onto private beaches (Bech believed everything he read), how to excite children with a few broken shell bits that remotely might be remnants of ceremonially heaped conch shells. He was connected to the land in a way Bech could only envy. Though so young, he had been everywhere—Italy, Scandinavia, Mexico, Alaska—whereas Bech, except for Caribbean holidays and a State Department-sponsored excursion to some Communist countries, had hardly been anywhere. He lived twenty blocks north of where he had been born, and couldn't sleep for nervousness the night before he and Norma and his rickety Ford risked the journey up the seaboard to the ferry slip. The continent-spanning motorcyclists of "Travel



"I dislike my job, my life is dreary, I live in a tacky house with a mean wife, and I'm cracking. I just thought Martin & Hancock, Incorporated, should know."

• •

Light" had been daydreams based upon his Cincinnati sister's complaints about her older son, a college dropout. Wendell, a mere twenty-three, shamed Bech with his Yankee ingenuity, his native woodcraft—the dozen and one tricks of a beach picnic, for instance; the oven of scooped sand, the corn salted in seawater, the fire of scavenged driftwood. It all seemed adventurous to Bech, as did the boy's removal, in the amber summer twilight, of his bathing suit to body-surf. Wendell was a pudgy yet complete Adonis stiff-armed in the waves, his buttocks pearly, his genitals distinctly visible when he stood in the wave troughs. The new generation was immersed in the world that Bech's, like a foolish old bridegroom full of whiskey and dogma, had tried to mount and master. Bech was shy of things, and possessed few, not even a wife; Wendell's room, above a garage on the summer property of some friends of his parents, held everything from canned anchovies and a Bible to pornographic photographs and a gram of LSD.

Ever since Bech had met her, Norma had wanted to take LSD. It was one of her complaints against him that he had never got her any. He, who knew that all her complaints were in truth that he would not marry her, told her she was too old. She was thirty-six; he was forty-one, and, though flirting with the senility that comes early to American authors, still absurdly wary of anything that might damage his brain. When, on their cottage porch, Wendell let slip the fact that he possessed some LSD, Bech recognized Norma's sudden new mood. Her nose sharpened, her wide mouth rapidly fluctuated between a heart-melting grin and a severe down-drawn look almost of anger. It was the mood in which, two Christmases ago, she had come up to him at a party, ostensibly to argue about "The Chosen," in fact to conjure him into taking her to dinner. She began to converse exclusively with Wendell.

"Where did you get it?" she asked. "Why haven't you used it?"

"Oh," he said, "I knew a turned-on chemistry major. I've had it for a year now. You just don't take it, you know, before bedtime like Ovaltine. There has to be somebody to take the trip with. It can be very bad business"—he had his solemn whispering voice, behind his boyish naïve one—"to go on a trip alone."

"You've been," Bech said politely.

"I've been." His shadowy tone matched the moment of day. The westward sky was plunging toward rose; the sailboats were taking the final tack toward harbor. Inside the cottage, the children, happy and loud after an expedition with Wendell to the lobster hatchery, were eating supper. Beatrice went in to give them dessert, and to get herself a sweater.

Norma's fine lean legs twitched, recrossing, as she turned to Wendell with her rapacious grin. Before she could speak, Bech asked a question that would restore to himself the center of attention. "And is this what you write about now? In the classic manner of 'Ulysses' movies?"

Under the embarrassment of having to instruct his instructor, Wendell's voice dropped another notch. "It's not really writable. Writing makes distinctions, and this breaks them down. For example, I remember once looking out my window at Columbia. Someone had left a green towel on the gravel roof. From sunbathing, I suppose. I thought, Mmm, pretty green towel, nice shade of green, *beau*tiful shade of green—and suddenly the color at*tacked* me!"

Norma asked, "How attacked you? It grew teeth? Grew bigger? What?" She was having difficulty, Bech felt, keeping herself out of Wendell's lap. The boy's innocent eyes, browless as a Teddy bear's, flicked a question toward Bech.

"Tell her," Bech told him. "She's curious."

"I'm *hor*ribly curious," Norma exclaimed. "I'm *so* tired of being myself. Liquor doesn't do anything for me anymore, sex, *any*thing."

Wendell glanced again toward Bech, worried. "It—attacked me. It tried to become me."

"Was it wonderful? Or terrible?"

"It was borderline. You must understand, Norma, it's not a playful experience. It takes everything you have." His tone of voice had become the unnaturally, perhaps ironically, respectful one he had used in English 1020.

"It'll even take," Bech told her, "your Saks charge-a-plate."

Bea appeared in the doorway, dim behind the screen. "As long as I'm on my feet, does anybody want another drink?"

"Oh, *Bea*," Norma said, leaping up, "stop being a martyr. It's my turn to cook, let me help you." To Bech, before going in, she said, "*Please* arrange my trip with Wendell. He thinks I'm a nuisance, but he *adores* you. Tell him how good I'll be."

Her departure left the men silent. Sheets of mackerel shards were sliding down the sky toward a magenta sunset; Bech felt himself being sucked into a situation where nothing, neither tact nor reason nor the morality he had learned from his father and Flaubert, afforded leverage. Wendell at last asked, "How stable is she?"

"Very un-."

"Any history of psychological disturbance?"

"Nothing but the usual psychiatry. Quit analysis after four months. Does her work apparently quite well—layout and design for an advertising agency. Likes to show her temper off but underneath has a good hard eye on the main chance."

"I'd really need to spend some time alone with her. It's very important that people on a trip together be congenial. They last at least twelve hours. Without rapport, it's a nightmare." The boy was so solemn, so blind to the outrageousness of what he was proposing, that Bech laughed. As if rebuking Bech with his greater seriousness, Wendell whispered in the dusk, "The people you've taken a trip with become the most important people in your life."

"Well," Bech said, "I want to wish you and Norma all the luck in the world. When should we send out announcements?"

Wendell said, "I feel you disapprove. I feel your fright."

Bech was speechless. Didn't he know what a mistress was? No sense of private property in this generation. The early Christians; Brook Farm.

Wendell went on carefully, considerately, "Let me propose this. Has she ever smoked pot?"

"Not with me around. I'm an old-fashioned father figure. A mixture of Abraham and Fagin."

"Why don't she and I, Mr. Bech, smoke some marijuana together as a dry run? That way she can satisfy her female curiosity and I can see if we could stand a trip together. As I size her up, she's much too practical-minded to be an acidhead; she just wants to make the sixties scene, and maybe to bug you."

The boy was so hopeful, so reasonable, that Bech could not help treating him as a student, with all of a student's purchased prerogatives, a student's ruthless power to intrude and demand. Young American minds. The space race with Russia. Bech heard himself yielding. "O.K. But you're not taking her over into that sorcerer's-apprentice cubbyhole of yours."

Wendell puzzled; he seemed in the half light a blameless furry creature delicately nosing his way through the inscrutable maze of the other man's prejudices. At last he said, "I think I see your worry. You're wrong. There is absolutely no chance of sex. All these things of course are sexual depressants. It's a medical fact."

Bech laughed again. "Don't you dare sexually depress Norma. It's all she and I have anymore." But in making this combination of joke and confession, he had absolved the boy of the maze and admitted him more deeply into his life than he had intended—all because, Bech suspected, at bottom he was afraid of being out-of-date. They agreed that Wendell would bring back some marijuana and they would give him supper. "You'll have to take pot luck," Bech told him.

NORMA was not pleased by his arrangements. "How ridiculous of you," she said, "not to trust me alone with that child. You're so immature and proprietorial. You don't own me. I'm a free agent, by your preference."

"I wanted to save you embarrassment," he told her. "I've read the kid's stories; you don't know what goes on in his mind."

"No, after keeping you company for three years I've forgotten what goes on in any normal man's mind."

"Then you admit he *is* a normal man. *Not* a child. O.K. You stay out of that bastard's atelier, or whatever he thinks it is. A pad."

"My, aren't *you* the fierce young lover? I wonder how I survived thirty-three years out from under your wing."

"You're so self-destructive, I wonder too. And by the way it's not been

three years we've been keeping company, it's two and a half."

"You've been counting the minutes. Is my time about up?"

"Norma, *why* do you want to cop out with all these drugs? It's so insulting to the world, to me."

"I want to have an ex*per*ience. I've never had a *ba*by, the only wedding ring I've ever worn is the one you loan me when we go to St. Croix in the winter, I've never been to Pakistan, I'm *never* going to get to Antarctica."

"I'll buy you a freezer."

"That *is* your solution, isn't it?—buy another box. You go from box to box, each one snugger than the last. Well I for one *don't* think your marvellous life-style, your heady mixture of art for art's sake and Depression funk, entirely covers the case. My life is closing in and I hate it and I thought this way I could open it up a little. Just a *little.* Just a teeny *crack*, a splinter of sunshine."

"He's coming back, he's coming back. Your fix is on the way."

"How can I *pos*sibly get high with you and Bea sitting there watching with long faces? It's too grotesque. It's too limiting. My kid sister. My kindly protector. I might as well call my mother—she can fly up from West Orange with the smelling salts."

Bech was grateful to her, for letting her anger, her anguish, recede from the high point reached with the wail that she had never had a baby. He promised, "We'll take it with you."

"Who will? You and Bea?" Norma laughed scornfully. "You two nannies. You're the two most careful people I've ever met."

"We'd *love* to smoke pot. Wouldn't we, Bea? Come on, take a holiday. Break yourself of Nembutal."

Beatrice, who had been cooking lamb chops and setting the table for four while Bech and her sister were obstructively gesturing in the passageway between the kitchen and the dining area, stopped and considered. "Rodney would have a fit."

"Rodney's divorcing you," Bech told her. "Think for yourself."

"It makes it *too* ridiculous," Norma protested. "It takes *all* the adventure out of it."

Bech asked sharply, "Don't you love us?"

"Well," Bea was saying. "On one condition. The children must be asleep. I don't want them to see me do anything wild."

It was Wendell's ingenious idea to have the children sleep on the porch, away from what noise and fumes there might be. He had brought from his magical cache of supplies two sleeping bags, one a double, for the twins. He settled three children under the stars, pointing out the constellations and the area of the sky where they might, according to this week's newspapers, see shooting stars. "And when you grow tired of that," Wendell said, "close your eyes and listen for an owl."

"Are there owls?" one twin asked.

"Oh, sure."

"On this island?" asked the other.

"One or two. Every island has to have an owl, otherwise the mice would multiply and multiply and there would be no grass, just mice."

"Will it get us?" Donald was the youngest, five.

"You're no mouse," Wendell whispered. "You're a man."

Bech, eavesdropping, felt a pang, and envied the new Americans their easy intermingling with children. How terrible it seemed for him, a Jew, not to have children, to lack a father's dignity. The four adults ate a sober and unconversational meal. Wendell asked Bech what he was writing now, and Bech said nothing, he was proofreading his old books, and finding lots of typos. No wonder the critics had misunderstood him. Norma had changed into a shimmering housecoat, a peacock-colored silk kimono Bech had bought her last

MOON SONG

I am alive at night.
I am dead in the morning—
an old vessel who used up her oil,
bleak and pale-boned.
No miracle. No dazzle.
I'm out of repair,
but you are tall in your battle dress
and I must arrange for your journey.
I was always a virgin,
old and pitted.
Before the world was, I was.

I have been oranging and fat,
carrot-colored, gaped at,
allowing my cracked O's to drop on the sea
near Venice and Mombasa.
Over Maine I have rested.
I have fallen like a jet into the Pacific.
I have committed perjury over Japan.
I have dangled my pendulum,
my fat bag, my gold, gold,
blinkedy light
over you all.

So if you must inquire, do so.
After all, I am not artificial.
I looked long upon you,
love-bellied and empty,
flipping my endless display
for you, my cold, cold
coverall man.
You need only request
and I will grant it.
It is virtually guaranteed
that you will walk into me like a barracks.
So come cruising, come cruising,
you of the blastoff,
you of the bastion,
you of the scheme.
I will shut my fat eye down,
headquarters of an area,
house of a dream.

—ANNE SEXTON

Donald Reilly

"*Children with heated pools are no better than you are.*"

• •

Christmas—their second anniversary. He wondered if she had kept on her underclothes, and finally glimpsed, as she bent frowning over her overcooked lamb chop, the reassuring pale edge of a bra. During coffee, he cleared his throat. "Well, kids. Should the séance begin?"

Wendell arranged four chairs in a rectangle, and produced a pipe. It was an ordinary pipe, the kind that authors, in the corny days when Bech's image of the literary life had been formed, used to grip on dust-jacket photographs. Norma took the best chair, the wicker armchair, and impatiently smoked a cigarette while Beatrice cleared away the dishes and checked on the children. They were asleep beneath the stars. Donald had moved his sleeping bag against the girls' and lay with his thumb in his mouth and the other hand on Judy's hair. Beatrice and Bech sat down, and Wendell spoke to them as if they were children, showing them the magic substance, which looked like a residue of pencil shavings in a dirty tobacco pouch, instructing them how to suck in air and smoke simultaneously, how to "swallow" the smoke and hold it down, so the precious narcotic permeated the lungs and stomach and veins and brain. The thoroughness of these instructions aroused in Bech the conviction that something was going to go wrong. He found Wendell as an instructor pompous. In a fury of puffing and expressive inhaling, the boy got the pipe going, and offered first drag to Norma. She had never smoked a pipe, and suffered a convulsion of coughing. Wendell leaned forward and greedily inhaled from midair the smoke she had wasted. He had become, seen sidewise, with his floppy blond hair, a baby lion above a bone; his hungry quick movements were padded with a sinister silence. "Hurry," he hoarsely urged Norma, "don't waste it. It's all I have left from my last trip to Mexico. We may not have enough for four."

She tried again—Bech felt her as tense, rebellious, all too aware that, with the pipe between her teeth, she became a sharp-nosed crone—and coughed again, and complained, "I'm not *get*ting any."

Wendell whirled, barefoot, and, stabbing with the pipestem, said, "Mr. Bech."

The smoke was sweet and circular and soft, softer than Bech could have imagined, ballooning in his mouth and throat and chest like a benevolent thunderhead, like one of those valentines from his childhood that unfolded into a three-dimensional tissue-paper fan. "More," Wendell commanded, thrusting the pipe at him again, ravenously sniffing into himself the shreds of smoke that escaped Bech's sucking. This time there was a faint burning—a ghost of tobacco's unkind rasp. Bech felt himself as a domed chamber, with vaults and upward recesses, welcoming the cloud; he shut his eyes. The color of the sensation was yellow mixed with blue yet in no way green. The base of his throat satisfyingly burned.

While his attention was turned inward, Beatrice was given the pipe. Smoke leaked from her compressed lips; it seemed intensely poignant to Bech that even in depravity she was wearing no lipstick. "Give it to *me*," Norma insisted, greedily reaching. Wendell snatched the pipe against his chest and, with the ardor of a trapped man breathing through a tube, inhaled marijuana. The air began to smell sweetish, flowery, and gentle. Norma jumped from her chair and, kimono shimmering, roughly seized the pipe, so that precious sparks flew. Wendell pushed her back into her chair and, like a mother feeding a baby, insinuated the pipestem between her lips. "Gently, gently," he crooned, "take it in, feel it press against the roof of your mouth, blossoming inside you, hold it fast, fast." His s's were extremely sibilant.

"What's all this hypnosis?" Bech asked. He disliked the deft way Wendell handled Norma. The boy swooped to him and forced the pipe into his mouth. "Deeper, deeper, that's it, good . . . good . . ."

"It burns," Bech protested.

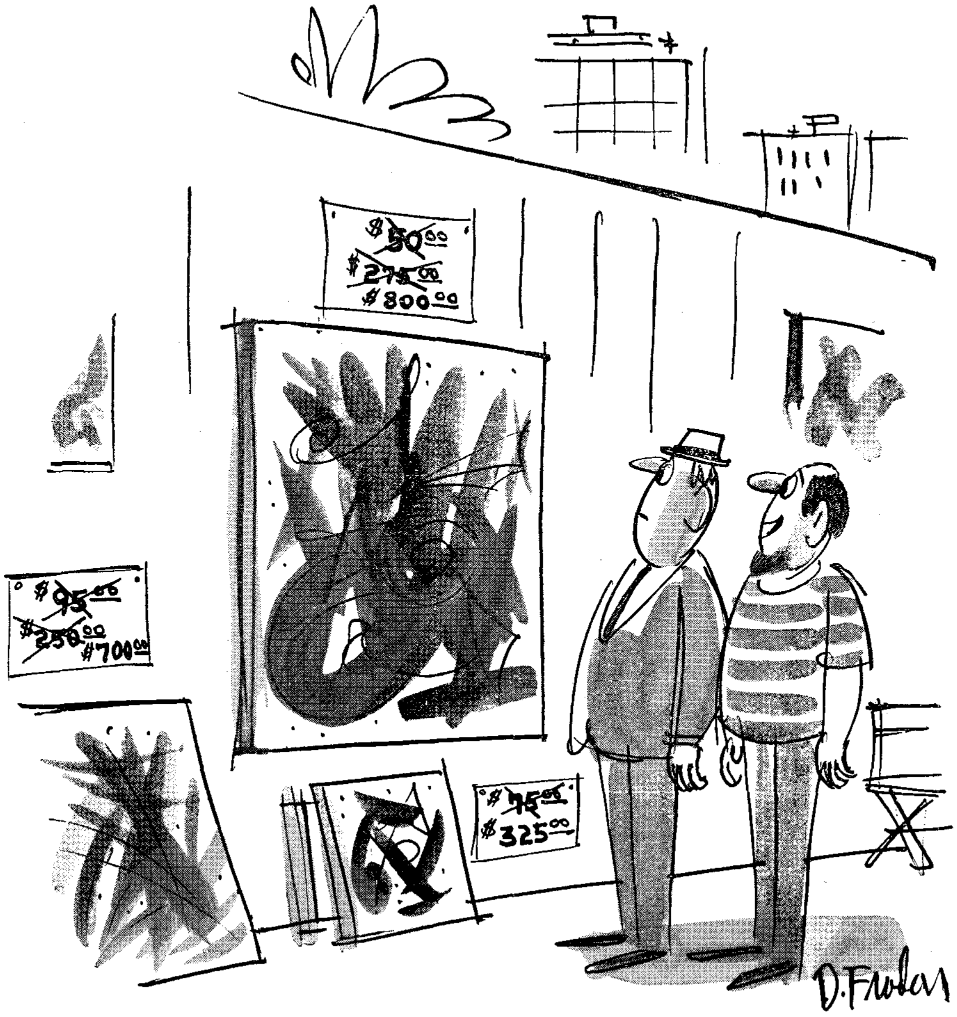
"It's supposed to," Wendell said. "That's beautiful. You're really getting it."

"Suppose I get sick."

"People never get sick on it, it's a medical fact."

Bech turned to Beatrice and said, "We've raised a generation of amateur doctors."

She had the pipe; handing it back



"As you can see, just since the show opened the prices have skyrocketed."

• •

to Wendell, she smiled and pronounced, "Yummy."

Norma kicked her legs and said savagely, "Nothing's *hap*pening. It's not *do*ing anything to me."

"It will, it will," Wendell insisted. He sat down in the fourth chair and passed the pipe. Fine sweat beaded his plump round face.

"Did you ever notice," Bech asked him, "what nifty legs Norma has? She's old enough to be your biological mother, but condescend to take a gander at her gams. We were the Sinewy Generation."

"What's this generation bag you're in?" Wendell asked him, still rather respectfully English 1020. "Everybody's people."

"*Our* biological mother," Beatrice unexpectedly announced, "thought actually *I* had the better figure. She used to call Norma nobby."

"I *won't* sit here being discussed like a piece of meat," Norma said. Grudgingly she passed the pipe to Bech.

As Bech smoked, Wendell crooned, "Yes, deeper, let it fill you. He really has it. My master, my guru."

"Guru you," Bech said, passing the pipe to Beatrice and speaking with a rolling slowness, sonorous as an idol's voice. "All you flower types are incipient Fascists." The a's and s's had taken on a private richness in his mouth. "Fascists *manqués*," he said.

Wendell rejected the pipe Beatrice offered him. "Give it back to our teacher. We need his wisdom. We need the fruit of his suffering."

"*Manqué* see, *manqué* do," Bech went on, puffing and inhaling. What a woman must feel like in coitus. More, more.

"*Mon maître*," Wendell sighed, leaning forward, breathless, awed, loving.

"Suffering," Norma sneered. "The day Henry Bech lets himself suffer is a day I'm dying to see. He's the safest man in America, since they retired Tom Dewey. Oh, this is horrible. You're all being so silly and here I sit perfectly sober. I hate it. I hate *all* of you, absolutely."

"Do you hear music?" Bech asked, passing the pipe directly across to Wendell.

"Look at the windows, everybody people," Beatrice said. "They're coming into the room."

"*Stop* pretending," Norma told her. "You *always* played up to Mother. I'd rather be nobby Norma than bland Bea."

"She's beautiful," Wendell said, to Norma, of Beatrice. "But so are you. The Lord Krishna bestows blessings with a lavish hand."

Norma turned to him and grinned. Her tropism to the phony like a flower's to the sun. Wide warm mouth wherein memories of pleasure become poisonous words.

Carefully Bech asked the other man, "Why does your face resemble the underside of a colander in which wet lettuce is heaped?" The image seemed both elegant and precise, cruel yet just. But the thought of lettuce troubled his digestion. Grass. All men. Things grow in circles. Stop the circles.

"I sweat easily," Wendell confessed freely. The easy shamelessness purchased for an ingrate generation by decades of poverty and war.

"And write badly," Bech said.

Wendell was unabashed. He said, "You haven't seen my new stuff. It's really terrifically controlled. I'm letting the things dominate the emotions instead of vice versa. Don't you think, since the 'Wake,' emotions have about had it in prose?"

"Talk to *me*," Norma said. "He's absolutely self-obsessed."

Wendell told her simply, "He's my god."

Beatrice was asking, "Whose turn is it? Isn't anybody else worried about the windows?" Wendell gave her the pipe. She smoked and said, "It tastes like dregs."

When she offered the pipe to Bech, he gingerly waved it away. He felt that the summit of his apotheosis had slipped by, replaced by a widespread sliding. His perceptions were clear, he felt them all trying to get through to him, Norma seeking love, Wendell praise, Beatrice a few more days of free vacation; but these arrows of demand were directed at an object in metamorphosis. Bech's chest was sloping upward, trying to lift his head into steadiness, as when, twenty years ago, carsick on the long subway ride to his Brooklyn uncles, he would fix his eyes in a death grip on his own reflection in the shuddering black glass. The funny wool Buster Brown cap his mother made him wear, his pale small face, old for his age. The ultimate deliverance of the final stomach-wrenching stop. In the lower edge of his vision Norma leaped up and grabbed the pipe from Beatrice. Something fell. Sparks. Both women scrambled on the floor. Norma arose in her shimmering kimono and majestically complained, "It's out. It's all gone. Damn you, greedy Bea!"

"Back to Mexico," Bech called. His own voice came from afar, through blankets of a gathering expectancy, the expanding motionlessness of nausea. But he did not know for a certainty that he was going to be sick until Norma's voice, a few feet away in the sliding obfuscation, as sharp and small as something seen in reversed binoculars, announced, "Henry, you're absolutely yellow!"

In the bathroom mirror he saw that she was right. The blood had drained from his long face, leaving like a scum the tallow of his summer tan, and a mauve blotch of sunburn on his melancholy nose. Face he had glimpsed from a thousand pits, in barbershops and barrooms, in subways and airplane windows above the Black Sea, before shaving and after lovemaking, it witlessly smiled, the eyes very tired. Bech kneeled and submitted to the dark ecstasy of being eclipsed, his brain shouldered into nothingness by the violence of the inversion whereby his stomach emptied itself, repeatedly, until a satisfying pain scraped tears from his eyes, and he was empty.

Beatrice sat alone in the living room by the dead fireplace. Bech asked her, "Where is everybody?"

She said, unmoving, uncomplaining, "They went outside and about two minutes ago I heard his car motor start."

Bech, shaken but sane, said, "Another medical fact exploded."

Beatrice looked at him questioningly. Flirting her head, Bech thought, like Norma. Sisters. A stick refracted in water. Our biological mother.

He explained, "A, the little bastard tells me it won't make me sick, and B, he solemnly swears it's a sexual depressant."

"You don't think—they went back to his room?"

"Sure. Don't you?"

Beatrice nodded. "That's how she is. That's how she's always been."

Bech looked around him, and saw that the familiar objects—the jar of dried bayberry; the loose shell collections, sandy and ill-smelling; the damp stack of books on the sofa—still wore one final, gossamer thickness of the mystery in which marijuana had clothed them. He asked Bea, "How are you feeling? Do the windows still worry you?"

"I've been sitting here watching them," she said. "I keep thinking they're going to tip and fall into the room, but I guess they won't really."

"They might," Bech told her. "Don't sell your intuitions short."

"Please, could you sit down beside me and watch them with me? I know it's silly, but it would be a help."

He obeyed, moving Norma's wicker chair close to Bea, and observed that indeed the window frames, painted white in unpainted plank walls, did have the potentiality of animation, and a disturbing pressingness. Their center of gravity seemed to shift from one corner to the other. He discovered he had taken Bea's hand—limp, cool, less bony than Norma's—into his. She gradually turned her head, and he turned his face away, embarrassed that the scent of vomit would be still on his breath. "Let's go outside on the porch," he suggested.

The stars overhead were close and ripe. What was that sentence from "Ulysses"? Bloom and Stephen emerging from the house to urinate, suddenly looking up—*The heaventree of stars hung with humid nightblue fruit.* Bech felt a sadness, a terror, that he had not written it. Not ever. A child whimpered and rustled in its sleep. Beatrice was wearing a loose pale dress luminous in the air of the dark porch. The night was moist, alive; lights along the horizon pulsed. The bell buoy clanged on a noiseless swell. She sat in a chair against the shingled wall and he took a chair facing her, his back to the sea. She asked, "Do you feel betrayed?"

He tried to think, scanned the scattered stars of his decaying brain for the answer. "Somewhat. But I've had it coming to me. I've been getting on her nerves deliberately."

"Like me and Rodney."

He didn't answer, not comprehending and marvelling instead how, when the woman crossed and recrossed her legs, it could have been Norma, a gentler, younger Norma.

She clarified, "I forced the divorce."

The child who had whimpered now cried aloud; it was little Donald, pronouncing hollowly, "The owl!"

Beatrice, struggling for control against her body's slowness, rose and went to the child, kneeled and woke him. "No owl," she said. "Just Mommy." With that ancient strange strength of mothers she pulled him from the sleeping bag and carried him back in her arms to her chair. "No owl," she repeated, rocking gently, "just Mommy and Uncle Harry and the bell buoy."

"You smell funny," the child told her.

"Like what funny?"

"Like sort of candy."

"Donald," Bech said, "we'd never eat any candy without telling you. We'd never be so mean."

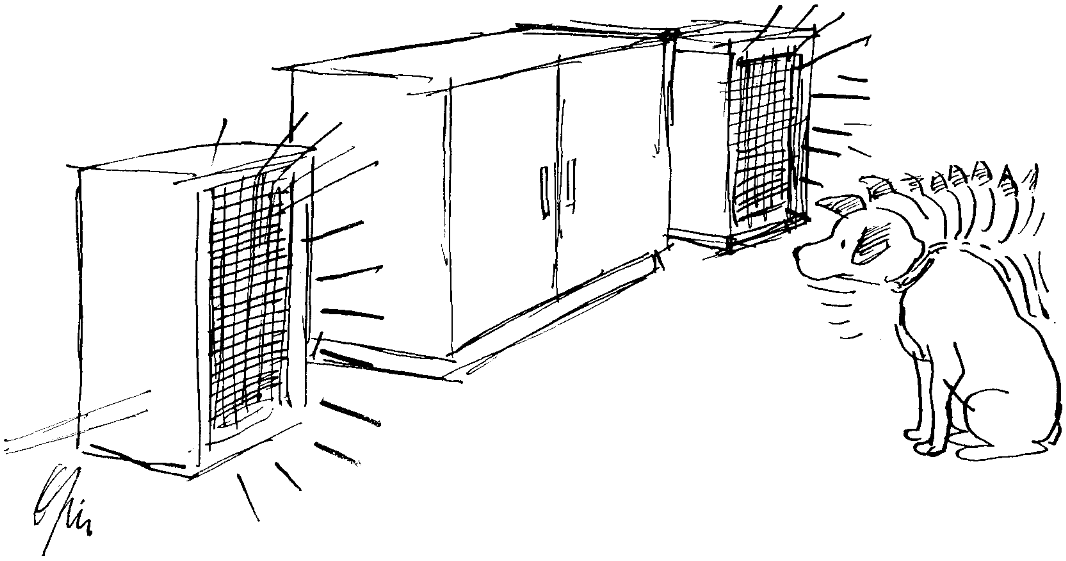
There was no answer; he was asleep again.

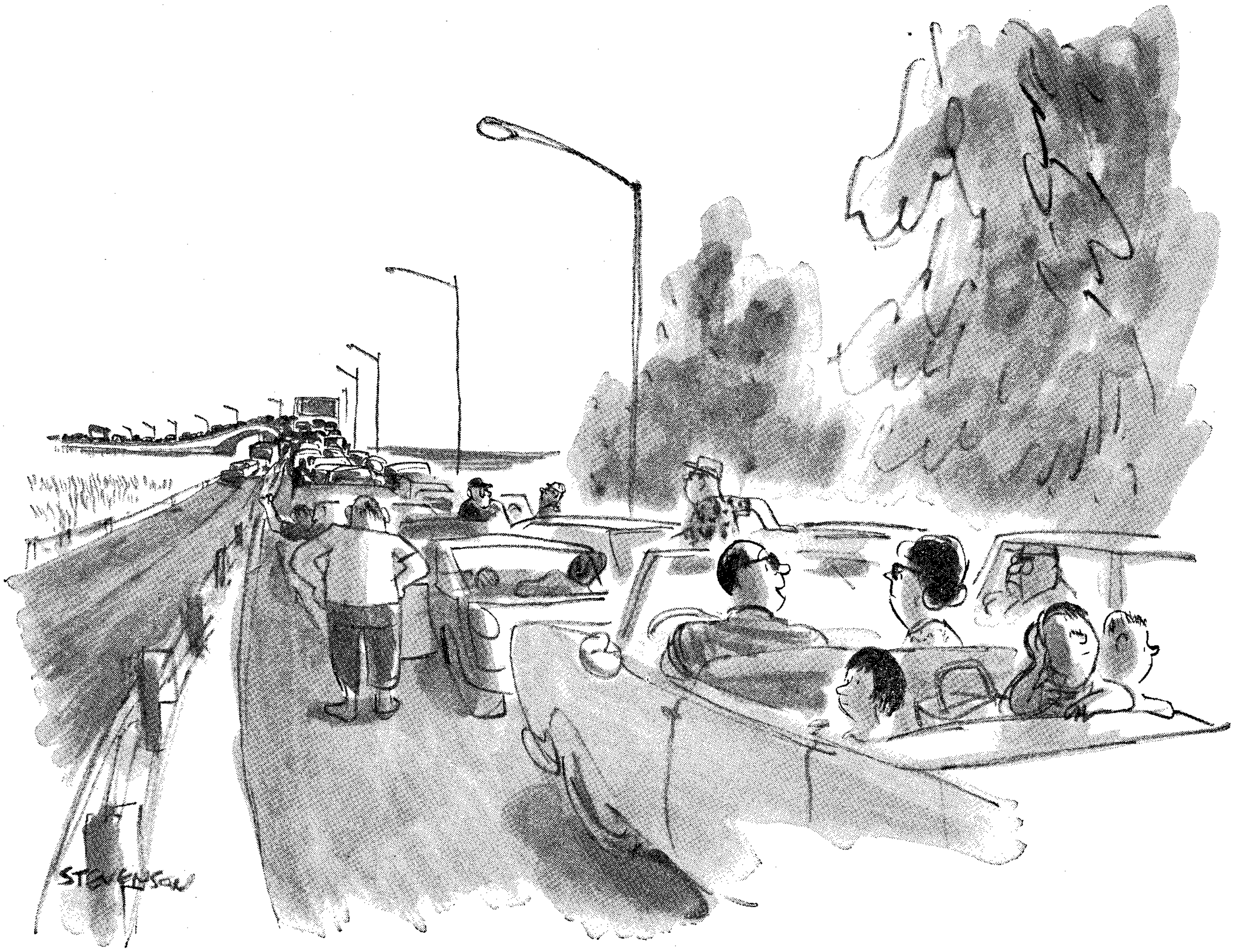
"I admire you," Beatrice said at last, the lulling rocking motion still in her voice, "for being yourself."

"I've tried being other people," Bech said, fending, "but nobody was convinced."

"I love your book," she went on. "I didn't know how to tell you, but I always rather sneered at you, I thought of you as part of Norma's phony crowd, but your writing, it's terribly tender. There's something in you that you keep safe from all of us."

As always when his writing was dis-





"Isn't it grand! All these people heading for the beach and a swim and a wonderful time, just as we are!"

• •

cussed to his face, a precarious trembling entered Bech's chest. A case of crystal when heavy footsteps pass. He had the usual wild itch to run, to disclaim, to shut his eyes in ecstasy. More, more. He protested, "Why didn't anybody at least knock on the door when I was dying in the bathroom? I haven't whoopsed like that since college."

"I wanted to, but I couldn't move. Norma said it was just your way of always being the center of attention."

"That bitch. Did she really run off with that little prep-school woolly bear?"

Beatrice said, with an emphatic intonation dimly, thrillingly familiar, "You *are* jealous. You *do* love her."

Bech said, "I just don't like creative-writing students pushing me out of my bed. I make a good Phoenician Sailor but I'm a poor Fisher King."

There was no answer; he sensed she was crying. Desperately changing the subject, he waved toward a distant light, whirling, swollen by the mist. "That whole headland," he said, "is owned by an ex-member of the Communist Party, and he spends all his time putting up No Trespassing signs."

"You're nice," Beatrice sobbed, the child at rest in her arms.

A motor approached down the muffling sandy road. Headlights raked the porch rail, and doubled footsteps crashed through the cottage. Norma and Wendell emerged onto the porch, Wendell carrying a messy thickness of typewriter paper. "Well," Bech said, "that didn't take long. We thought you'd be gone for the night. Or is it dawn?"

"Oh, Henry," Norma said, "you think *every*thing is sex. We went back to Wendell's place to flush his LSD down the toilet, he felt so guilty when you got sick."

"Never again for me, Mr. Bech. I'm out of that subconscious bag. Hey, I brought along a section of my thing, it's not exactly a novel, you don't have to read it now if you don't want to."

"I couldn't," Bech said. "Not if it makes distinctions."

Norma felt the changed atmosphere and accused her sister, "Have you been boring Henry with what an awful person I am? How could the two of you *ima*gine I'd misbe*have* with this *boy* under your noses? Surely I'm subtler than *that*."

Bech said, "We thought you might be high on pot."

Norma triumphantly complained, "I never got *any*thing. And I'm *pos*itive the rest of you faked it." But, when Wendell had been sent home and the children had been tucked into their bunks, she fell asleep with such a tranced soundness that Bech, insomniac, sneaked from her side and safely slept with Beatrice. He found her lying awake waiting for him. By fall the word went out on the literary circuit that Bech had shifted mistresses again.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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Sullivan's works are scattered thruout the city. They include the old Garrick theater which has been demolished.—*Chicago Tribune*.

So much for Sullivan and his works.

INTERIOR WITH FIGURES

THE spread of so-called action sculpture poses a new problem for owners of art objects, or, more accurately, adds a fresh dimension to one already long plaguing them as homeowners. It's this. When a power-driven assortment of mechanical giblets gleaned from scrapyards goes on the blink, whom do you get to repair it? It's a headache on which I can speak with authority, possessing, as I do, a congeries of available materials entitled "Improvisation No. 18," which recently stalled on me an hour before a cocktail party at which I planned to unveil it. The following playlet, already snapped up by the Yale Drama School for burial in its archives, may not, when ultimately unearthed by future scholars, bear out the claims for the black comedy in which plain folk are currently said to thrash, but it will, I think, suggest the occasional modest gray *crise* to which we may all reasonably aspire. The action is, as I say, autobiographical, but the names have been changed to protect the sheepish.

THE curtain does not rise in the tediously conventional sense, but is rather rent from top to bottom, to reveal Mr. and Mrs. Brent Paternoster, in party fig, anxiously watching an electrician who is lying on his back under an exciting assemblage of pipes, belts, and blades—indeed, the work of an artist of more than promise. Paternoster paces and glances at his wristwatch, his nerves, already a can of worms, declining steadily under the clank of tools and the streams of malediction floating upward through the metalwork. At length, the serviceman crawls out from under.

ELECTRICIAN: Well, your trouble ain't electrical. Connections are all O.K. and so are the switches, transformer, and wall socket. So 'tain't in my jurisdiction. (*Hurls his tools into an open satchel*) That'll be twelve-fifty and a kiss from the Missus—our standard fee for a service call now, as you know. Being as how it's electrical work, I might say our "*current* fee." Oh, that's rich! Our current fee.

MRS. PATERNOSTER: Are you sure you understand this type of collage? It's by the noted Swedish sculptor, Nils Maelstrom.

ELECTRICIAN: Yes, I'm familiar with his work. Why don't you call him in to get her running for you?

PATERNOSTER: He can't be reached. He's in Chicago, delivering a paper at a learned-society meeting.

ELECTRICIAN: You ask me, delivering papers is his what-do-you-call-it. Métier. (*He goes over to collect his buss from the Missus while Paternoster produces the money.*)

PATERNOSTER (*handing over the twelve-fifty and making no secret of his outrage as a consumer*): And I voted for Roosevelt.

MRS. PATERNOSTER (*to Electrician, as a woman instinctively concerned over the good repute of her possessions*): What's your opinion of Maelstrom?

ELECTRICIAN: Oh, he served his purpose as an innovator, a sort of catalyst. But as an artist I think he chews out loud. Still, your piece here has its merits. It conveys a fine sense of spatial dilapidation, and the comment in the pipe joints is most caustic. That's not pseudo-junk, lady. That's the real thing. I tell you what. If somebody can give me a hand with it, I'd be glad to load it on my rig and run it down to some garage mechanic for a looksee.

MRS. PATERNOSTER: Oh, you have a truck out there?

ELECTRICIAN: Yes. It's not much of a truck—just a van ordinaire.

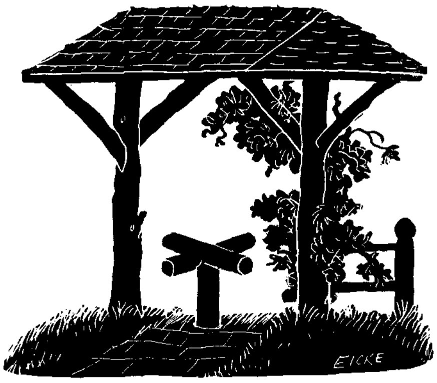
PATERNOSTER (*knowing offenses must needs come in the world, but woe unto them by whom offenses come*): I voted for him four times. I went through the whole thing. The New Deal, the Raw Deal, the Ordeal . . .

ELECTRICIAN (*to the woman*): It must be a drag for you, with Mr. Nostalgia here casting backward glances like anything. Still, my grandfather always said the Roosevelt era was a great one. Trust-busting, the charge up San Juan Hill—

PATERNOSTER: You may go!

(*Mrs. Paternoster strolls to the door with the Electrician, and as they pass the sculpture she is, again, defensive about her taste.*)

MRS. PATERNOSTER: The whole point of this sort of thing is, of course, to make do with available materials.



ELECTRICIAN (*with a glance at Paternoster*): Don't we all. (*Exiting with his bag of tools*) Well, toodle-oo. Don't let your goat get gotten.

(*Paternoster goes to the improvisation and tries to start it with a good kick, withdrawing his foot with a howl of pain. He limps to the telephone, where he paws through the local directory.*)

MRS. PATERNOSTER: Are you looking up a phone number?

PATERNOSTER: Your powers of divination are uncanny. I'm going to call a plumber. The trouble may be in the hydraulic assembly.

MRS. PATERNOSTER: That'd be Mr. Vanden Bosch. Here, let me do it. (*From a pop-up book of numbers frequently used, she instantly has the one she wants and dials it.*) Hello, Mr. Vanden Bosch? Why, we're having a kind of emergency here with something I think needs a good plumber, and I was wondering— Oh, I see. Thank you. (*She hangs up.*) He no longer makes house calls.

PATERNOSTER: Look, to begin with, you don't handle these repair people the way you have to these days—with kid gloves. You made your first booboo calling him a plumber. We don't call them that anymore.

MRS. PATERNOSTER: What do we call them?

PATERNOSTER: House urologists. (*He seats himself resolutely before the sculpture to study it. Doing so, he props an elbow on a knee and brings a fist up under his chin, inadvertently striking the pose of Rodin's "Thinker."*) What about the wash-machine repairman? Is that too farfetched?

MRS. PATERNOSTER: No, I wouldn't say anything was too farfetched. Any kind of tinker at all—if you could *get* one. The wash-machine agency would just take our name and send us service when they could. It might not be for two or three days.

PATERNOSTER: Well, with a jam like this, if you can't get a repairman, in fact don't even know what kind you need, and with guests due to begin arriving any minute, there's only one thing to do that I can think of.

MRS. PATERNOSTER: What's that?

PATERNOSTER: Hand me my screwdriver.

(*She goes to a nearby table for it.*)

MRS. PATERNOSTER (*taking it to him*): Here you are. I made it with two jiggers of vodka, the way you like it, and the orange juice is fresh, Brent. Now you just sit there and try to unwind till the others get here.

—PETER DE VRIES

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE TRIAL OF DR. SPOCK

A WEEK or so before the conspiracy trial of Dr. Benjamin Spock and four other opponents of the Vietnam war opened in Boston last spring, the sitting judge, Francis J. W. Ford, discussing ground rules in his chambers with government and defense counsel, stipulated that one of the defendants, the Reverend Dr. William Sloane Coffin, Jr., who is the chaplain of Yale University, was to be addressed in court not by his ecclesiastical title but as Defendant Coffin. Judge Ford, an imperious man of eighty-five who early in the proceedings characterized himself as "a slave to regularity," gave no reason for the legalistic unfrocking, but his intent may have been to draw a sharp line of demarcation between considerations of law and those of conscience and belief. This was certainly on his mind throughout the trial itself, for time and again spectators in his courtroom—a small one in the Federal Building—heard him instruct counsel and the jury to guard against the intrusion of extraneous matters and confine their thinking to the letter of the indictment at hand. As the sessions approached their end, after nearly four weeks, it was dazzlingly clear that the elderly magistrate, his hearing strained and his demeanor cantankerous, had set himself a difficult course. The case was simply too palpably entwined with controversial public issues—with the question of dove versus hawk—for its legal form and its social content to be separable. The terms "conscience" and "belief" became stale with use, so often were they uttered, not only by the defense but by the government itself—the author of the indictment that Judge Ford strove so valiantly to keep ever paramount in the minds of all. In fact, it was the government prosecutor—John Wall, a thirty-six-year-old former paratrooper in Korea—who took the initiative in this. He had little choice. Nearly all his evidence was based on public appearances of the alleged conspirators in which (as Wall presented it in court) one defendant or another gave it as his "belief" that the exercise of "conscience" could deflect America from pursuing an "immoral"—as well as an "unconstitutional" and "illegal"—war in Vietnam. To dramatize this evidence, the courtroom was darkened over a period of days while television-news clips, projected on a large screen facing the jury, showed the various defendants holding forth—at an outdoor rally, at a press conference, at a church service in Boston at which young men filed past a flaming taper and some of them incinerated their draft cards. By the time the lawyers offered their summations, things had loosened up to the point where the 1968 Presidential race was being weighed. This occurred when Wall, stoutly denying that the government was conducting a political trial, scoffed at the notion that war protesters like the defendants could have influenced President Johnson's decision to quit the White House. "If Johnson did retire involuntarily," he told the jury, "I submit to you the reason he did, if he did, was because a man named Eugene McCarthy and a man named Robert Kennedy . . . through the regular political process—the ballot box—brought it about."

"Mr. Kent, this is Miss Bancroft. She also thinks a poem should not mean but be."

The case before Judge Ford might not have wandered as far afield as it did—or, at least, might not have done so as often—if it had not been for the catchall nature of the government's indictment. It charged conspiracy, stating that the aims of the plot had been to "counsel, aid, and abet" draftable men to avoid military service and dispense with carrying draft cards and classification notices, and to "hinder and interfere with" the administration of the Military Selective Service Act of 1967. However, it was not these aims that were at issue but, rather, the government's claim that the defendants had formed a conspiracy to achieve them; in short, it wasn't *what* the five men had done but that they had got together to do it. Unfortunately, the distinction was not always readily apparent. It was sometimes lost even on Wall himself. In ticking off the aims of the conspiracy for the jury at the outset of the trial, he said that the government charged the defendants with those aims. Chaplain Coffin's attorney objected, and Wall quickly corrected himself, saying that the indictment "doesn't charge the substantive offenses" but "charges the defendants with conspiring to commit these acts," and adding that "certainly the objection of counsel is well taken."

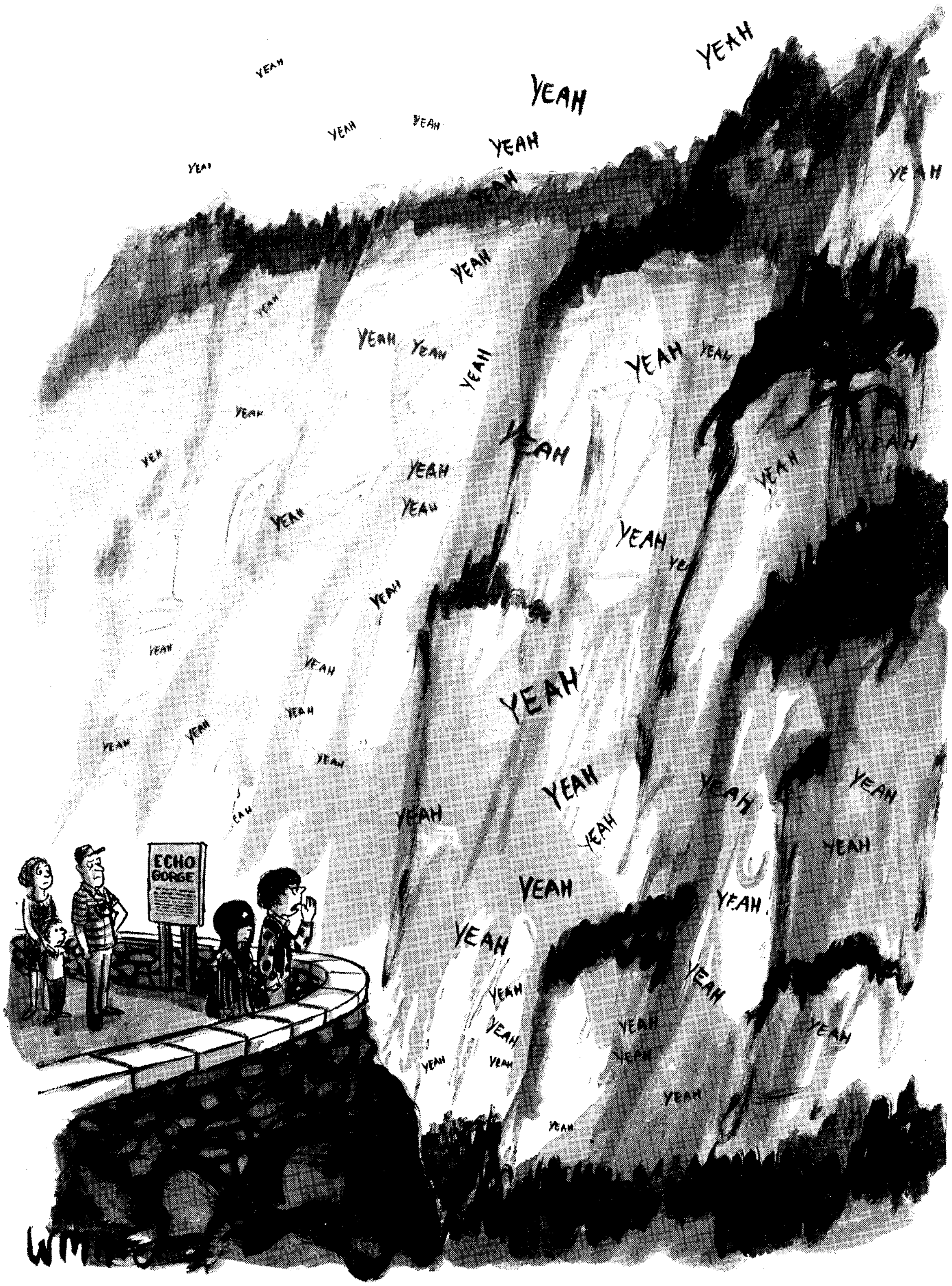
"I don't care how much of a jewel she is. She's got to stop calling me Whitey."

"Members of the jury," Judge Ford put in at this point, "a conspiracy may be defined as a breathing together, a plan, an agreeing together."

Known in legal circles, because of its latitude, as "the prosecutor's delight," the conspiracy charge is generally employed against gangsters—as it was, notably, in 1959, when twenty-seven Mafia leaders were brought to book for having breathed together in the upstate New York village of Apalachin. However, when it is applied to cases involving dissent, such as the Spock case, the latitude that delights a prosecutor may also raise the question of whether freedom of speech and of assembly and the other civil liberties guaranteed by the First Amendment are being abrogated. Reflecting this latitude, the indictment not only charged the five defendants in Judge Ford's courtroom with conspiracy but accused "divers other persons, some known and others unknown," as "co-conspirators." Frequently, individuals were named in the testimony who *sounded* as though they might have been co-conspirators, their anti-draft activity being described in such detail that one was left puzzled over why they, too, weren't defendants. Speaking of one of these non-defendants (a linguistics professor at M.I.T.), Wall said, "At least he is not sitting at the bar as a defendant *today*," underscoring the word so portentously that he drew a laugh from the spectators. The indictment's epidemic potentialities were brought out when the government offered in evidence an anti-war manifesto entitled "A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority," its signers, who numbered some thirty-five hundred, were implicated as possible co-conspirators. Before the trial was over, the question arose of whether Mayor Lindsay had behaved co-conspiratorially when—as he revealed at the trial, testifying for Dr. Spock—he had collaborated with the organizers of a sitdown demonstration at the Whitehall Street induction center by helping to formulate the arrangements for it, right down to the manner in which arrests were to be made. When Dr. Spock's attorney, Leonard B. Boudin, inquired who the "divers other persons" of the indictment might be, Wall referred him to the television-news clips, inviting him to look at the faces of the persons attending the rallies. Judge Ford appeared to lend sanction to the prosecutor's position by instructing the jury that if any of the five defendants were to be found guilty, their public statements would be "chargeable and admissible as to all others you likewise find to be members of the conspiracy, whether or not the person . . . is named in the indictment."

A theory put forward by visiting lawyers had it that the Boston Five, as many newspapers called the defendants, owed their indictment to the fortuitous circumstance that their anti-draft activities had been abundantly recorded in publications and on television. According to the theory, this made the men's prosecution attractive as a practical proposition, for the publicity provided the government with a rich supply of evidence deemed usable. Criminal conspiracy, the law states, need not be conducted in secrecy—even though the charge is generally directed against embezzlers, extortionists, and other types of clandestine operators. At no point in the proceedings was evidence adduced to show that there had been undercover meetings, correspondence, or telephone calls. Television appearances, radio interviews, published articles, press conferences, petitions to the United States Attorney General, mass meetings in New York, Washington, and Boston—these constituted the evidence cited by the government as proof of a functioning conspiracy. The defense attorneys denied that the evidence proved any such thing, maintaining that it proved only that the accused were trying to reach as many millions of people as possible with their anti-war message. What self-respecting conspirators, they asked, would trumpet their plot for all to hear? Boudin sardonically labelled it "the mass-media conspiracy," but neither he nor his colleagues ever argued that secrecy was a precondition of illegal conspiracy.

Another aspect of the latitude afforded by "the prosecutor's delight" is that there is no need to prove that the



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alleged conspirators know each other—fortunately for the government, in this case, since testimony brought out that the five accused had never been together privately until after their indictment, last January, when they and their counsel gathered in Boudin's apartment in New York. Prior to that, their contact with each other had been sketchy and public. Dr. Spock, for example, had been introduced to Chaplain Coffin on the platform at a Madison Square Garden rally. Michael Ferber, a twenty-three-year-old graduate student at Harvard, had met Chaplain Coffin when the two officiated at a service held in a Boston church, and Mitchell Goodman, a forty-four-year-old teacher and writer, and Marcus Raskin, thirty-three years old and the director of the Institute of Policy Studies, a non-profit educational institution in Washington, had had similarly superficial encounters. Upon inquiring why it wasn't necessary for conspirators to be acquainted, I received an answer from John K. Van de Kamp, a Department of Justice lawyer, who was the director of a newly established unit for prosecuting Selective Service cases, and who had come up from the capital for the trial. Relying on analogy and metaphor, Van de Kamp told me, "Suppose there's a big shipment of narcotics smuggled into the country from Sicily. Well, it might be sold to one man, who then divides it and sells it to several other individuals, who then do the same thing, until the stuff is in the hands of any number of small-time pushers. You'd hardly expect all these people to know each other, but, just the same, they would be partners in a conspiracy." Two days later, in court, Wall gave an illustration of conspiracy, which impressed Van de Kamp, and he advised me to study it. The illustration was based on a Stanley Kubrick movie called "The Killing," in which the central character recruits a wide variety of accomplices in order to rob a race track. The shady roster, Wall informed the court, includes a race-track bartender, who on the day of the robbery is to get into a fight with a chess player, a second hireling. Another man, posing as a disabled veteran, is supposed to shoot a race horse, "to cause great confusion at the same time that the fight started to distract the police." Then, there is a teller, whose contribution is to agree to let "the main perpetrator of the conspiracy" make off with the money in the teller's care, after which enter two new characters—a payoff man and a crooked cop acting as bagman for the outfit's master-

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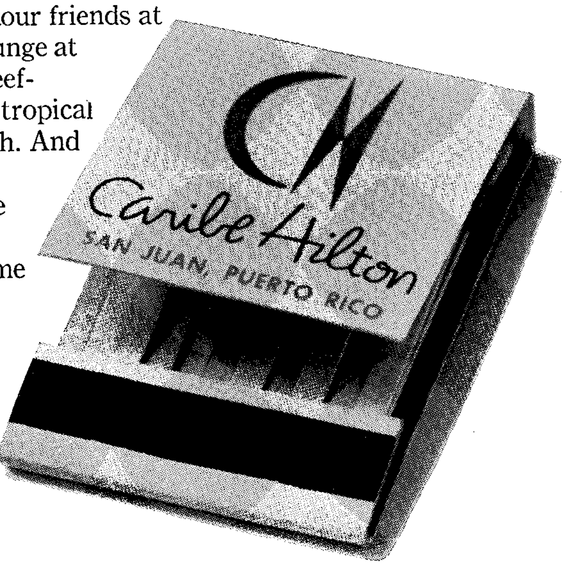

mind. The next time I saw Van de Kamp, I asked who the main perpetrator in the Spock case was. He shook his head and said, "That wasn't the point of the illustration."

Even the selecting of jurors was marked by a certain latitude. When the jury was finally chosen, it was made up, in the old phrase, of twelve good men and true, for the government would have no women, peremptorily challenging those whose names had been drawn. The general conjecture was that the prosecution thought women might have strong misgivings about the violence taking place in Vietnam, or else might remember midnights when Dr. Spock's famous book on child care had enabled them to relieve a croupy infant. Whatever its reasons, the government didn't have many women to challenge. Of a total of eighty-eight veniremen summoned, only nine were women, and Boudin, arguing that this did not represent a fair cross-section of the community, called on the court clerk, Russell H. Peck, for an explanation. "It makes me look like a misogynist," Peck said, on the witness stand. He was asked whether he followed any particular method in choosing veniremen from police lists, and he replied, "I put my finger on the place and on a name and then I make a mark next to it with a pen."

Q.: "Do you do that by not looking at the page?"

A.: "I have to look at it enough to know where it is in relation to my finger. . . . I do not intend to look carefully at the name. Actually, this is not a job that is terribly inspiring. After one has done it a few times, there isn't much joy in reading the name."

There was one college graduate on the jury—an architect. Four other jurymen had had some college education, and five more had completed high school. The twelve included a meat cutter, a loan supervisor at a bank, a customer-service man with Eastern Airlines, an engineer, a "self-employed" man, two printers, two electronics technicians, a construction foreman, and a hardware clerk. Their average age was thirty-eight, and all of them were white, the government having challenged the one Negro whose name had been drawn.

THE longer the trial went on, the more discernibly it seemed to develop a life and character of its own. Daily, the small courtroom was filled to capacity, its doors shutting out an overflow of spectators. Many of those

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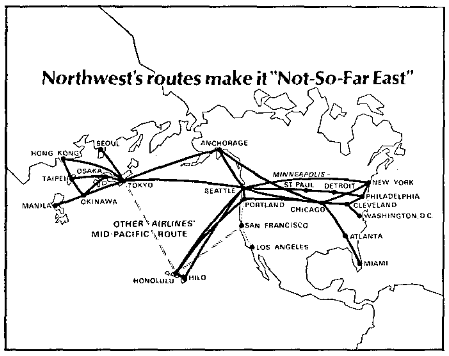
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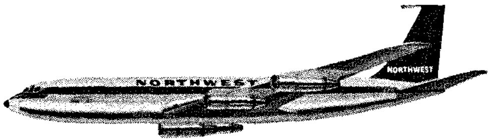
It's Not-So-Far East on Northwest.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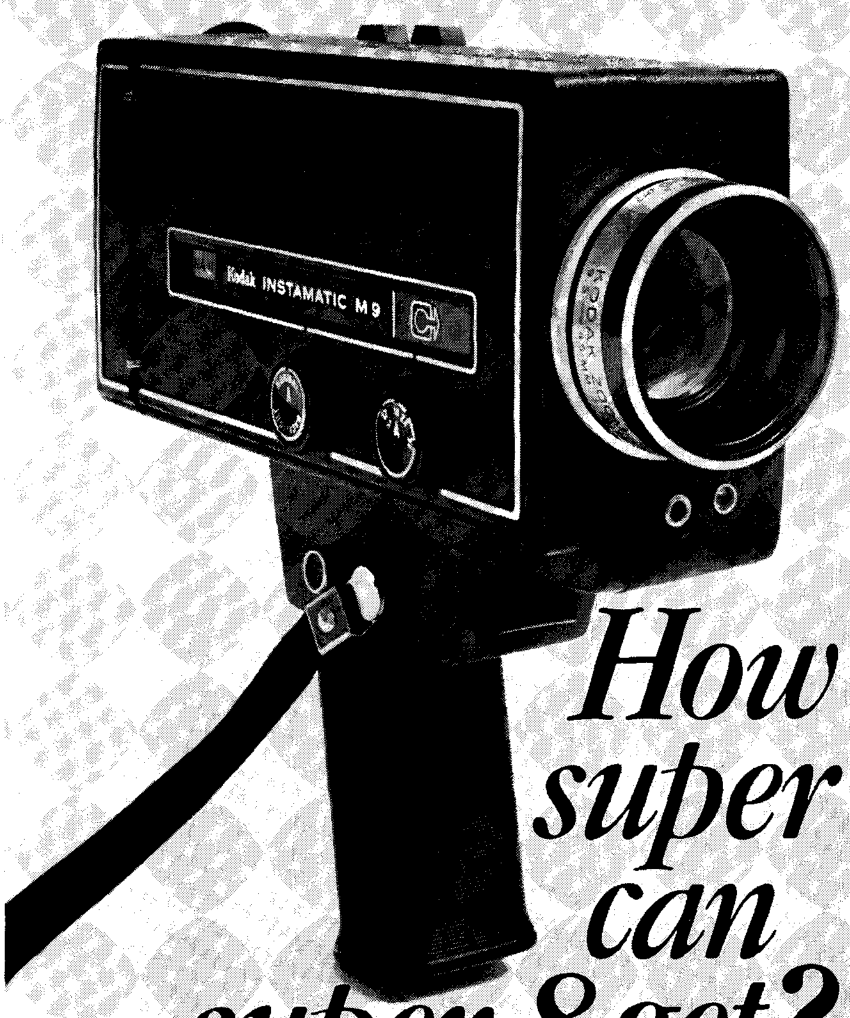
who got in, as well as those who tried to, wore peace buttons, but opponents of their position also appeared. One day, a soldier home from Vietnam, his left hand in a splint, joined the line of would-be spectators, and upon being interviewed by a local reporter he attacked those who shared the defendants' attitude toward the war. On another occasion, a contingent of thirty Wellesley girls in caps and gowns turned up in the marble corridor outside the courtroom to tell Chaplain Coffin they were sorry that he hadn't been able to deliver the baccalaureate address at their graduation ceremonies, as he had been invited to do. Whenever Judge Ford declared a brief recess, a promenade of spectators, press representatives, lawyers, and defendants ensued outside, and the corridor echoed with their talk, which often had to do with the possible significance of this or that bit of testimony, or with whether this or that juror had the look of a dove or a hawk. The defendants joined in the speculation—they were always approachable, appearing as willing to talk with strangers as with friends and relatives. Sometimes the speculation had to do with the impression that well-known witnesses had made while they were testifying, since there were many of these, among them—in addition to Mayor Lindsay—United States Senator Stephen M. Young, of Ohio; Congressman William F. Ryan, of New York; and Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, Provost of M.I.T. and former scientific adviser to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson. Wall and his staff vanished from view during these intermissions, descending into the United States Attorney's offices, on the floor below. The defense lawyers were around, however, listening—sometimes with a look of omniscience—to suggestions from well-wishers. Occasionally, pacing the corridor with one or another of the lawyers, I would hear my companion complain about the forensic preenings of some colleague, for the defenders of the defendants were far from constituting a coördinated team. More than once, before Judge Ford's bench, they objected to each other's argument.

Inside the courtroom, all was punctilio, beginning with the court crier's archaic greeting of "Hear ye! Hear ye!" each morning. Like burly movie ushers, marshals roamed the aisles during the trial. The defendants' families, occupying two reserved rows, formed a special community. The defendants themselves sat together in chairs up front, separated from the spectators by



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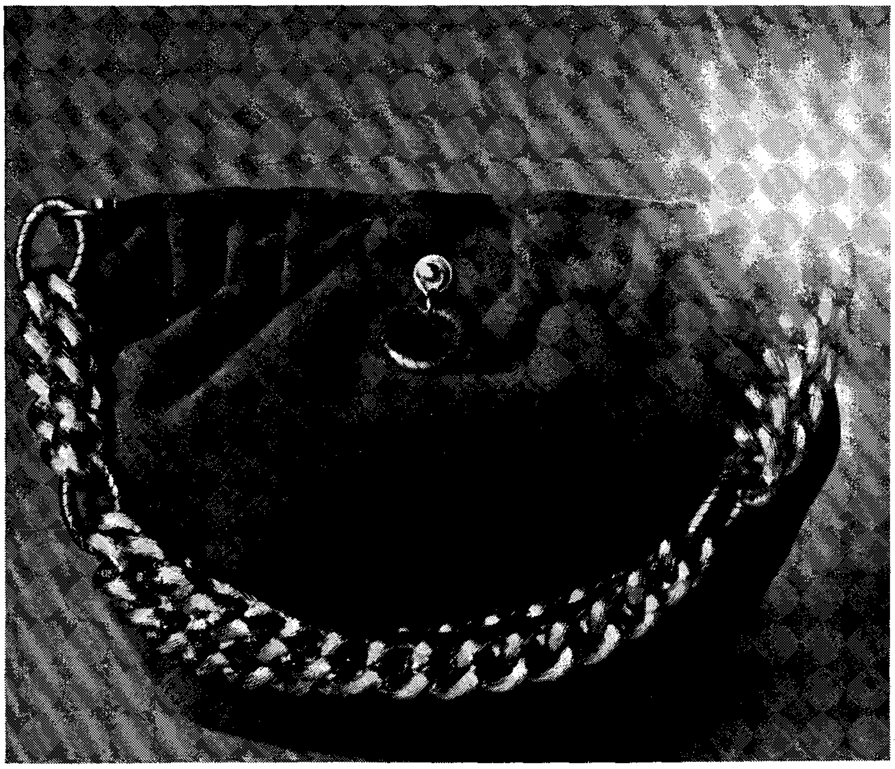

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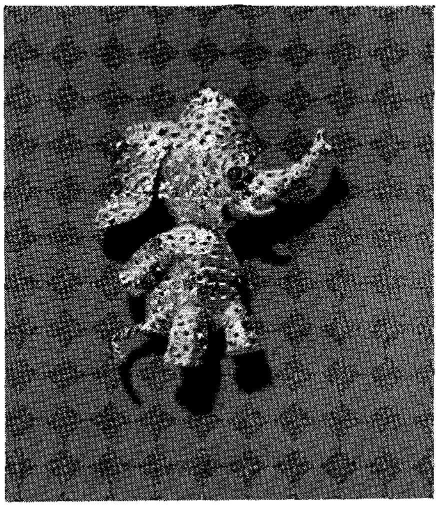

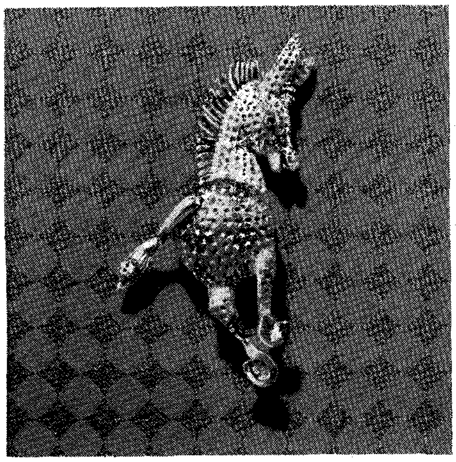

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a brass railing. The lawyers were restless onstage, arguing and holding whispered conferences as, in varying degrees, each went about trying to remake his client in his own image. In the jury box, the twelve men sat expressionless throughout, their attention apparently unflagging. (Late in the trial, though, one of them did doze off awhile.) And, finally, enthroned on his high bench, his robes enfolding his portly figure, Judge Ford gazed out over his domain.

Recurring week after week, this fixed, formalized scene achieved a certain solemnity, yet at times it was difficult to bear in mind that the proceedings could result in five years' imprisonment and a ten-thousand-dollar fine for each defendant. Perhaps this difficulty derived from the fact that the defendants were not accused of "substantive offenses," for this tended to make the government look as though it were casting aspersions rather than charging a crime. Nor did the reliance on evidence that had long been publicly known do anything to mitigate that impression. Among the prosecution witnesses, for example, were a number of television cameramen who, having unwittingly served a federal sponsor, were called to identify themselves as the men who had filmed the clips being shown the jury. Even when the government produced an undercover agent who had been assigned to turn up evidence, his information consisted of a report on a publicized event. Special Agent Lawrence E. Miller, of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, upon being called to the witness stand, testified that he had done his sleuthing at a press conference held last October at the New York Hilton Hotel—a conference that his superiors had learned about from reading the *Daily News.* At this press conference, four of the five men destined to be indicted were airing their anti-war views, as were other individuals. Miller testified that, concealing his identity, he joined dozens of reporters and cameramen, helped himself to handouts, and then, like the reporters, took out a notebook and made entries in it. Miller's journalistic adventure met with rough handling in court. Among the facts that the defense lawyers extracted from Miller was that he had never before been assigned to cover a conference concerned with public affairs, and that his notes did not represent the content of the conference "either in substance or . . . gist." The notes did tell of plans for anti-war demonstrations in different parts of the country, but as Miller granted, these plans were already pub-

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lic knowledge. Miller's notes also appeared to be at variance with the F.B.I.'s long-standing contention that it sticks to the gathering of "raw material," leaving the "evaluation" of the material to others. As became clear from Miller's testimony, he was stirred to instant evaluation on hearing Raskin deny at the conference that the President necessarily knew more about the Vietnamese situation than other Americans did. "Baloney," Miller wrote in his reporter's book—though he discreetly enclosed the word in parentheses.

Another factor that detracted from the unquestionable seriousness of the proceedings was the general inefficiency of the alleged conspiracy—at least, as it was revealed in court. United though the defendants were in opposing the war, each seemed to emphasize a different incentive for pressing his opposition. Dr. Spock, it was brought out, was exercised by a belief that the war was sullying the good name of the United States at home and abroad by killing its own and foreign youth and by diverting funds that might be better spent on the impoverished. Raskin was preoccupied with advocating the setting up of a Warren-type commission to investigate the legality of the war. Goodman was intent on obtaining the support of older people for those resisting conscription. Chaplain Coffin wanted the Selective Service Act overhauled to legitimize the status both of non-believer objectors and of selective conscientious objectors, who hold that an individual may object to a particular war but not necessarily to all wars. And the overriding interest of Ferber, the youngest of the defendants, was in building a "community" of his contemporaries to stand fast in resisting the draft in such great numbers that the government would have to reconsider its present course. Ferber, who was born a Unitarian and opposed the draft on religious rather than political grounds, had turned in his card seven months earlier.

Needless to say, the degree of the defendants' efficiency as alleged conspirators had no bearing on their guilt or innocence. Nevertheless, it was not difficult to find detached spectators who believed that the government was insufficiently threatened to warrant its going to so much judicial trouble. (One such spectator remarked, "The government has bitten off less than it can chew.") The following interchange between Wall and Raskin gave scant indication that the republic was imperilled:

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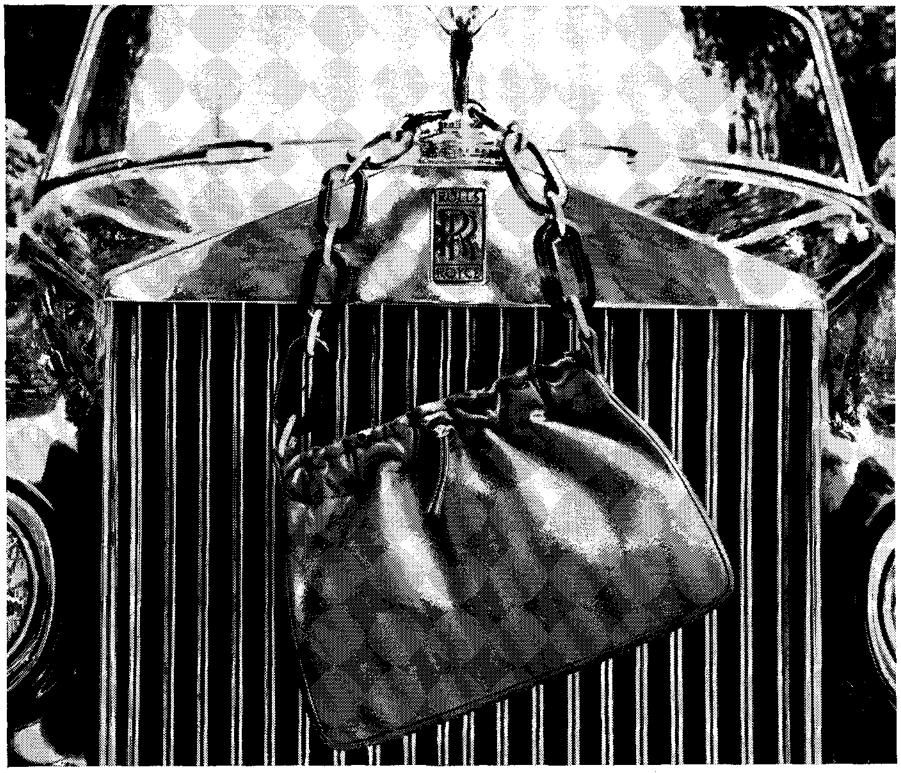

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that were made there [at the press conference] that day?"

A.: "I heard, yes."

Q.: "And you heard— Pardon me?"

A.: "I heard but didn't listen."

Q.: "Well, why didn't you listen?"

A.: "They were boring."

Nor was Goodman's account of the sitdown at the Whitehall Street induction center easily construed as a show of conspiratorial mettle. In accordance with the plan agreed to by Mayor Lindsay, the demonstrators eventually did invite arrest by sitting on the steps of the induction center for two or three minutes, but only after a jumble of incidents had appeared to jeopardize the arrangement. Here we have Goodman pondering—in response to questions put by his attorneys—the problem of what to do until the paddy wagon comes. It is the early morning of December 5, 1967, and he has just arrived by subway to take part in the demonstration, which was organized by the War Resisters League, a pacifist organization, of which David McReynolds is field secretary.

Q.: "What time was it, about?"

A.: "I must have gotten there about quarter of six. . . . It was dark and somewhat confusing and I didn't know where I was. People were milling around. Everyone seemed to be looking for . . . someone to tell them what to do. I noticed there were a great many police. Then someone indicated to me that there was a platform and a man standing on it with a microphone. . . ."

Q.: "How far was that from the induction center?"

A.: "That was about two blocks from the front of the Whitehall Street building. . . . I moved over toward the platform, where I met a number of people I knew in New York who were down there as well, and then I realized it was David McReynolds on the platform and I knew that he was the organizer."

Q.: "Did he give some directions or something at that point?"

A.: "Yes. . . . After a few minutes, he said, 'Those who want to commit civil disobedience form on this side and those who want simply to be in a legal picket line form on that side.' I moved over to the right side; I knew I was going to be in the civil-disobedience part of it. We got together in a very rough formation and I found Dr. Spock there. . . . I was pleased and surprised to see him. . . ."

Q.: "How far were you from the induction center at this point?"

A.: "We [were] still about two

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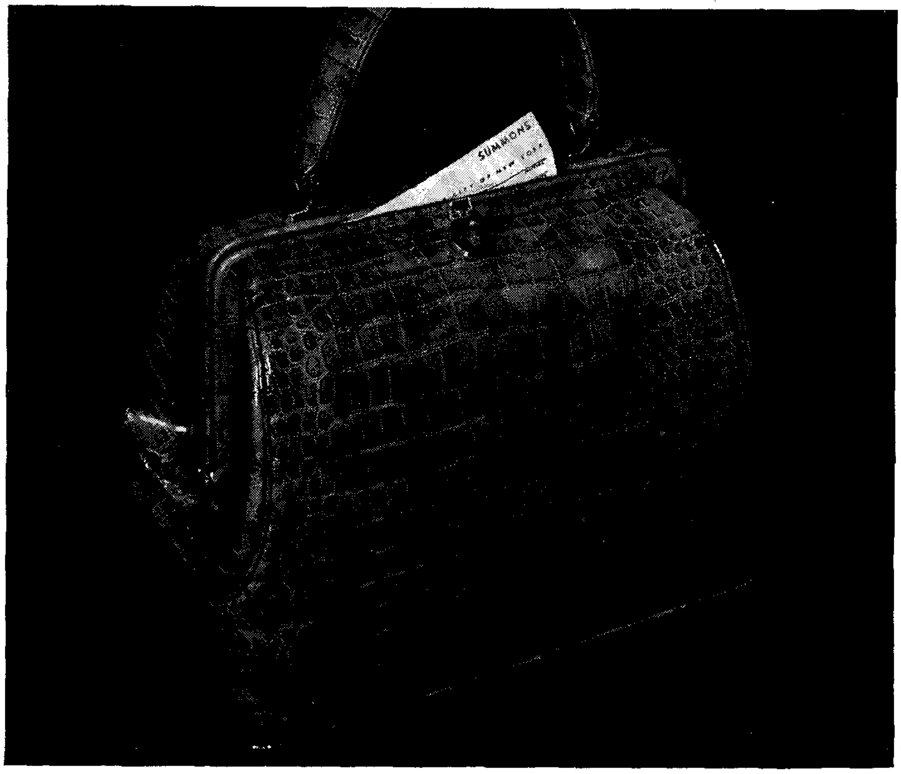

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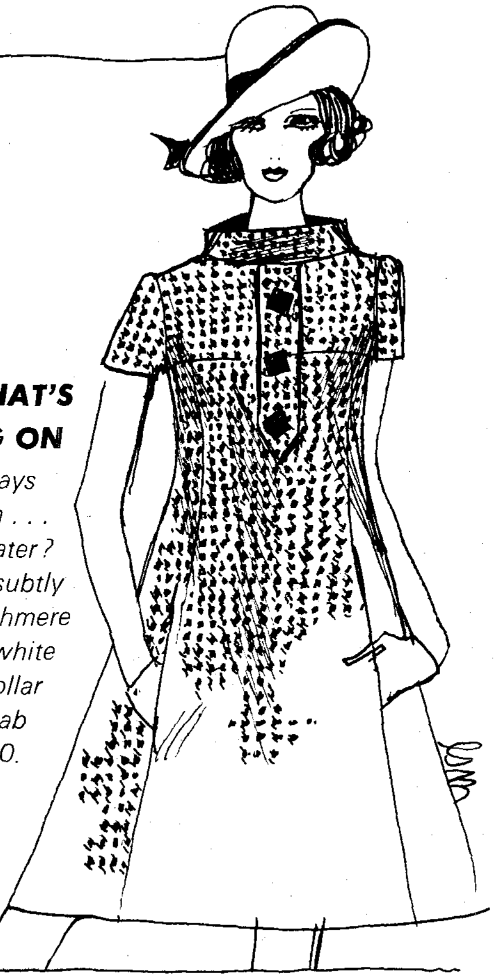

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blocks away. . . . There was this fairly large group of people moving along, and they were being pushed right and left by news photographers and television men who were creating a terrible scramble. It was hard to keep organized. We went around the corner, and [there] was a police barricade . . . and a lot of policemen. They stopped us. And one of us explained that we . . . had made prearrangements to come to . . . this civil-disobedience thing. . . . They opened the barrier and let us through. It was so dark and so confused I can't say how many people were in the group—maybe twenty or thirty."

Q.: "About how far were you from the induction center at that time?"

A.: "We were about a block away. . . . We moved over toward the barrier directly in front of the entrance of the building, which we knew was where we ought to be. . . . There was a large number of police officers massed on the steps of the building. . . . My assumption, my thought, was that we would be allowed to enter there. . . ."

Q.: "What happened there?"

A.: "Nothing seemed to happen. We just stood there."

Q.: "Who is 'we' at this point?"

A.: "I was standing next to Dr. Spock, and Dr. Spock was so thoroughly surrounded by newspapermen and television people we were isolated from everybody else."

Q.: "What happened at that point?"

A.: "We stood there for a few moments and Dr. Spock said to me, 'What are we supposed to do?' And I said to him, 'Well, I don't really know, but we are supposed to get through here to that place on the sidewalk. The only one who really knows is David McReynolds.' At that point . . . I shouted to some people behind us, 'Where's David McReynolds?' Nobody knew. And so Dr. Spock . . . said to me, 'Well, we can't just stand here. This is foolish.' And so the next thing he did was to get down on his hands and knees to try to get under the barrier."

Q.: "And did you?"

A.: "I got under there with him—right."

Q.: "What happened then? . . ."

A.: "We stayed there, thinking the police would let us through for a few moments, and they didn't. . . . I started to call for Inspector Garelik, the Chief Inspector of the New York City police force. . . ."

Q.: "Then what happened?"

A.: "There was no response, and Dr. Spock said again, 'Well, this is

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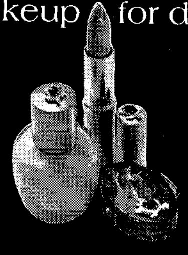


foolish, just standing here. I thought that arrangements had been made for us to go through. . . .' "

Q.: "After you and Dr. Spock were still figuring out what to do, what then happened?"

A.: "Dr. Spock put his leg up on the barrier and tried to get up on it and the police officers behind the barrier put their arms up. They were obviously intent on not hurting him. . . . Some people behind him put their arms up and held him there."

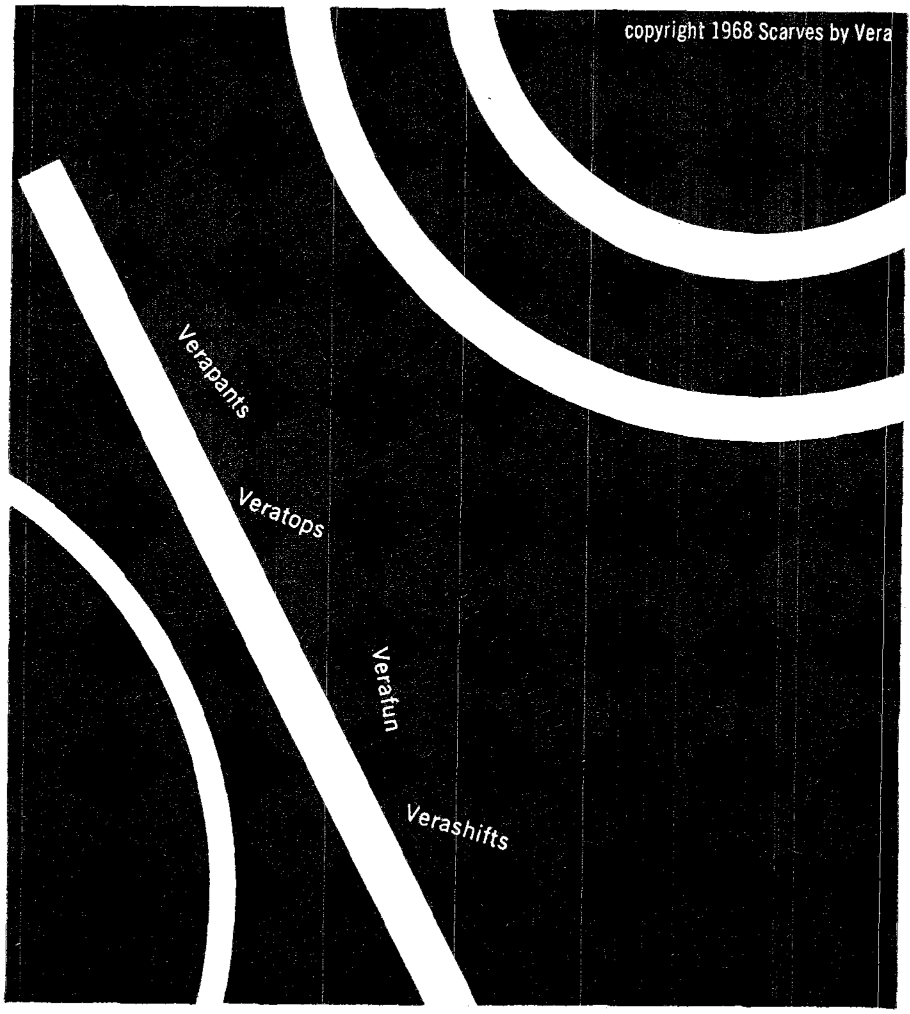
Q.: "He was caught in between?"

A.: "Yes."

Q.: "What did you do?"

A.: "I just stood there. . . . Then I called for Inspector Garelik."

INSIDE the courtroom, there were no echoes of the impromptu heroics of the street. Only decorum reigned, the rules and maneuverings of judicial procedure—reasonable, coded, prissy, and as intricate as those of an adult game, which the initiated alone could play. Like doting relatives, the defense attorneys had their wards display their merit badges. Goodman, the spectators learned, had been an artilleryman in the Second World War, and Dr. Spock had been a naval officer (and he had supported NATO and the Korean war), and Chaplain Coffin not only had served splendidly in the Second World War but had also been a C.I.A. agent for three years during the Korean war, entrusted with top secrets he couldn't talk about to this day. In the corridor during recesses, young spectators wearing peace buttons expressed chagrin at the unhortatory nature of the proceedings, but none of these young people, I thought, sounded as deeply thwarted as Chaplain Coffin did in a conversation I had with him during one court break. On the stand, the Chaplain was hardly the picture of a clerical crusader. A practiced speaker, he sometimes seemed a little too practiced, easily coping with Wall's questions while keeping his eyes on the jury. An erudite man (he could have testified in French, German, or Russian), he made references at one point or another to St. Peter, Socrates, and Péguy, but the blank gaze of his peers in the jury box turned his words into hollow name-dropping. As it happened, Chaplain Coffin had campaigned more persistently than any of the other defendants for a trial concerning the anti-war protests, for he had a strong confidence in the courts, born of his experiences as a Freedom Rider in Alabama several years earlier, when he and others had violated a local law segregating



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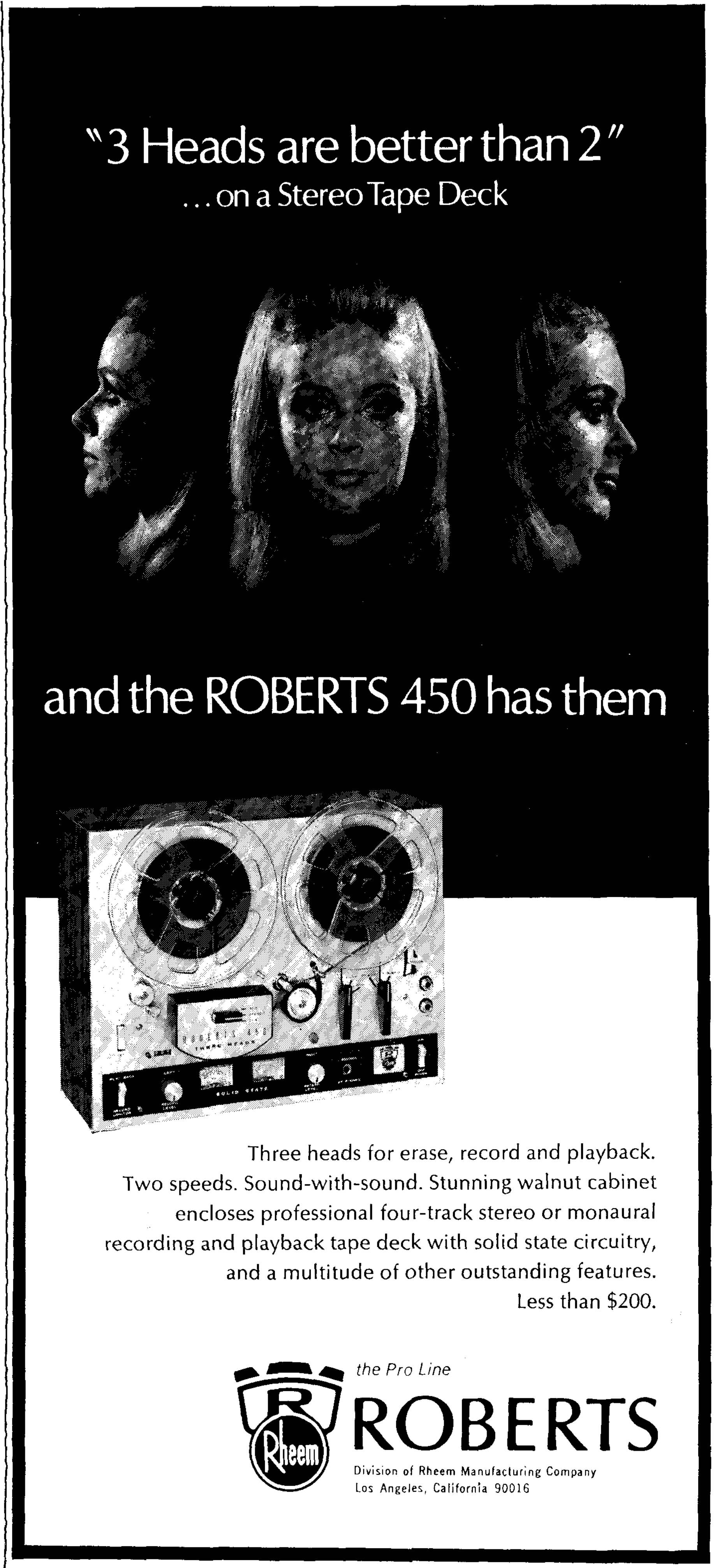
bus passengers; a test case had followed, and the Supreme Court had overthrown the statute. In Boston, Wall reminded Chaplain Coffin of his long campaign for a legal confrontation on Vietnam. The gambit left the impression that the Chaplain had only himself to blame for being in the dock, but in fact Chaplain Coffin hadn't got the trial he was seeking. "I wanted a trial of stature," he told me during a recess. "I wanted to test the legality of the war and the constitutionality of the Selective Service Act. I wanted a trial that might be of help to selective conscientious objectors. But this—what is it?" I asked whether he thought one had to undergo punishment to demonstrate the sincerity of one's beliefs. "You're speaking of martyrdom, aren't you?" he replied, smiling remotely. "'Martyr' is a Greek word, you know—it means 'witness.' I must do whatever is necessary to bear witness, but why should that mean I must count on suffering for doing what I believe to be right?"

Unlike Chaplain Coffin, Ferber had set no particular store by a legal confrontation. As a bachelor of twenty-three, he lived on close terms with the war, and could speak about it naturally, almost occupationally. Ferber, a thin, neat, seemingly lighthearted English-literature scholar who had graduated *summa cum laude* from Swarthmore in 1966 and won a Woodrow Wilson fellowship to Harvard, told me over lunch one day that although he had a decent regard for the judicial process, he wondered whether the trial had any relevance to the peace movement. "That's going to go on, regardless of what happens to us," he said. "Last year, hundreds of my contemporaries were put in prison for resisting the draft, and that hasn't stopped the movement." He regretted that Judge Ford had forbidden the defendants to invoke the Nuremberg principles, which make individual citizens responsible for the conduct of their government; excluding the Nuremberg principles, Ferber said, was tantamount to holding Eichmann up as an example of a law-abiding burgher. Still, Ferber thought the trial had its points. Since he and the others had been indicted, he said, great numbers of Americans had joined the anti-draft ranks. "Spock's flock is rocking," he went on, reciting a post-indictment slogan. "The trial has conferred a legitimacy on the movement. Tell me, you don't think we've become a part of the Establishment, do you?"

It became increasingly plain as the trial progressed that it wasn't going to



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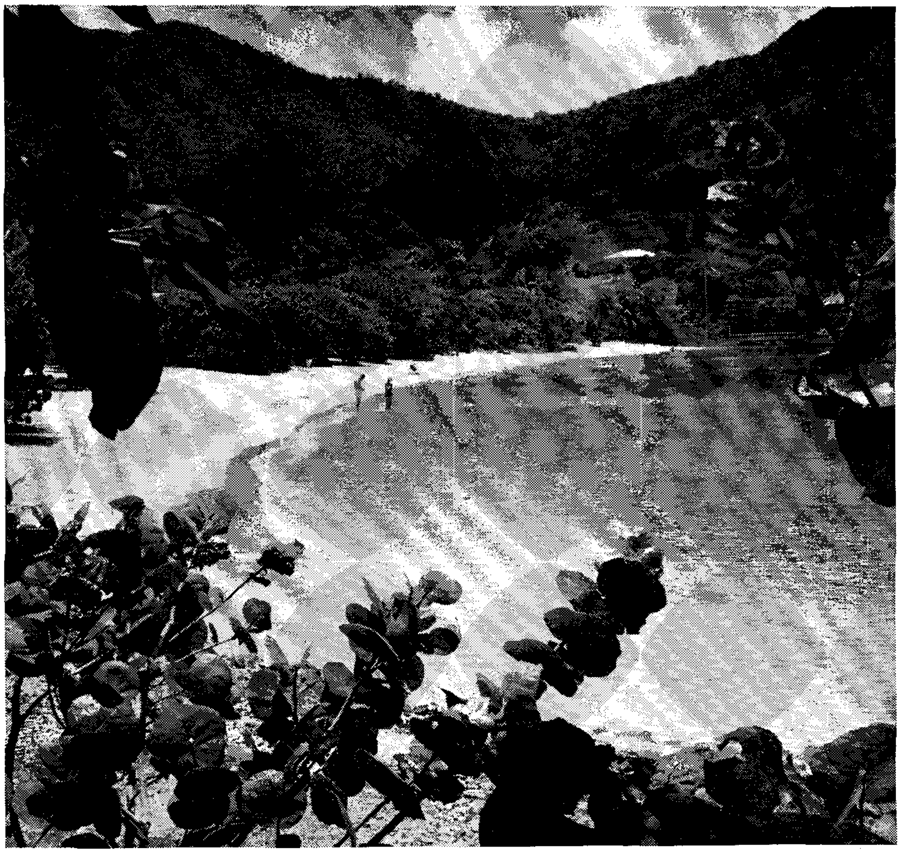

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shed any light on the issue of the legal limits of dissent, which, in the opinion of both the doves and the hawks among the spectators, was probably the most valuable contribution that the proceedings might have made, for until this issue was clarified the country would remain perplexed about where individual conscience leaves off and national needs take over. Sweeping matters of this sort, however, were far from the government's conception of the case, since it leaned so strongly in the direction of form rather than substance. The government lawyers I talked with said they saw nothing wrong with the case, but it was possible to detect signs that they were not impervious to the doubts of others. One of them told me one day that his mother had sent him a clipping from a British weekly in which a correspondent had described the trial as a replay of the McCarthyism of the nineteen-fifties. "I don't believe that," the government man said emphatically. Another day, an important member of the prosecution team remarked during a visit I paid him in his office, "We know these five men aren't ordinary criminals in mentality. But that's the tragedy of it. Why couldn't they have protested by using their vote, the way most people do?" Tragedy or not, the government had prepared its case thoroughly. Van de Kamp, who is in his thirties and is unmarried, told me that he had even read Dr. Spock's book on infant care from cover to cover, and that it had recently enabled him to advise a secretary in his office how to treat her baby's colic.

Almost from the outset, everyone I met assumed that bad news lay ahead for the defendants—for all of them except Raskin, that is, who, as the testimony unfolded, was given a chance of acquittal. The evidence adduced in Boston showed that he had never challenged the government to a legal confrontation or taken part in a sitdown, and that he regarded the turning in of draft cards as "silly;" his advocacy of a Warren-type commission to look into the legality of the war was barely controversial; and also going for him was the fact that several witnesses cast considerable doubt on the government's identification of him as a vociferous protester who had demanded that a Department of Justice official accept a briefcase filled with turned-in draft cards. There were a number of reasons for the poor prognosis for the other defendants. One was a general belief that there must be something to the charge, since the government had staked its

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authority on the outcome of the case. Another was the latitude of the charge, combined with the difficulty of keeping it separate from "substantive offenses." It was also conjectured that the jurors might feel they were endorsing civil disobedience if they returned a verdict of not guilty. A Harvard chemist who attended a few sessions observed to me, "The defendants are raising difficult questions, for which they have no clear-cut answers. They're asking the country to give up old ways for unfamiliar ones." Finally, the defendants had to contend with Judge Ford's management of the trial, which, unfortunately, was not always even-handed.

The official transcript—nineteen mimeographed volumes—includes examples of Judge Ford's style, but its inanimate contents, in the words of the Washington *Post's* judicial correspondent, "do not convey the manner in which 85-year-old Judge Francis J. W. Ford showed his disbelief in the defense case and his tolerance for the Government's." (The same correspondent, John P. MacKenzie, wrote, "The Judge's display of bias . . . deprived the Nation of a trial that was fundamentally fair.") The official transcript does not convey the skeptical tone that the Judge employed in addressing defendants when they denied government allegations. Nor does anything in its nineteen volumes describe his elaborate shuffling of papers and ordering about of clerks and marshals when defense attorneys were scoring points—though the transcript does show that he sometimes capped such points by admonishing the jury to keep an open mind. In reading the transcript, one cannot hear his hectoring tone as he urged defense lawyers to "get on" or "go forward" on numerous occasions—something he rarely did to the prosecution. When a defense lawyer elicited testimony from Dr. Spock that many Americans agreed with him, the Judge said, "Strike it out." The lawyer then asked whether Dr. Spock had met persons who disagreed with him, and Dr. Spock said, "Yes." "Let it stand," the Judge said. ". . . It is obvious. . . . The Court can take judicial notice of that." Upon becoming irritated at a defense counsel, the Judge warned him he might face the type of contempt citation that was once meted out to attorneys representing Communist leaders. (Wall himself made no insinuations of Communist sympathies on anyone's part.) During a colloquy at the bench—not included in the tran-

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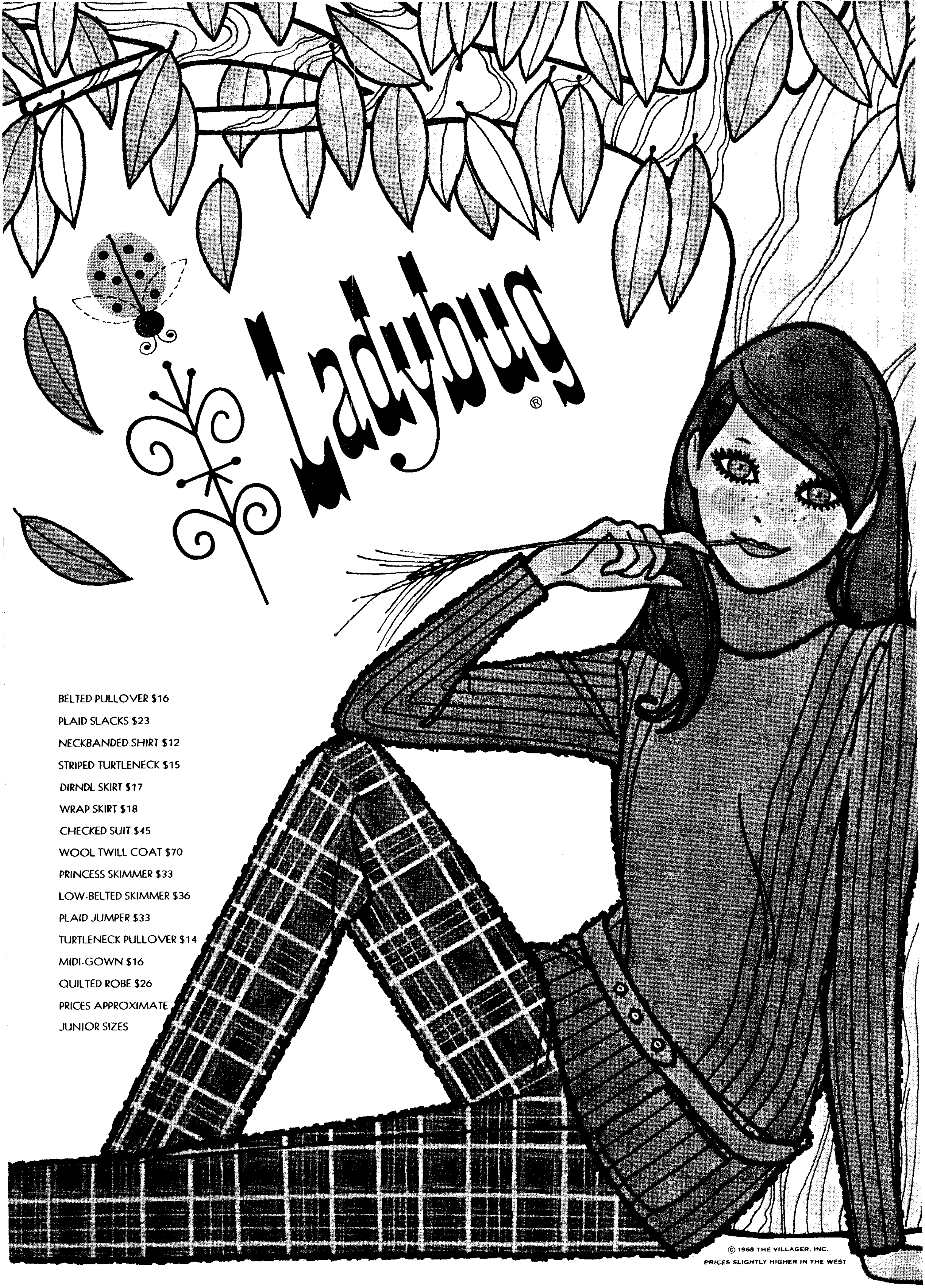

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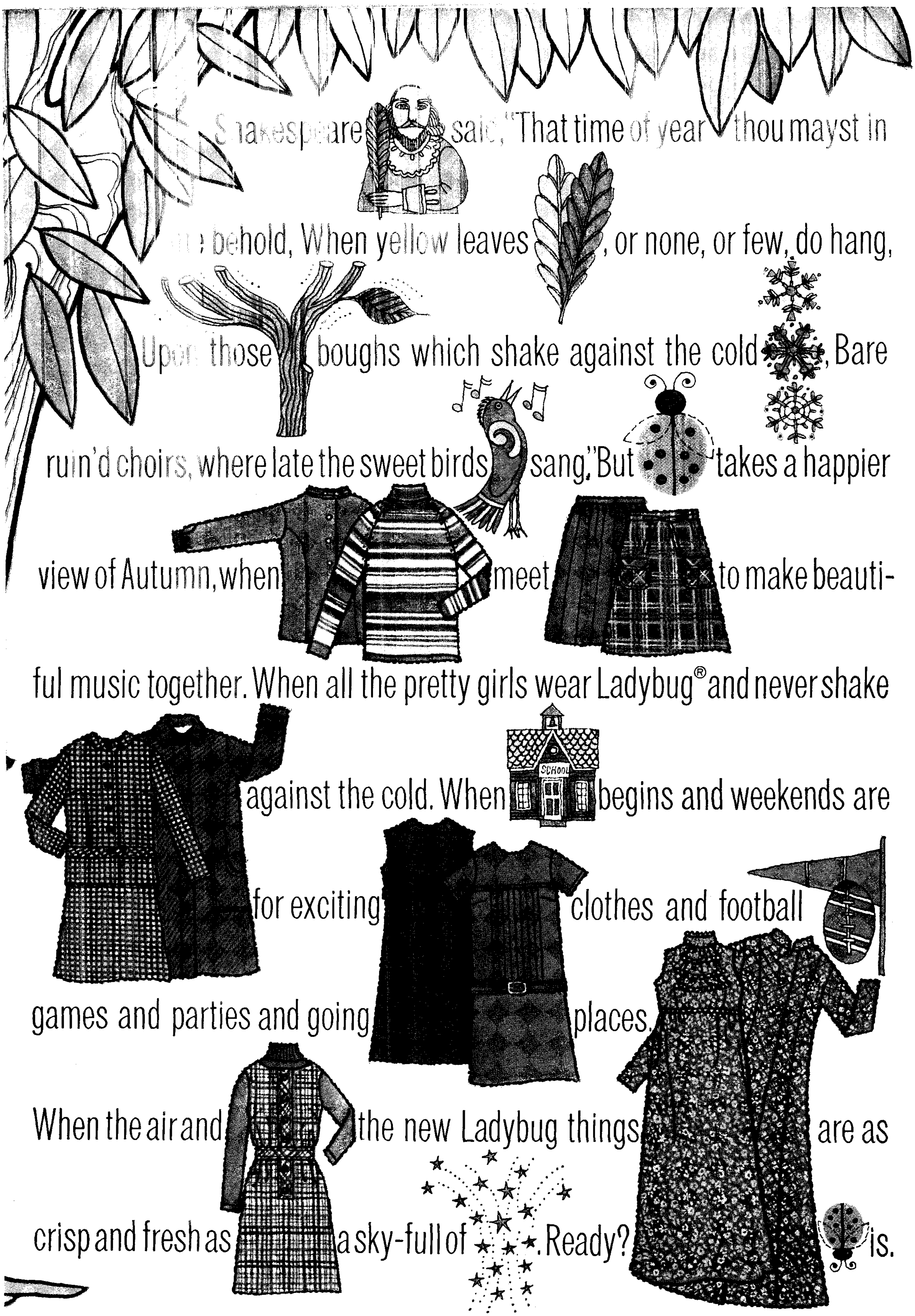

Shakespeare said, "That time of year thou mayst in me behold, When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang, Upon those boughs which shake against the cold, Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang." But 'takes a happier view of Autumn, when meet to make beautiful music together. When all the pretty girls wear Ladybug® and never shake against the cold. When begins and weekends are for exciting clothes and football games and parties and going places. When the air and the new Ladybug things are as crisp and fresh as a sky-full of . Ready? is.

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script—the Judge was heard to refer to two priests who appeared as witnesses for Ferber as "those so-called Roman Catholic priests." The transcript shows that in another bench conference, this one concerned with the admissibility as a witness of a young war resister described as having long hair, Judge Ford said, "I hope he has long hair." In several instances, he gave the impression of accepting the government's charge as fact, referring to it flatly as "this conspiracy" or "the conspiracy." The day before he gave the jury its instructions, he predicted during a bench conference, "There will be one verdict, and that will be guilty on [a] conspiracy count."

DR. SPOCK and Ferber—the oldest and the youngest of the accused—probably adapted themselves best as defendants. Ferber's case was buttressed by the support of the two priests, and also by that of his roommate, who testified that when he himself was pondering whether to turn in his draft card during a church service at which Ferber was to deliver the sermon Ferber had counselled caution. "He stated he was very sympathetic with my own hesitancy to face the possible consequences of it," the roommate said. Ferber himself displayed poise on the stand, and his testimony was measured and economical. His duel with Wall was protracted, but at times it seemed that the two weren't really talking to each other, so dissimilar were their worlds. I was particularly struck by this dissimilarity when the prosecutor offered in evidence the text of Ferber's sermon last October before a congregation of young people, a hundred and fifty of whom, it turned out, were present to surrender their draft cards. Naturally, Wall offered the document as incriminating Ferber, yet someone else, with a different point of view, might, I thought, have seen it as anything but incriminating. Here are some excerpts:

> There is a great tradition within the church and synagogue which has always struggled against the conservative and worldly forces that have always been in control. It is a radical tradition, a tradition of urgent impulse to go to the root of the religious dimension of human life. This tradition in modern times has tried to recall us to the best ways of living our lives: the way of love and compassion, the way of justice and respect, the way of facing other people as human beings and not as abstract representatives of something alien and evil. . . .
>
> In religious terms, it is [a mistake] to dwell too much on the possibility of the Apocalypse; in political terms, it is [a mistake] to dwell too much on the possi-

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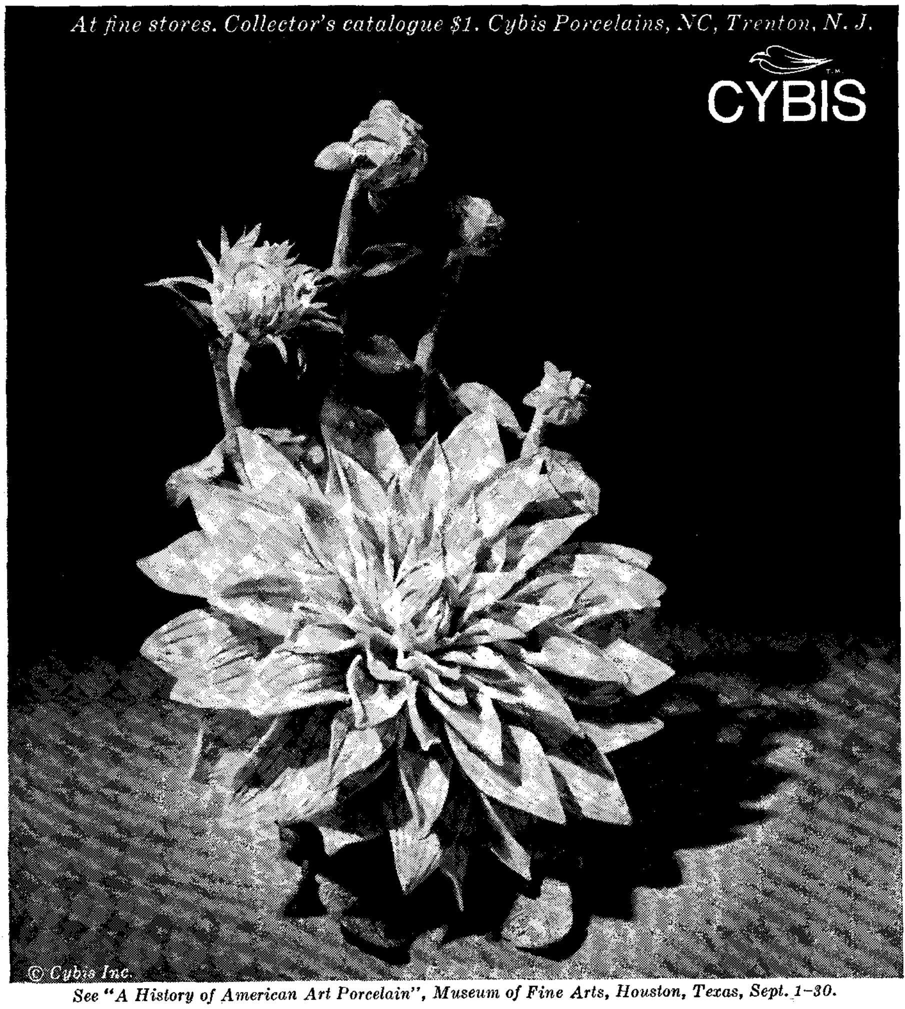

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See "A History of American Art Porcelain", Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, Texas, Sept. 1–30.

bility of a Utopian society. We must not confuse the ceremony and symbolism of today's service with the reality that we are only a few hundred people with very little power. And we must not confuse the change inside each of us, important though that may be, with the change that we have yet to bring about in this country and the world. Neither the Revelation nor the Revolution is at hand, and to base our hopes and plans on them would be a tragic blunder....

It is not going to be easy to change this country. To change it is going to mean struggles and anguish day in and day out for years. It will mean incredible efforts at great human cost to gain a few inches of ground. It will mean people dedicating their lives and possibly losing them for a cause we can only partly define and whose outcome we can only guess at. We must say Yes to the long struggle ahead or this service will be a mockery....

So then what are we to do? We must look at ourselves once more. We all have an impulse to purification and martyrdom and we should not be ashamed of it. But let us be certain that we have *thought through the consequences of our* action in the outside world and that these consequences are what we want to bring about. Let us make sure we are ready to work hard and long with each other in the months to come, working to make it difficult and politically dangerous for the government to prosecute us, working to help anyone and everyone to find ways of avoiding the draft, to help disrupt the workings of the draft and the armed forces until the war is over. Let us make sure we can form a community. Let us make sure we can let others depend on us.

It was the last paragraph that Wall concentrated on, vigorously probing its rhetorical components for signs of conspiracy.

Q.: "Mr. Ferber, when you said toward the end of your speech on October 16, 1967, at Arlington Street Church, 'Let us make sure we are ready to work hard and long with each other in the months to come, working to make it difficult and politically dangerous for the government to prosecute us,' what did you mean by that? . . ."

A.: "One of the things I had in mind when I said that was political campaigning to end the war, that our example was a kind of petition to Congress to act, and that it might encourage candidates to run for office. . . ."

Q.: "And you are a great adherent of staying within the political system, using the ballot box to change things, are you?"

A.: "Among other things, yes."

Q.: "Among what other things?"

A.: "Among demonstrations and protests."

Q.: "Including civil disobedience?"

A.: "On occasion, yes."

Q.: " 'Working to help anyone

and everyone to find ways of avoiding the draft'—what did you mean by that?"

A.: "I meant that we, who are now in the Resistance [an anti-draft organization], who are not avoiding the draft, would help other people find legal ways to do so. . . ."

Q.: "You are not avoiding the draft, you are rejecting it completely, is that right?"

A.: "I am resisting it. . . ."

Q.: " 'To help disrupt the workings of the draft and the armed forces until the war is over'—what did you mean by that?"

A.: "I meant that individuals would refuse on their own to coöperate with the draft system and the armed forces; that is, by conscientiously refusing to take part in it until the war was over."

Q.: "Individuals would refuse on their own?"

A.: "Yes, naturally. . . ."

Q.: "Without any attempt to convert them by you?"

A.: "To what position?"

Q.: "To refusing to go into the service?"

A.: "No, we have not been converting people to do that. . . ."

Q.: " 'Let us make sure we can form a community'—what did you mean by that?"

A.: "A number of things. I meant in particular that we should find ways to— well, to get to know one another better; to make sure that what we had done was not just an isolated act of protest but that our own personal lives would be improved; and that we would help—really comfort—each other in the trials that might come."

TWO days after Dr. Spock's cross-examination ended, Wall, in his summation to the jury, saluted the celebrated physician for his forthrightness on the witness stand. Facing the dozen men, the prosecutor told them, "I submit to you you'd be warranted in finding that if he goes down in this case, he goes down like a man, with dignity, worthy of respect." In extolling Dr. Spock, the prosecutor may have been extolling himself as well, by calling attention to his intrepidity in jousting with so formidable an opponent, for in their confrontation the hunted often appeared the hunter; there were moments when, peering at his young inquisitor, the retired pediatrician seemed to be trying to place him as a tiny patient of long ago. Dr. Spock, a big, spare man, who once rowed No. 7 on the Yale crew, made a courtly, old-

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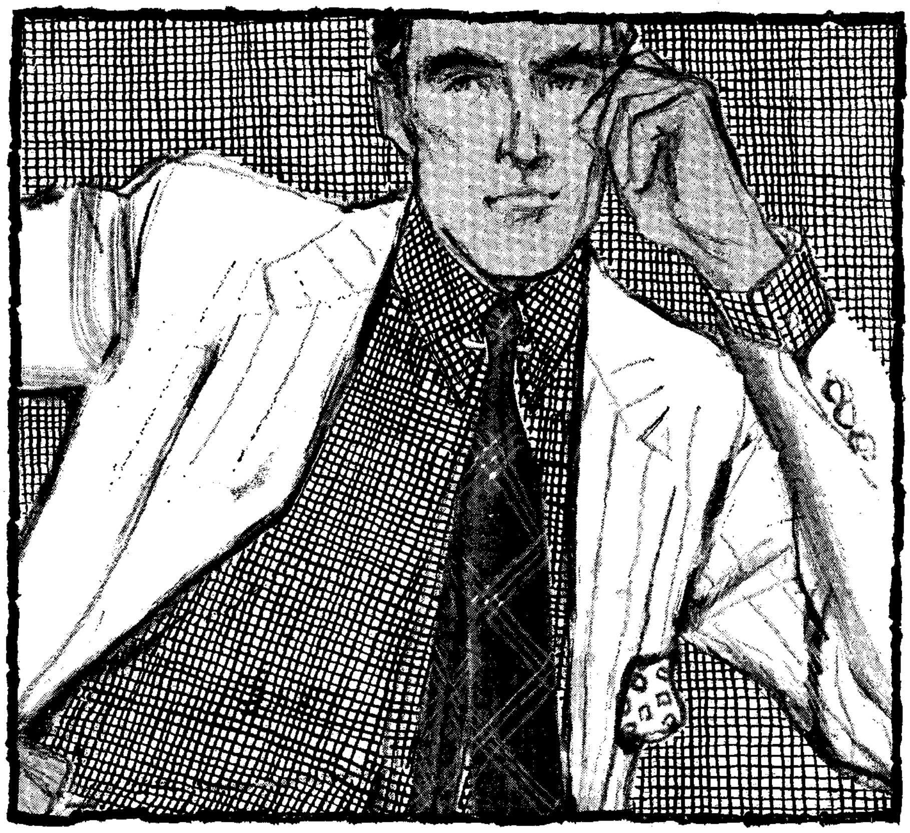

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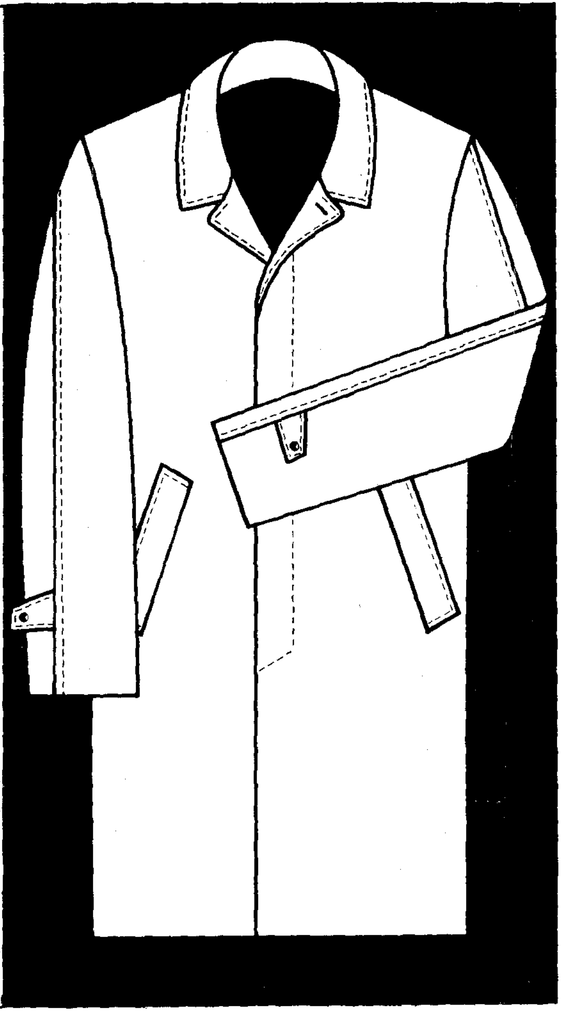

fashioned figure as he sat tall in his habitual dress—a dark-blue suit and a light-blue shirt with a high white collar. He spoke with earnest simplicity throughout. When he was asked whether there was any connection between his beliefs about the war and the field of pediatrics, he replied, "What is the use of physicians like myself trying to help parents to bring up children, healthy and happy, to have them killed in such numbers for a cause that is ignoble?"

Cross-examination brought out the fact that Dr. Spock did not approve of certain anti-war tactics. Among these were desertion to a neutral country and flight to Canada, which, he said, might solve an individual's own problem but wouldn't help end the war. Nor did Dr. Spock go along with sending money to the Vietcong or with destroying Selective Service files; he considered these "counterproductive in terms of public opinion." He gave patriotism as a motive for his anti-war activities, declaring that the waging of a war "that has no shred of legality . . . will blacken the reputation of my country for decades, if not centuries to come." Despite the solid-citizen ring of these replies, there was nothing skin-saving about Dr. Spock's testimony. He answered all questions, including hypothetical ones that he could have ignored. When Wall suggested that it was sheer chance that someone other than Dr. Spock had proffered the briefcase of turned-in draft cards to the official at the Justice Department, the physician replied that, whether or not this was so, he unreservedly backed the gesture. He readily admitted having advocated that middle-aged people take part in sit-ins; such support, he said, would help the morale of young demonstrators, who "feel lonely" when they are set upon by campus or city police. Nor did he show a moment's hesitation in affirming that he had once said, "Getting five hundred thousand men home from Vietnam justifies us in civil disobedience."

As was true in respect to the other defendants, practically all the evidence against Dr. Spock was culled from public sources. For instance, government research turned up an interview that Dr. Spock had given to the reporter of a local newspaper on landing at a South Carolina airport last November. In it he was quoted as saying, "I am not advocating violent civil disobedience, but I think those that are against the war should burn their draft cards and those that are in the military should refuse to go to Vietnam." Wall now wanted to

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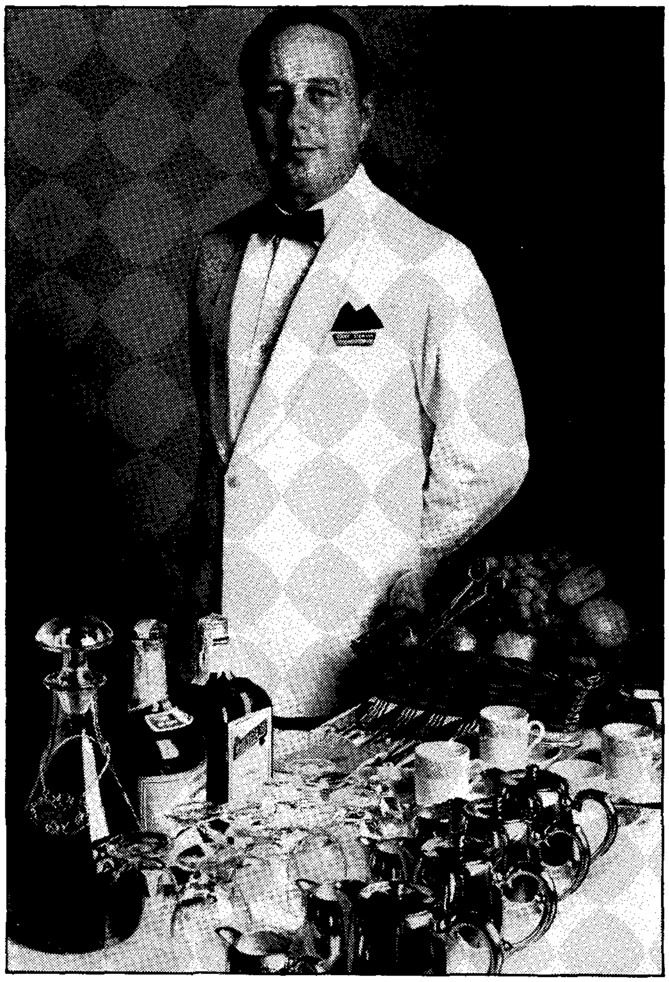

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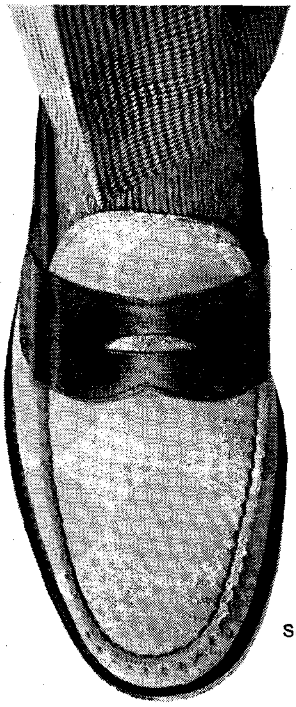

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know whether the quotation accurately reflected Dr. Spock's views. "Approximately my views," he replied, "but I come to my views very slowly and I express them very carefully and I doubt very much that I said— What was the verb in the last phrase?"

Q.: " 'Those that are in the military should refuse to go to Vietnam.' "

A.: " 'Should refuse'—I would never say 'should refuse.' Everyone has to make up his own mind. . . . I hope that many men will refuse to be inducted and I hope that many men will conclude that the war is illegal and will refuse to obey orders, but that is not the same as 'should,' 'I think they should,' or that I urged them to."

The government did unearth an original piece of evidence—an F.B.I. interview with Dr. Spock that took place last December 8th, three days after the Whitehall Street demonstration. Conducted by Agents George W. Madison and George G. McKenna, the interview perhaps constituted the only touch of detective-story atmosphere in the entire trial, for in all other respects there was essential accord on the facts presented, the disagreement lying, of course, in the way they were interpreted. At that, according to Dr. Spock's testimony, it was only one-quarter of the F.B.I. interview that was in contention—the matter of whether the agents had informed Dr. Spock that their mission in seeing him was to discuss his possible violation of the Military Selective Service Act of 1967. Dr. Spock told Wall, "If there had been any such warning . . . if I had had any indication that they were . . . collecting testimony to be used against me in court, I would have immediately said I would end this discussion. . . ." As far as he was concerned, Dr. Spock testified, the men wanted to hear about his "total involvement in the peace movement"—an impression he gained when Madison opened the questioning by asking, "How did you get involved in all this?" Now, upon being asked by Boudin why he had consented to see the F.B.I. at all, Dr. Spock replied, "I wanted to be entirely aboveboard. In spite of the fact that I was not required to meet them, I wanted to show that I was ready to coöperate with any department of our government that wanted to talk with me, that I had nothing to hide." He did, however, consult a lawyer the night before his scheduled appointment, and although the lawyer's advice never came to light in court, it may have accounted for Dr. Spock's refusal to sign a document that the agents handed him soon after their meeting with him began. The document apprised him of his rights, which included silence, but, according to McKenna's notes, Dr. Spock returned it unsigned, saying, "No, I feel if I sign this form, there is an implication in my signature that whatever you gentlemen say I said in this interview I did in fact say."

McKenna's notes were crucial to both his testimony and Madison's. They were taken at a desk in the Spock apartment, in Manhattan. Madison, the ranking agent, who did practically all the interrogating, shared a sofa with Dr. Spock. Back at headquarters, later on, the agents collaborated on a report, but the notes were more often cited in court, both by Wall and by defense counsel. Dr. Spock denied an assertion in the notes that McKenna had read his statements back to him to check on whether they correctly reflected his views, one of which, according to the notes, was that he was attempting to "interfere with the raising of troops": "I deny that I used those words. They sound very legal or even out of the Constitution of the United States. I think those [words] and the others are Mr. McKenna's interpretation of what I was saying." There was an extended wrangle over whether Dr. Spock, on being asked to discuss his activities concerning the administration of the Selective Service system, had "thrown back his head and laughed" and said, "Telling you what I am telling you, I will be hanging myself, and I may wind up in jail." Questioned about this by Wall, Dr. Spock said, "That was a pleasantry in regard to the whole thing. I was aware the Federal Bureau of Investigation is an investigative body and they weren't there to make friends with me. I was still willing to talk to them frankly." Wall introduced items from the *Daily News* and a C.B.S. telecast to support his suggestion that Dr. Spock had aspired to a jail term. Disclaiming any pretensions to martyrdom, the physician said, "I didn't mean that I would be pleased to be prosecuted and I certainly didn't mean that I myself ever sought prosecution. I meant that if the government chose to prosecute me I would be glad to have this opportunity to prove that we were right."

Boudin bore down hard on Madison, the attorney's single objective being to demonstrate the shortcomings of the interview as a piece of evidence. When Madison testified that within five minutes after their arrival he and McKenna had informed Dr. Spock of the purpose of their visit, Boudin invited

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him to peruse the fifteen pages of notes that McKenna had taken in the course of the interview. Was there any mention on page 1 that the purpose of the visit had been disclosed to Dr. Spock? Or page 2? Or page 3? Each time, Madison replied, "It is not there."

Q.: "In order not to spend more time, am I correct in stating that nowhere . . . appears the statement which you testified earlier you made to Dr. Spock as to the reason for the investigation?"

A.: "Yes, sir."

Upon being asked whether it is customary for agents to reveal the statute that the person interviewed is suspected of having violated, Madison said, "Well, in this matter, Dr. Spock through radio and television had openly stated what he was doing."

Q.: "Who told you to visit him?"

A.: "It was on the orders of the Department of Justice."

Q.: "I see. And who in the Department of Justice?"

A.: "I don't know."

Q.: "Who gave you your orders?"

A.: "It came in on a communication from Washington."

Q.: "In writing?"

A.: "No, teletype. . . ."

Q.: "Did you think it was important that Dr. Spock had laughed when he said he was going to hang himself? Yes or no? . . ."

A.: "Yes. . . ."

Q.: "Why did you think it was important?"

A.: "I thought it kind of painted a general picture of how the situation was there."

Q.: "You mean his laughing or the remark he made about hanging?"

A.: "I think his laughing, and I think it was kind of typical of Dr. Spock—laughing."

Q.: "What do you mean that it was typical of Dr. Spock, that he was laughing?"

A.: "I thought it was just in the nature of which he did it, seemed just typically Dr. Spock."

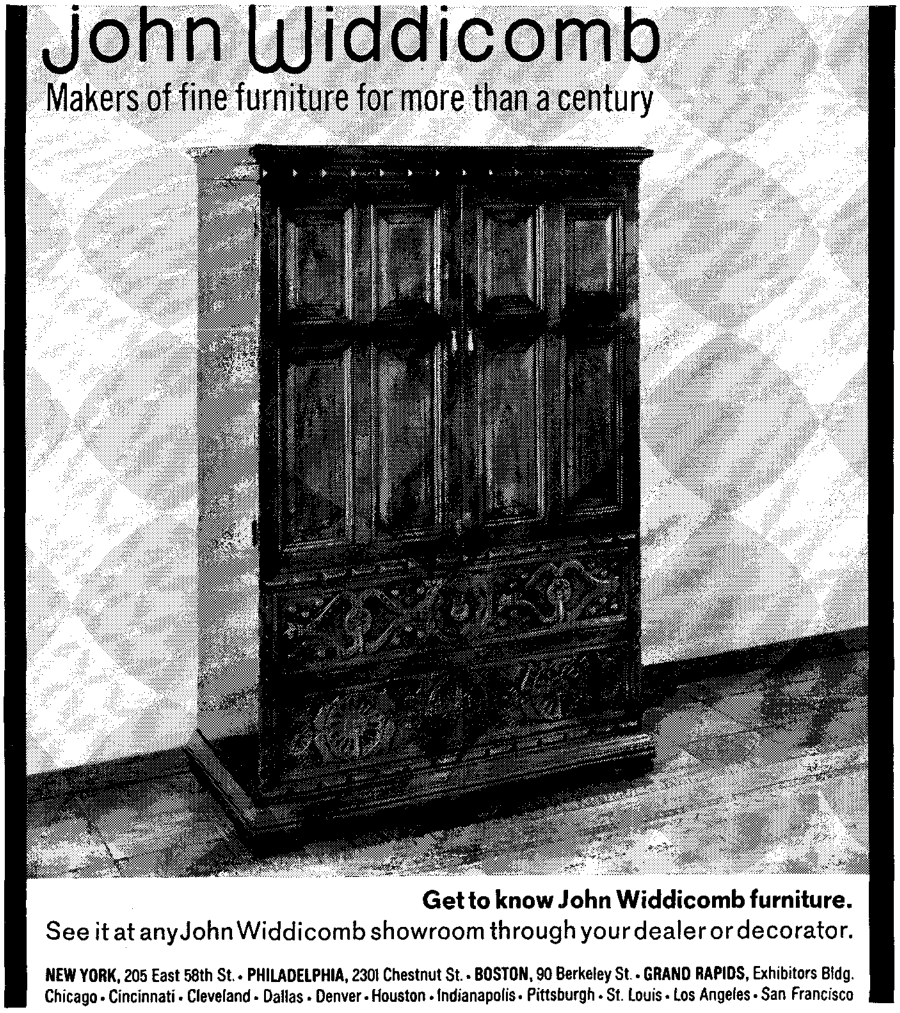
Q.: "Typically?"

A.: "And treating it lightly."

Q.: "And did you treat it lightly?"

A.: "No."

Wall handled his summation well, forgoing his earlier tone of scandalized incredulity for one of calm reasonableness as he touched on the main aspects of the case for the jurors. He did occasionally permit himself a fustian moment, however. Having declared that the defendants practiced a "soft sell" on the gullible young, Wall



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of September 8th—
in New York.
Come meet her!

The Toast. (III).

The continuation of an inquiry into that ancient and honorable custom among men: The Toast. Including a guide on moving up in business; plus how to score at the local pub via Irish Bulls. Sponsored by the great Carlsberg Breweries of Copenhagen, Denmark.

You're up for vice-president. The Chief has invited you to dinner. There you sit in his elegant dining room: The Chief, his gracious wife, your nervous wife and nervous self.

His wine steward fills your tall glasses with a foamy, golden brew. The Chief looks at you with his steely, blue eyes: "Charlie," he booms, "suppose you propose the toast."

Aha! You're going to dazzle him with your wit. Impress him with your profound thoughts. Score one for good old Charlie.

Your mind scampers around for an idea. Nothing. It's the original *tabula rasa.*

And, as the Chief's steely blues remain fixed on you, you mumble, "Here's lookin' atchya, Chief."

Well.

We at the great Carlsberg Breweries, in our selfless devotion to man and his hopes, dreams and ambitions—want to help. For instance, suppose you had casually murmured:

"Salud, pesetas y amor y tiempo para gozarlos."

The next day—it would have been Charlie, the Veep.

Well, remember the words next time The Chief invites you to dinner. If there is a next time.

And if there's no next time, and you want to soothe your sorrows at the local pub, and maybe score some points there, you might introduce the crew to Irish Bulls. The Bull was inadvertently invented by Obadiah Bull, a Dublin lawyer, who had a notoriously low level of command over the language during dalliance with the pleasantest of brews.

After a few quaffs, Obadiah was given to such observations as: "Here's to abstinence—as long as it's practiced in moderation." Or. "A toast to posterity—though it does nothing for us."

Well, you get the idea. Incidentally, if you send us your own Irish Bull we'll send you a swell Poetic License.

And now for general, all-around toasting—we offer the following:

"May the Lord bless and keep you. I can't afford it." Or. "May the path to Hades grow green for lack of travelers." Or. "To the cocktail party. Where olives are speared and friends stabbed."

Finally, various friends have asked for toasts for sentimental occasions. So we offer these few: For the cautious swain: "I have known many/ Liked a few/Loved one—Here's to you."

For the more cautious swain: "Let's be gay while we may/And seize love with laughter/I'll be true as long as you/But not a moment after."

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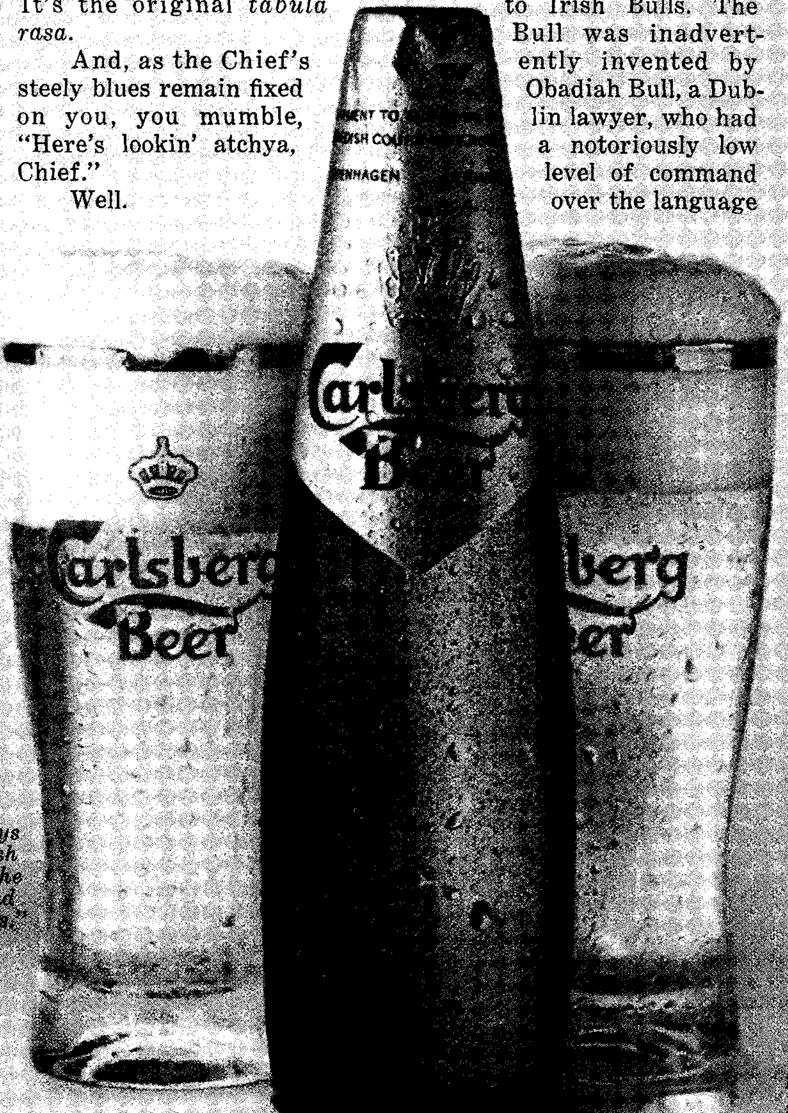

"May the clouds in your life form only a background for a lovely sunset."

"May you always distinguish between the weeds and the flowers."

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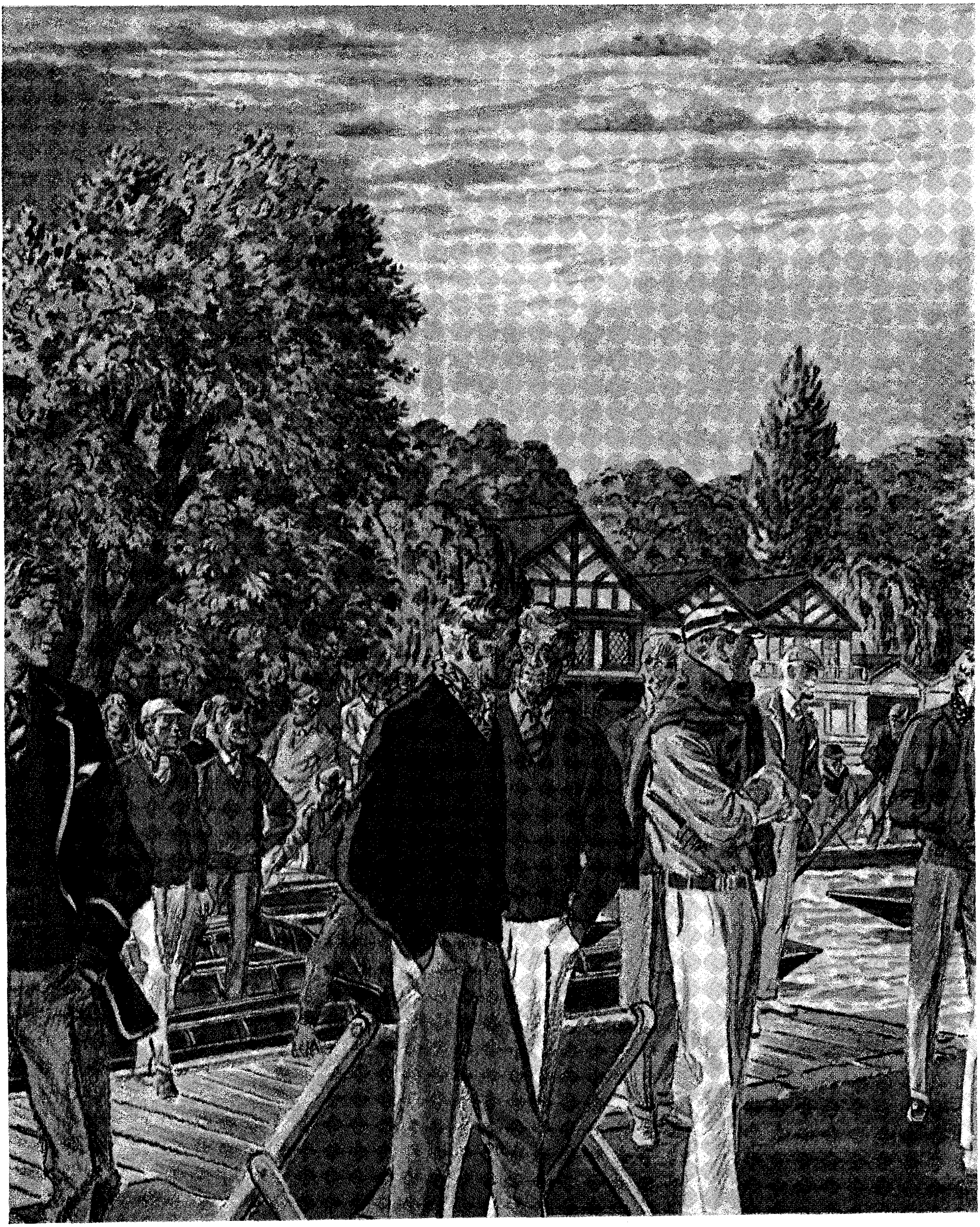

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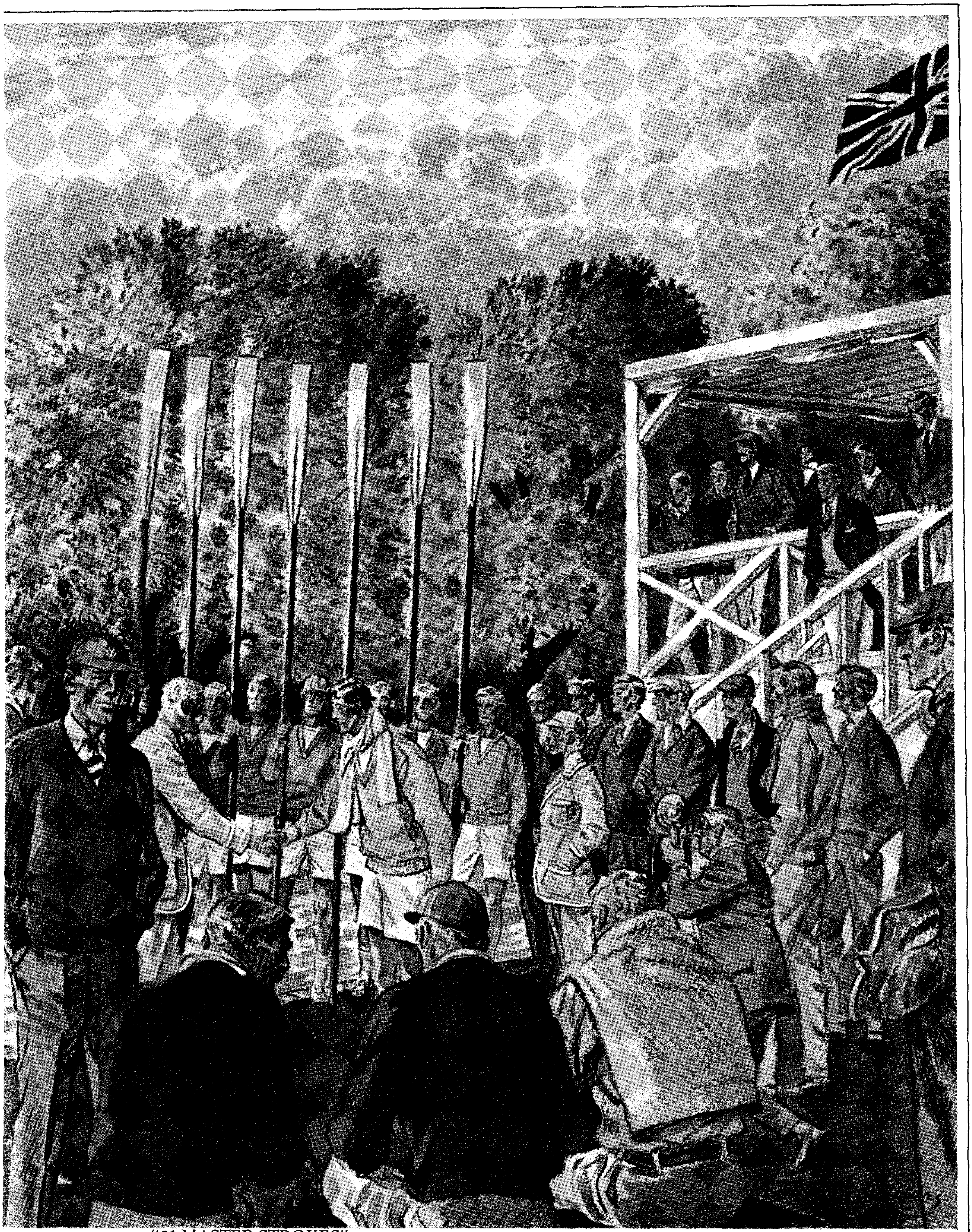

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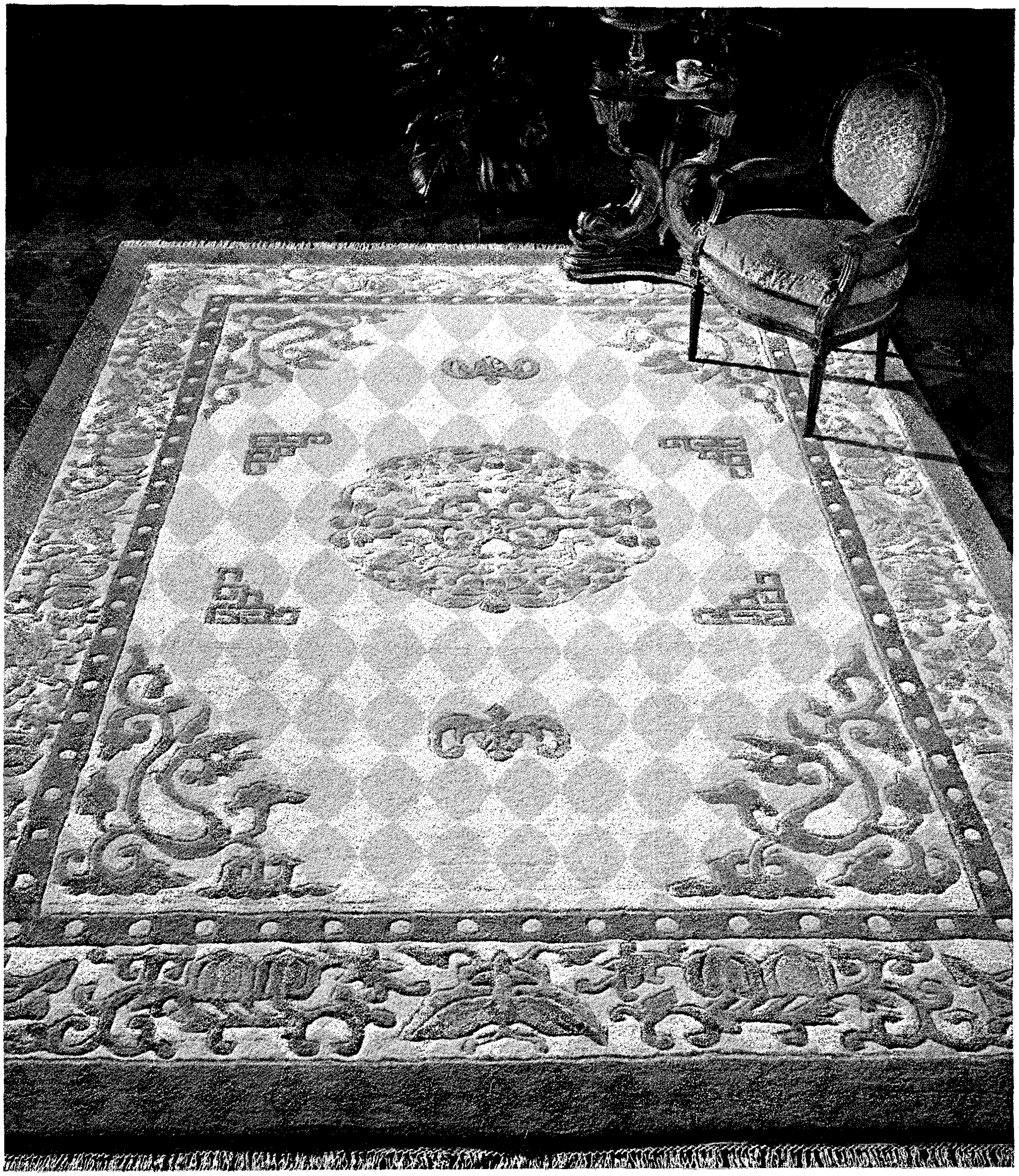

recalled that he had first encountered this clever approach as a high-school student reading "Julius Caesar," and the prosecutor then declaimed, " 'Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;/I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him./The evil that men do lives after them,/The good is oft interred with their bones.' " Spelling out for the jury the full meaning of Mark Antony's famous lines, Wall said, "And [Antony] goes on to say what noble men Brutus and Cassius are and what a bad guy Caesar is. By the time he is finished with that speech, Brutus and Cassius are running for their lives. He is still saying they are noble men, but the words have taken on an insidious effect—the soft sell."

In dealing with the question of why the five defendants had been indicted when hundreds, even thousands, of other co-conspirators might just as easily be standing trial, Wall drew what he termed "a poor analogy" with traffic speed traps, maintaining that the defendants were comparable to a speeder who asks why he is being given a ticket when five other drivers who were also speeding got away with it. Law enforcement serves as a deterrent, Wall told the jurors, and when enough speeders have been picked up, the word gets around to the rest. Concluding the analogy, he said, "If it's a real bad speed trap and real danger to the safety of the community, there comes a point where maybe you will have to have enough police out there to stop everybody who speeds."

Wall also felt constrained to debate the political views that the defendants had voiced in explaining the "state of mind" that had prompted their actions. Deriding the defendants as "intellectuals" and "great thinkers," and lumping himself with "us who are not that bright," he zeroed in on Raskin in particular, possibly because Raskin stood the best chance of escaping conviction. Why, the prosecutor demanded, did Raskin, "the head of some kind of brain factory in Washington," consider the Vietnamese war illegal but the Korean war legitimate? Without mentioning selective conscientious objection, Wall asked what basis Raskin had for insisting that the Vietnamese war was illegal simply because Congress hadn't formally declared war. Hadn't the same been true of the Korean war? Then how did it happen that Raskin hadn't branded the earlier war equally illegal? Raskin's answer here, Wall recalled for the jury, was that the U.N. Security Council had ratified the Korean action. But, the

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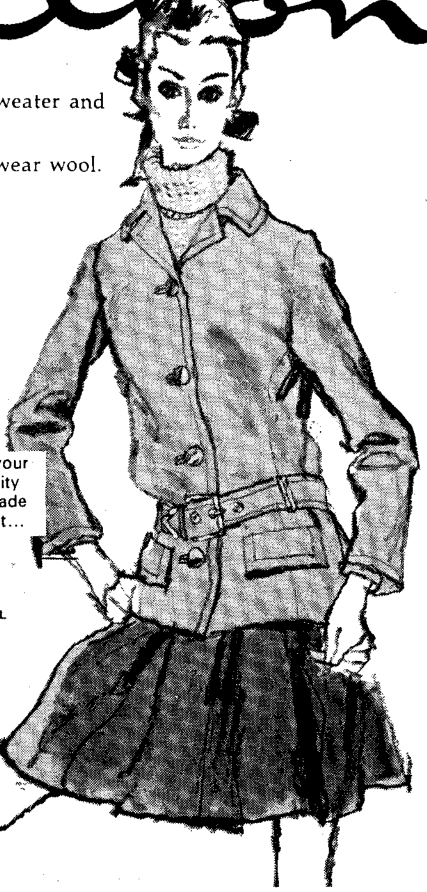

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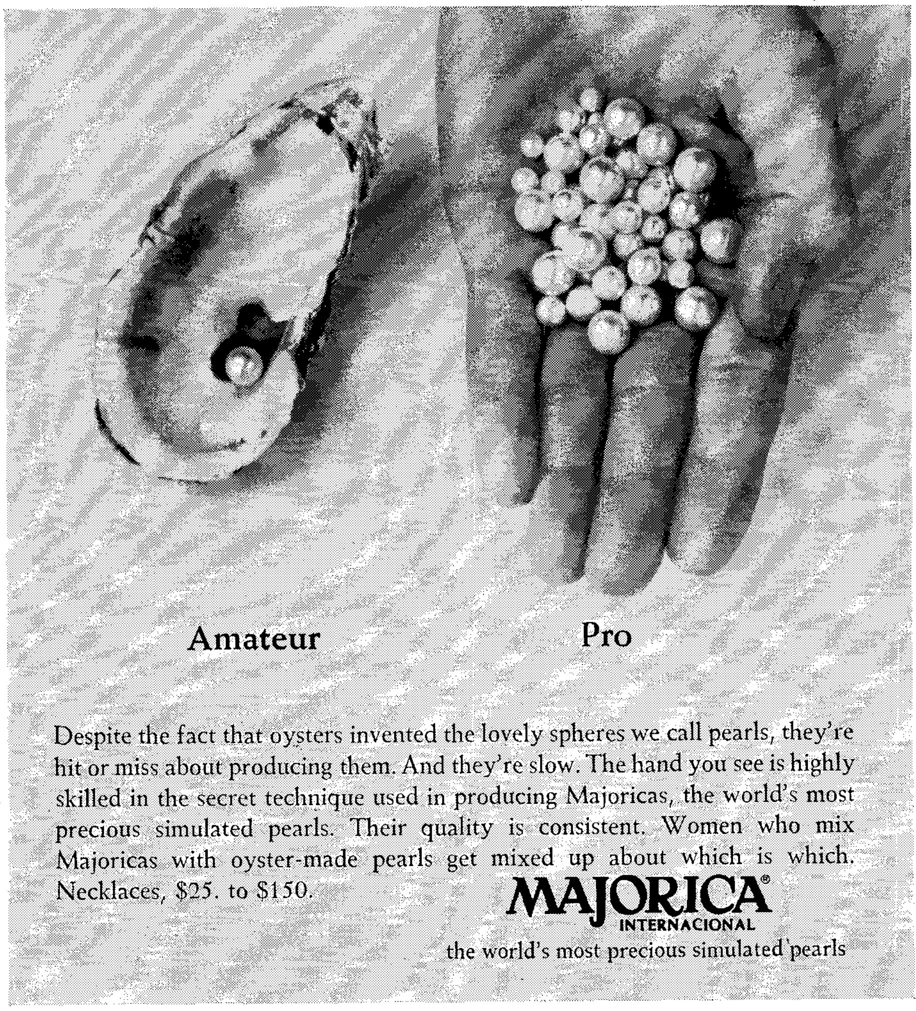

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prosecutor asked, did that mean that the Security Council had the power to commit American troops without any congressional declaration of war? He had posed the question to Raskin, Wall reminded the jurors, and hadn't they seen for themselves how it had stumped the expert from Washington?

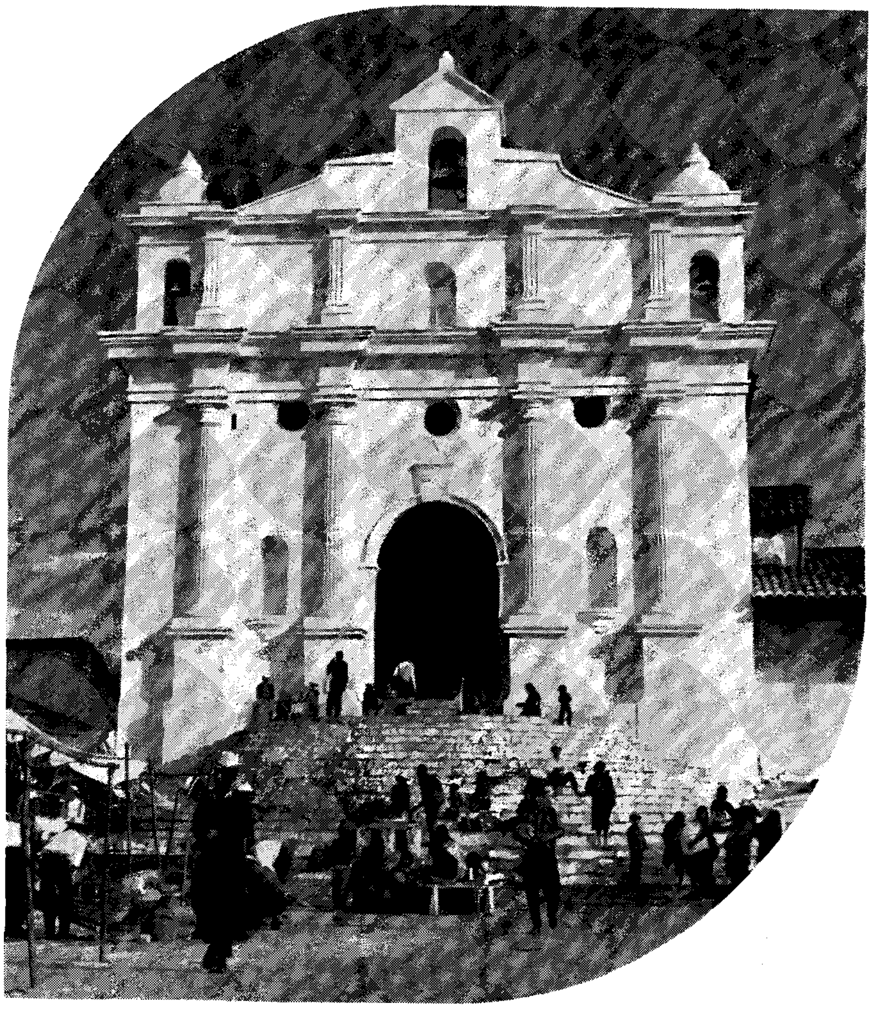
As for the exercise of individual conscience, Wall depicted it as a potential undoer of "the collective conscience of the American people as expressed by the laws that are passed through our duly elected representatives." It would be wrong, he said, for the country to tie itself to an individual's conscience, "even to the conscience of a man as sincere and as dedicated and as great as Dr. Spock." The protesters might claim to be intellectuals, but "they don't think, they feel." "It's belly feel or gut reaction," the prosecutor declared. "They feel something is wrong or right. They feel it and they act on that feeling, on their conscience." He raised a series of questions designed to show that conscience and self-indulgence might well be synonymous. What about the Southern segregationist, whose Bible tells him integration is wrong—should he rely on his own conscience? What about the rich man who believes the tax laws are confiscatory? What about mothers on relief who find their checks too meagre—should they chain themselves to the doors of City Hall? Wall himself answered none of the questions, but it wasn't incumbent on him to do so. He did, however, declare himself on what the consequences of conscientious behavior were. "Anarchy," he said. "Every man a law to himself."

Judge Ford, in his charge to the jury, said that the flouting of law on the basis of belief "would permit every objector to become a law unto himself." Adhering to the indictment, he endeavored to isolate the charge of conspiracy from its alleged objectives, but as he discoursed on the flexible charge there were moments when it sounded as though the charge of conspiracy were an afterthought—as though the recognition of the crime must be preceded by the attainment of its objectives. Thus, describing conspiracy as "generally a matter of inference," Judge Ford instructed the jurors that "proof of the accomplishment of an objective of a conspiracy is the most persuasive evidence of the conspiracy itself." However, the Judge also said, lack of success was no proof of innocence. Mention was made of the First Amendment's guarantees of freedom of speech and assembly, but there was no exploration of whether the defendants had believed that they were protected by their Constitutional rights in protesting the war. It was ruled "no defense" that some defendants had protested in order to bring about a test case, and in Judge Ford's opinion it was "irrelevant and immaterial" that the accused had made no attempt to conceal their activities from government agencies. The activities were always considered in the light of the strictly criminal; in illustrating the difference between motive and intent ("at times the line . . . is not too easy to draw") he spoke of an automobile thief who steals to improve the efficiency of a benevolent-aid society. Judge Ford invariably referred to the five defendants collectively, leaving their activities undifferentiated. Addressing the jurors as "tryers of fact," he cautioned them not to be misled by "false trails and issues," observing at one point that "we are not trying the United States of America or President Johnson." And, reiterating what had been his basic view throughout the trial, the Judge told the twelve men, "There is no freedom to knowingly conspire to violate a law of the United States with impunity merely because one believes or doubts that the law is immoral or illegal or un-Constitutional, if the law is within the Constitutional power of Congress to enact, which [the Military Selective Service Act of 1967] is. The defendants here have testified that they believed the war in Vietnam was immoral, illegal, and un-Constitutional."

ONCE the jury had gone out to make its deliberations, around noon, the courtroom emptied. Some of the spectators retreated to the corridor for speculating sessions of indefinite duration; others left the building for good, believing that the jury would be out for more hours than they cared to wait. As the time dragged by (it proved to encompass both lunch and dinner), people drifted back to see whether anything was stirring, but their numbers were never again sufficient to fill the courtroom. They seated themselves in the now relatively deserted rows and read, or they aimlessly wandered the aisles, or perhaps, in the new atmosphere, they finally shared smiles of recognition with other spectators, whom they might have been noticing for weeks.

When five or six hours of the vigil had passed, I joined Dr. Spock, who had cordially waved to me from a distance, indicating an unoccupied place beside him. He was sitting alone in the last row of the courtroom, far from

GUATEMALA



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his accustomed chair up front, and, in this anxious moment, he seemed disposed to talk. He was the same off the stand as on, his tone that of a man speaking his mind rather than that of a careful logician. I asked Dr. Spock only one question, and he took over from there. The question had to do with whether he was perhaps being "used"—that is, exploited—by peace groups who were out to advance special interests of their own. I had heard it raised repeatedly during the trial—in the press room, in the corridor, at lunch—by persons who considered themselves objective. Dr. Spock said that he knew the question well. "No, I'm not being used," he told me. "I'm doing what I believe needs to be accomplished. If peace people are using me, then I'm doing the same with them. Maybe I give the impression of being used because I dress so differently from the way many protesters do. And then there's my age—what's a sixty-five-year-old man doing running around with fifteen- and twenty-year-olds? I look conservative even when I'm with Wall Street financiers. Well, perhaps I do have a conservative side of my own. For example, I shrink back when I hear of protesters' chaining themselves inside induction centers. I couldn't ever do that. I even wonder how I do some of the things I do do—like taking part in that Whitehall Street demonstration. My whole upbringing cries out against sitting on sidewalks or making an ass of myself climbing police barriers. Oh, my awful conscience!" He gave a mock groan. "It's the sternest sort of thing, always lurking there underneath my mild manner." He laughed at himself, saying he blamed his conscience for condemning him to a hectic retirement. A passionate sailor, he had anticipated cruising in his ketch as much as three months of the year, depending on whether his wife could take that much; as New Yorkers, they had counted on seeing a good deal of ballet; and then there were to have been frequent visits with their children and grandchildren, who lived in New England. But now those plans had been disrupted. Just fighting the indictment, he said, could take up all his time. But he was also working on two books, one of which, he observed thoughtfully, might be worthwhile for teen-agers to reflect on. "I think girls are being encouraged to be too competitive with boys," he said.

Turning his mind back to the trial, Dr. Spock said that he had no desire to go to jail but that, in terms of the peace movement, the indictment had

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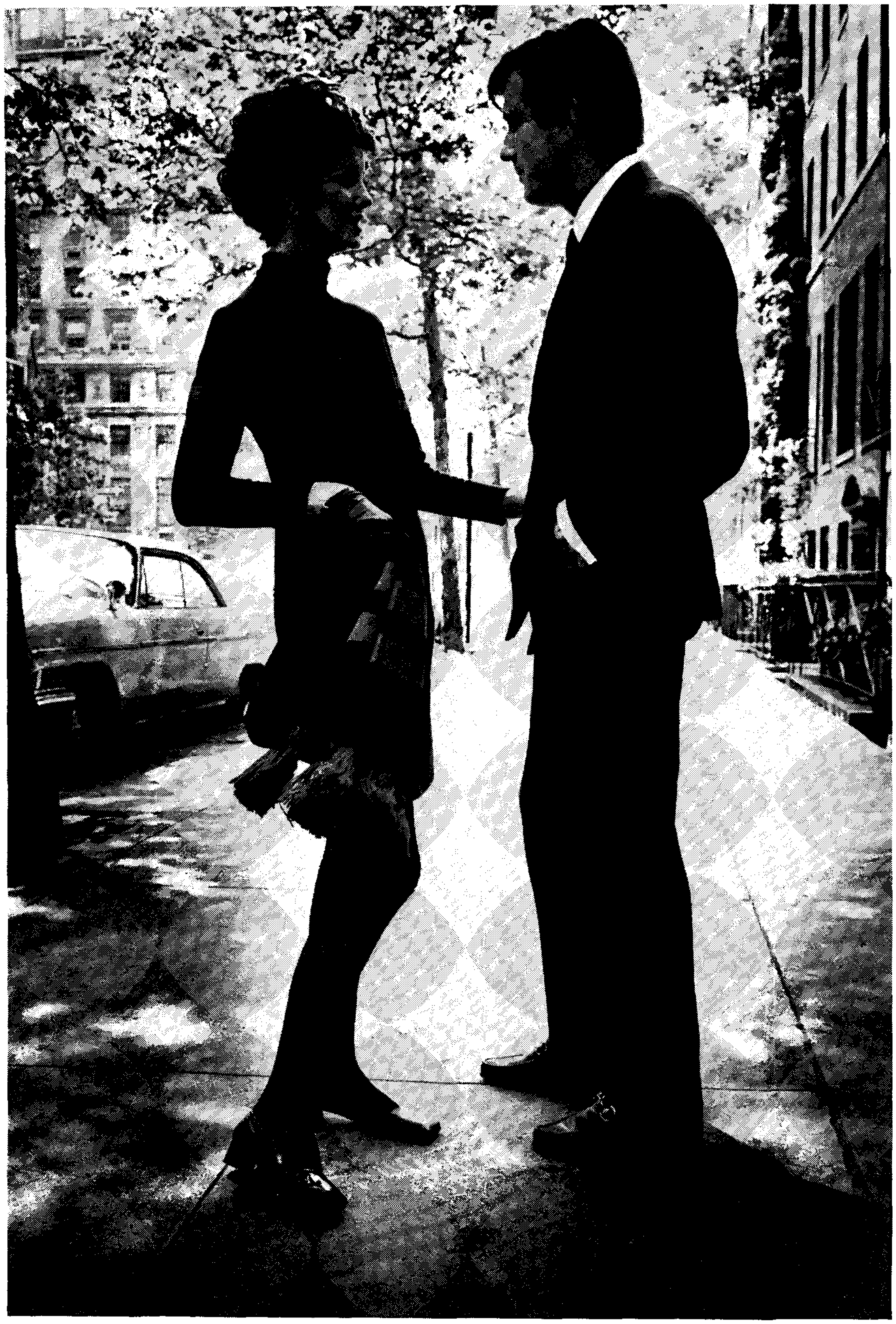

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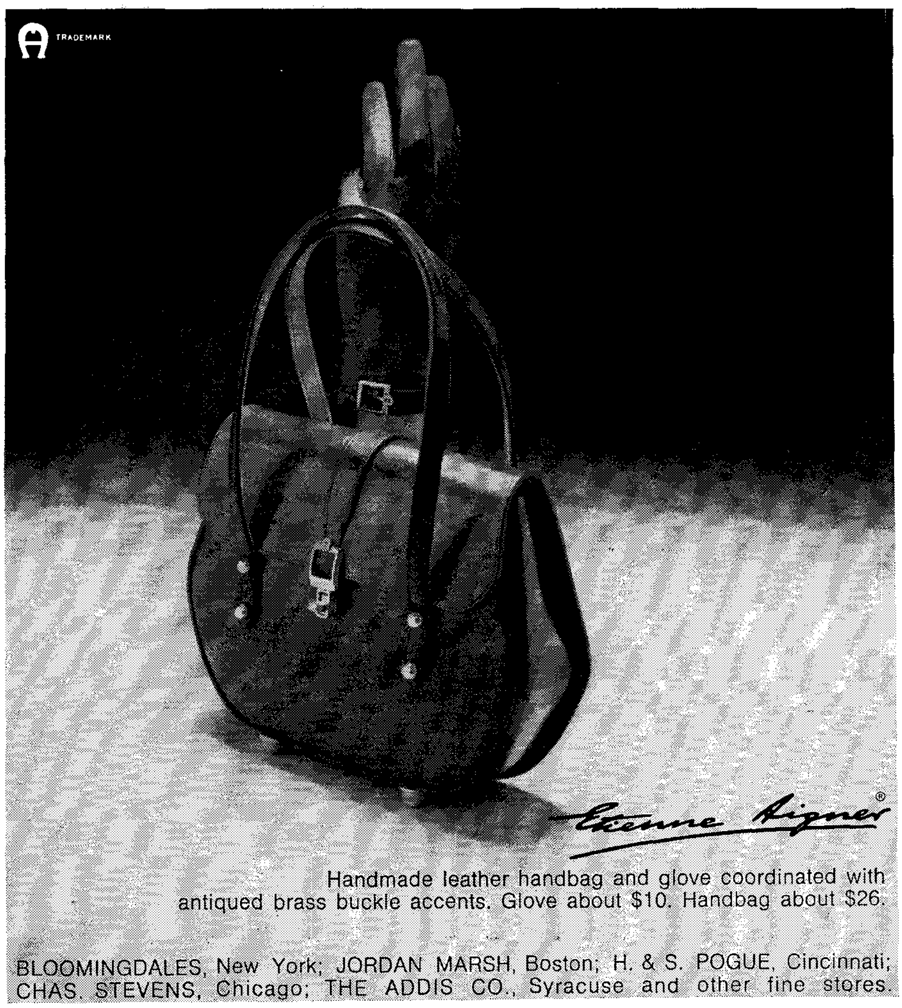

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thus far proved "a helpful episode." Like Ferber, he thought that the movement was regarded with less scorn now that the government had, so to speak, accorded it official recognition. Since the indictment, he said, he had been speaking before larger audiences, for higher fees—the fees being turned over to a defense fund for draft resisters—and he had been receiving an ovation at the beginning and the end of his speeches, which didn't use to be the case.

Three marshals entered the courtroom, and everyone stopped talking, to see whether the small event forecast the imminent return of the jury. But nothing happened; the marshals merely seated themselves. Dr. Spock, too, watched them for a moment. Then he said, smiling, "I voted for Calvin Coolidge." Not until he had left New Haven, his home town, to study medicine at Columbia had he dreamed that any sensible voter could possibly be anything but a Republican, he continued. He had voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt, he recalled, and had been cut by friends as a result. The trend of his political thinking had steadily veered away from his conservative rearing, until, in 1962, he landed in the peace movement. "Ninety-nine per cent of my friends tell me to stop behaving like a fool," Dr. Spock said. "But why should I worry about them? They not only don't want to remake the world, they don't even want to make money—that's how retired they are." Any chance of saving the world, Dr. Spock went on, rested not with "the country-club set" but with the young. They were the idealistic *and* the realistic ones, he said, and his voice grew enthusiastic as he discussed their vitality and promise; one could easily guess why he had become a pediatrician. He said he would go wherever he could help the young preserve themselves from the dangers of an unjustified war. It gratified him to realize that he could lend encouragement to youth, as he was constantly being told he could. How could one possibly be "used" in allying oneself with the young? They trafficked in trust, and he responded in kind; it had always been that way in the course of his long practice. "When I hear that talk of my being used," he said, "I sometimes ask myself, 'Am I that ingenuous, am I that uncertain of my views?' Perhaps some people think I'm overly trusting, but that's not anything I want to give up. It has helped me achieve whatever I have achieved, and no matter what happens to me now I'm going to stay that way."

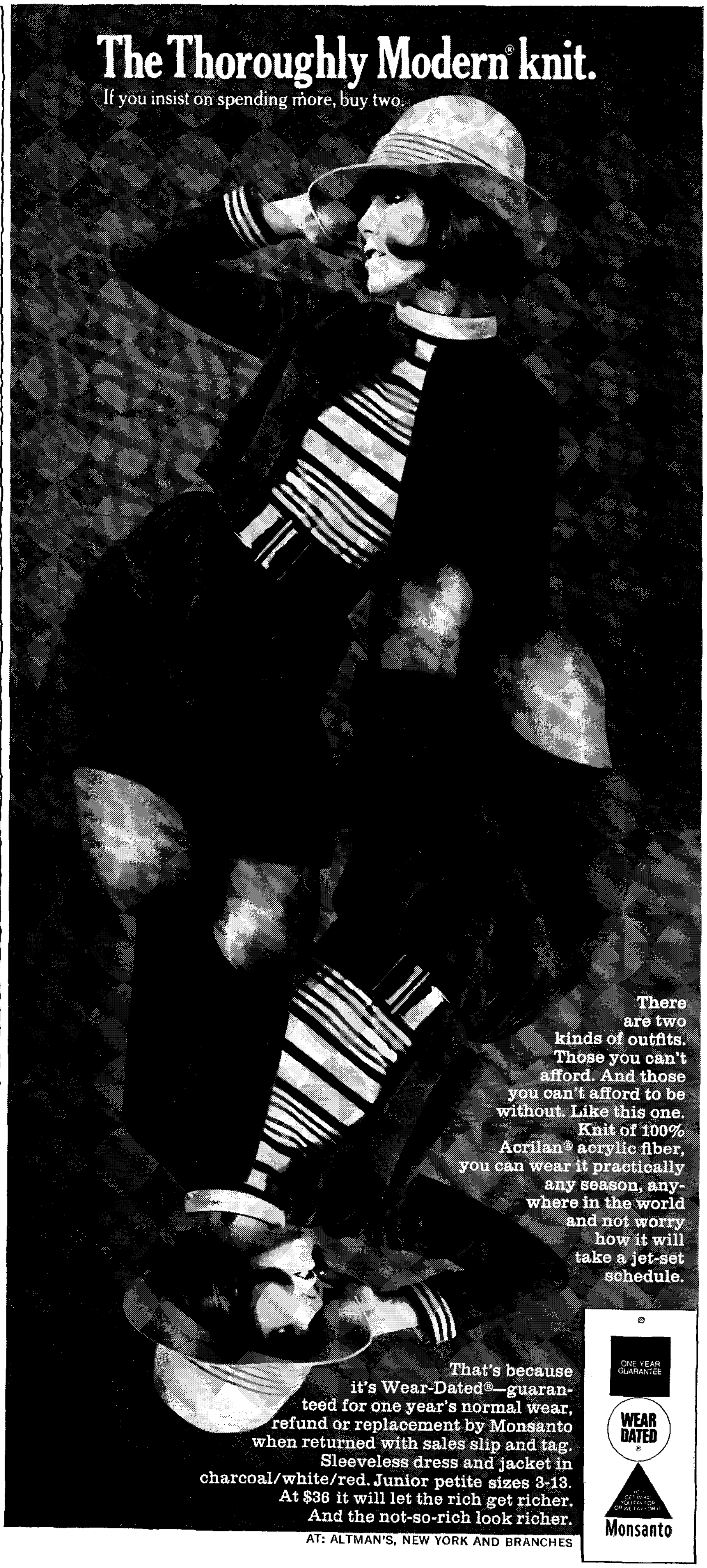
It was early in the evening when

word went out that the jury was about to return, and in no time marshals, reporters, and spectators were back in the courtroom. Once the jury and Judge Ford were also in, the five verdicts came fast, each elicited by the clerk's "Mr. Foreman, what say you, is the defendant at the bar guilty or not guilty?" All the defendants were found guilty except Raskin, who was acquitted. He stood stunned and stony-faced. Wearing smiles of rueful resignation, the new convicts congratulated him and to an extent themselves, for his acquittal attested to the imperfection of their alleged conspiracy—a point that might be of use in an appeal.

Three and a half weeks later, on July 10th, Dr. Spock, Chaplain Coffin, Ferber, and Goodman were back in the Boston courtroom to hear Judge Ford pass sentence upon them. Outside the Federal Building, huge picket lines were in full cry, shouting peace slogans, and a few counter-pickets warned of the dangers of Communism and civil rights. The courtroom was soon filled with spectators—among them, I noticed, Raskin, who sat down unobtrusively in a back row. After every place was taken, Colonel Paul F. Feeney, the deputy director of Selective Service in Massachusetts, arrived, resplendent in a beribboned Army uniform. Smiling indiscriminate greetings, he proceeded to a chair that some marshals had hurriedly produced. Just before Judge Ford's entrance, I asked Colonel Feeney why he had come, and he replied, "The sentencing today is the climax of a case in which we have been interested, and my presence here is an expression of that interest."

Judge Ford made a few remarks before passing sentence. He said that the government had accused the four men of "what amounts to rebellion against the law," and then he quoted a Southern judge who had said in 1835, "Rebellion against the law is in the nature of treason." Judge Ford said that "the intellectual as well as all others" must be deterred from lawlessness, or we would face "anarchy." Young men were being sent to jail every week for evading military service, he went on, and it would be "preposterous" for those who had, "as the jury found, conspired to incite" them to evade it "to escape under the guise of free speech." He then sentenced each of the men to two years in prison and fined each of them except Ferber five thousand dollars; Ferber was fined one thousand.

The sentenced men were released on their own recognizance pending an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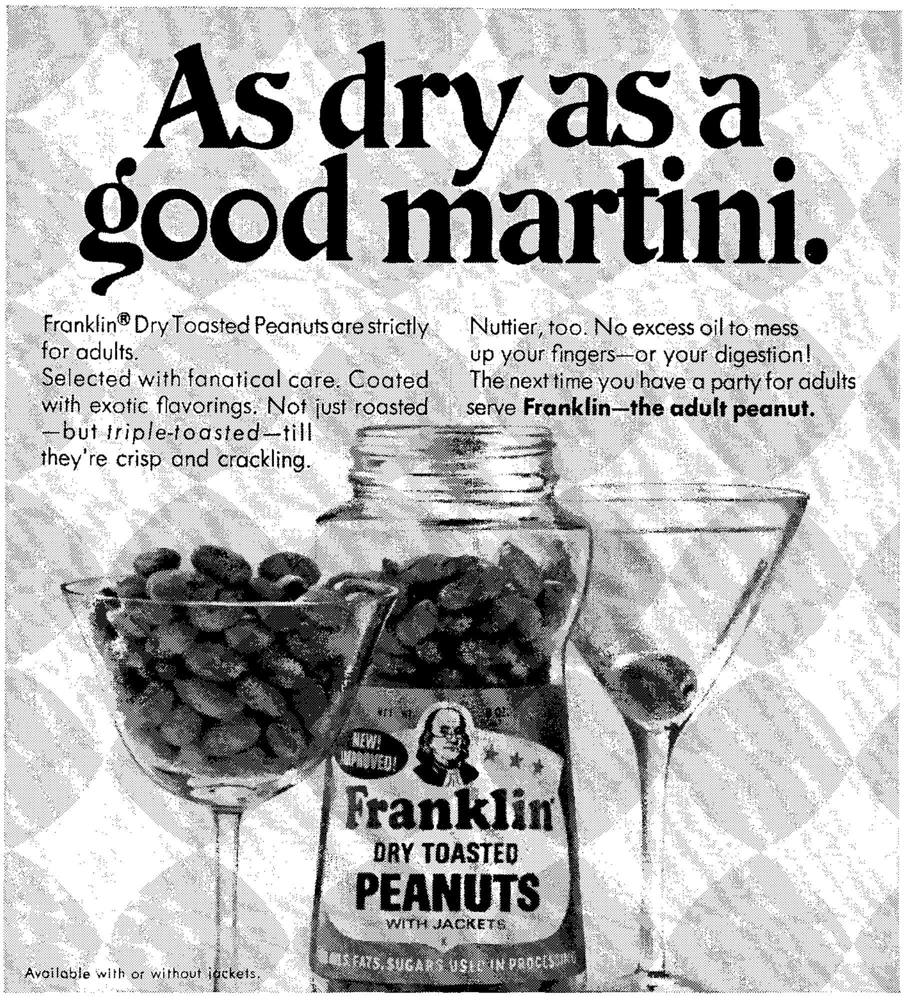

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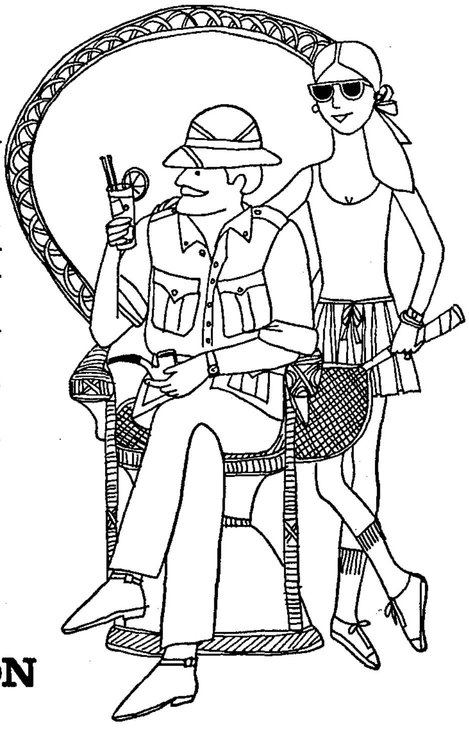

appeal, and they left the building together, to attend a press conference at a hotel a block or two away. As they emerged into the street, the peace pickets broke their lines and swarmed about the four men, cheering and chanting slogans. The swirling crowd made it difficult for television crews and photographers to take pictures of them. Raskin, I saw, walked alongside them. It was a narrow street, and progress toward the hotel was very slow, as one could easily tell by watching Dr. Spock's forward motion—his stalwart frame towered above the crowd. I could see no police around, but the surging mob of pickets never got out of hand; they seemed at home in the streets, where their movement was born. I pushed my way over to Raskin, whose manner was lively and impatient; he had apparently accepted his fate as a free man. Raising his voice above the din, he told me that he, too, was on his way to the press conference, where he would share the platform with the rest of the Boston Five.

"Why did you come back?" I asked.

"How could I *not* have come back?" he shouted. —DANIEL LANG

●

At first sight, near-side priority seems to have an excellent effisiency. Indeed, the divers enters the intersection as far as possible, keeping ready there to take his turn immediately after car has just let go by. Rarely was there a sounder set-up as far as efficiency is concerned.

Unfortunately, when in addition to these two cars, there is a third one from a direction opposite to either one of the others, one of these three cars is caught between two contradictory obligations. Its driver must at the same time cross or stop. Which comes to say that with near-side priority, the efficiency of an intersection is excellent for a duet, very poor for a trio . . . and negative for a quartet. How could there be any harmony!

Off-side priority only sings a duet here . . . but what a symphony.—*From a French journal on road transportation.*

And what an intersection!

●

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Port Arthur* (*Texas*) *News*]

The Port Arthur Desk and Derrick club will hold its regular dinner meeting at the Goodhue Hotel's Petroleum room Monday at 6:30 p.m.

Guest speaker will be W. S. Hurwitz, senior technologist in the Product Control division at Texaco. The subject of his talk will be "Lubricating Greases—What, How and Why?" and he will display a number of samples to explain key points of his talk. . . .

Cancellations will be taken by Leatrice Boudreaux before Sunday at 5:00 p.m.

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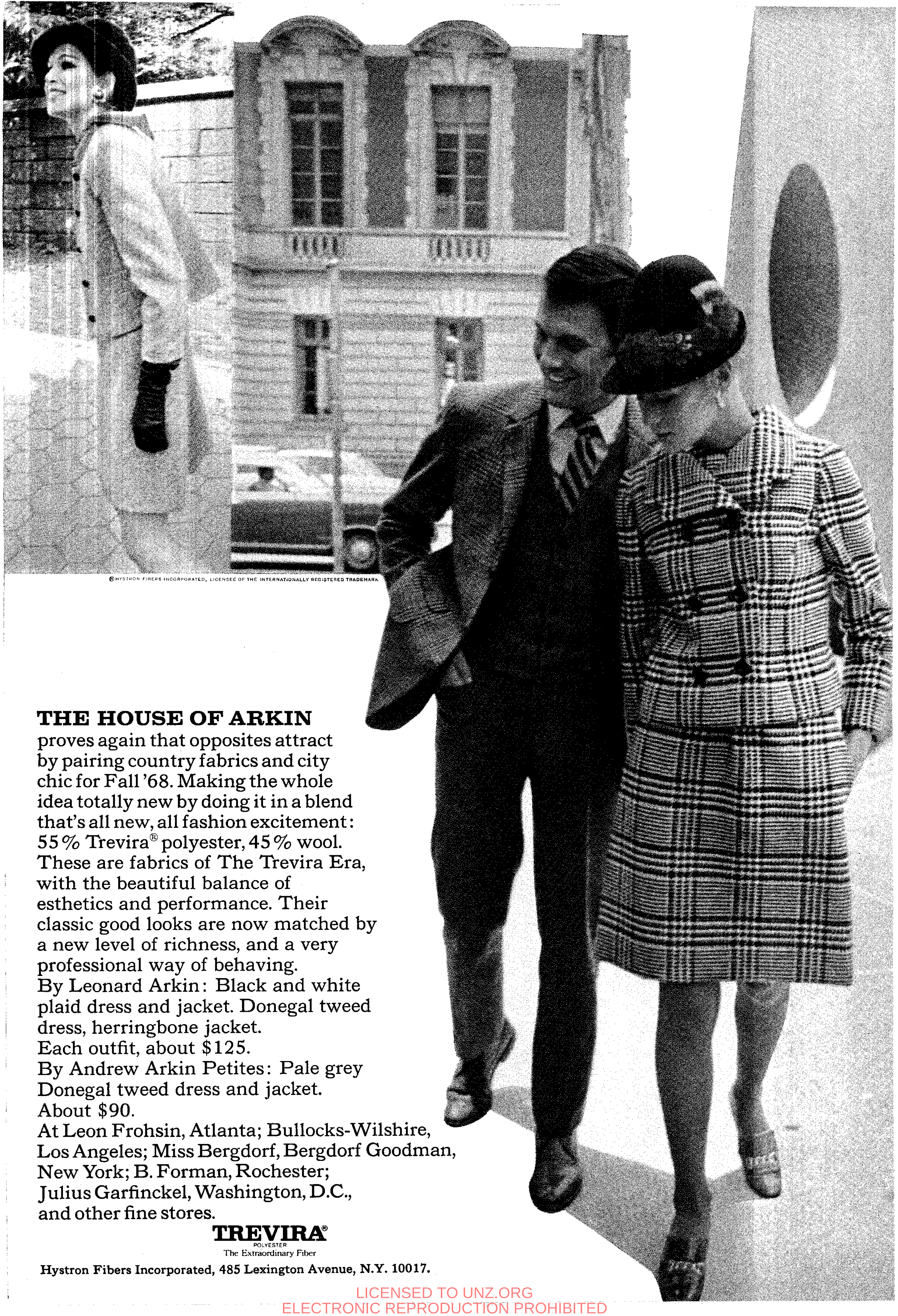

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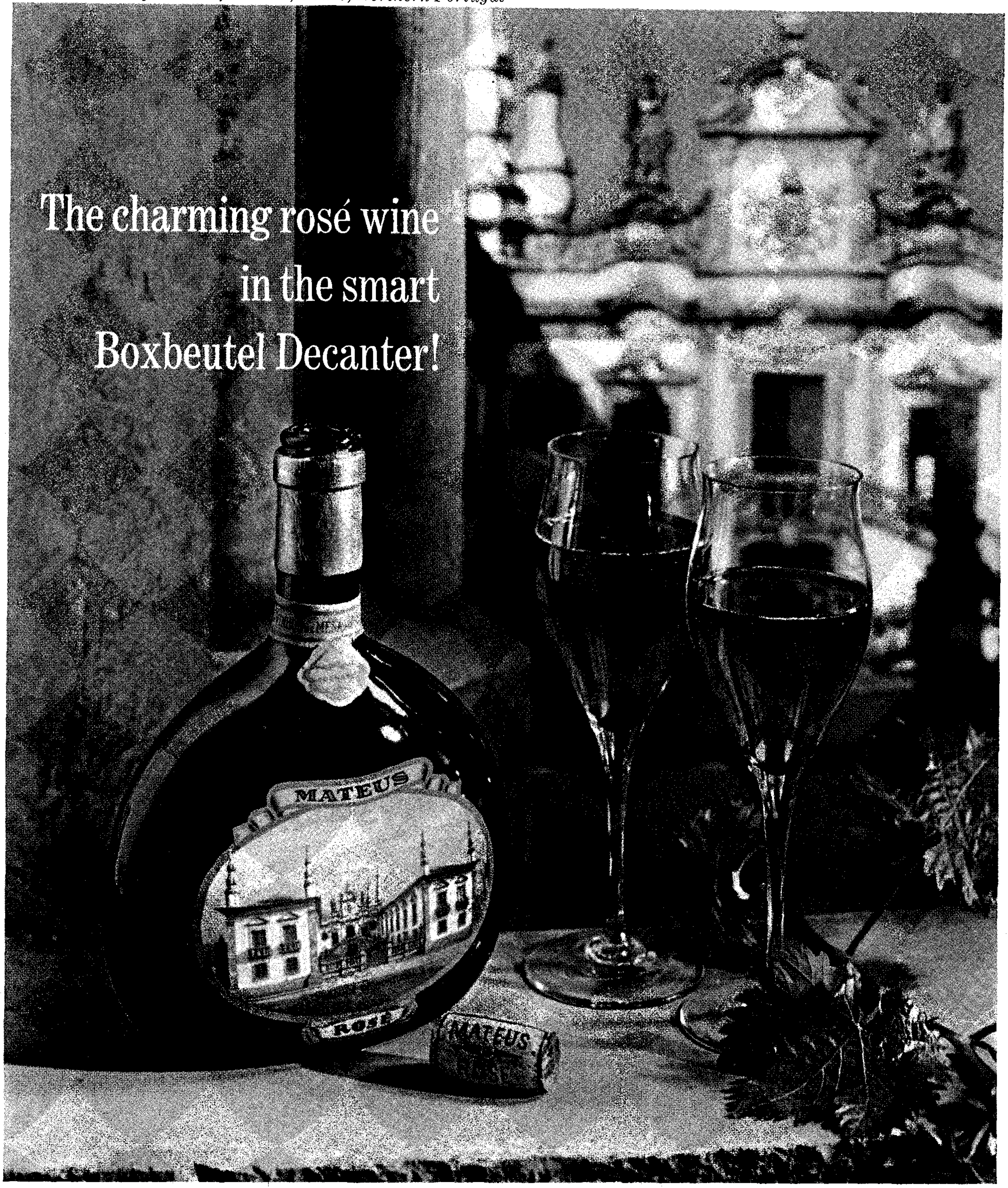
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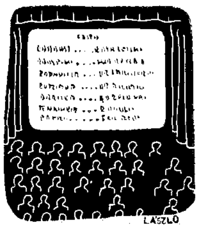
THE CURRENT CINEMA

On and Off Target

THE Lady of Shalott looked at the river in her mirror, on and on. She was sitting at her loom, I think. ("Isn't anything going to happen?") Perhaps she threw her shuttle at some water voles, or imagined a combat to the death between fish. Everyone needs action. Stanislavski once said that the most interesting thing an actor can do onstage is to fry an egg. Now, Peter Bogdanovich's "Targets" is supposed to be a polemic film in favor of gun control, but as you watch the central maniac's ghastly spree of sharpshooting, the repulsive thing is that you begin to look at it as if it were Julia Child slicing onions and cutting pastry on TV. The picture has a clumsy, diagrammatic plot (wanly acted, and fidgety to sit through) about the convergence of Boris Karloff, playing a Karloff-type aged star sickened by a career of blood, and Tim O'Kelly, as a clean-cut young man who goes berserk with a car trunk full of guns. The salient and absurd truth about the experience of watching the film is that you horribly want the assassin on the Los Angeles Freeway to hit every far-off target in the heart, *because nothing else is happening*. You get impatient when his magnified finger presses the trigger of a perfectly aimed rifle and there isn't any ammunition left. The dialogue scenes before the mayhem have been so void that you have no sense that anyone in the film is alive. What you seem to be watching is a technical job of work briskly done, like spring cleaning. Every time a person is killed through the madman's telescopic sights, the action appears not as a murder but as a small achieved task—another closet attacked and conquered by vacuum cleaner. With nothing else going on, you are bound to fret when the bullet misses. I don't believe for a second that this response lays bare any ponderous truth about the violence latent in us all, blah blah. It is simply that one psychically needs to see the event completed. In better art, the strong natural lure of physical action is subsumed. "Hamlet" roots out in you no great residual longing to see the sword go home through the arras, because more interesting things are happening. But a film like "Targets" turns us into a hall of brutalized goons, gluttonous for neat, distant kills. The picture offers you a filthy expertise by proxy. You become the surrogate technician. It seems very nearly *your* finger on the trigger, *your* eye controlling the sights, *you* dealing death at the far end of a telescopic rifle, remote from motive or consequence. I know the film was made in hard circumstances, on a small budget, and it is only fair to say that the visual elements—as opposed to the performances—are skillfully commanded. But it seems to me a fantastically foolish picture. How intellectually chaotic to make a gun-control parable that is so empty of any sense of the people in it that the only response left to an audience is to recline with a bag of popcorn and lust after a manly score of assassinations. Did Bogdanovich know what he was doing? Did he deliberately mean the film to demonstrate something about how antithought all photographed action tends to be, how inhospitable to sustained ideas the cinema is, how rabidly interesting it makes the fitful and physical? Maybe. But, if so, the ironic point isn't detectable. There is no way to take a simpleminded film but simplemindedly. To get an audience to experience some primitive reaction and then summon up the complex critical intelligence to inspect and disown that reaction needs the whole theatrical apparatus of a Brecht production, keeping its brain, and yours, at full stretch. "Targets" innocently turns out to be plain rabble fodder, and you sit there munching it.



AT the Bogdanovich film, when the central character missed one of his long-range targets, the man behind me swore under his breath, as if he were a driver furious with himself for not having managed to jump a light. Hollow films make cabbies of us all. At "Rachel, Rachel," a blessedly out-of-fashion picture that latches on to no topical point or mood, the audience behaved more as audiences do at Chekhov. The film sensitized everyone in the theatre. The performance I went to was packed with people straight off the Broadway sidewalks, but they laughed in subtle and undirected places and drowned nothing. The attentiveness that the picture instills must be a reflection of what has gone into it, for the absorption with which the work has

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been photographed and performed is the most vivid thing about it. If the story is described, it sounds gray. Joanne Woodward, directed for the first time by her husband, Paul Newman, plays a thirty-five-year-old unmarried schoolteacher burdened with a clamorous mother. Rachel has a first love affair—with another schoolteacher, wonderfully played by James Olson—and believes that she is going to have a child. Everything in the picture lies in Paul Newman's beautiful choices of which character to watch at what moment, and in Joanne Woodward's own powerful quality of paying heed. Whenever she listens to another character talking, the responses in her face tell more about Rachel's temperament than any of her own lines could. We see Rachel with her mother: she is sorry for her, in bondage to her, alert to all the hypochondriac ruses, and sometimes minded to kill her. Rachel has a piercing sense of humor about herself, and other people's overblown vehemences stir her to a fleetingly visible mixture of near-giggles and panic. She walks bashfully, leaning forward and in a hurry. Even the way she puts her lipstick on says reams about her. Rachel's best friend—another schoolteacher, a blundering, gleaming woman who believes in revivalism—is quite marvellously acted by Estelle Parsons (of "Bonnie and Clyde"). The sexual feeling between them is implicit and resonant. In one of the best shots of the film, the Estelle Parsons character can already sense that Rachel has her mind elsewhere; Estelle Parsons walks away quietly after they have been talking—a back view, at night, in a bunched-up best dress—and the two of them call out to one another in an effort to close the gap. "You look wonderful," Rachel says after the vanishing figure. "You, too," says the friend, without turning around.

"Rachel, Rachel" isn't in the mainstream of film mood at the moment, but I hope it isn't passed by for that reason. It is much more inquiring about character than, say, "Marty," which came out in the times when this picture would have flourished. The script—by Stewart Stern, based on a novel by Margaret Laurence—has a funny and unsarcastic ear for people's contented clichés. (Mother: "Can't you do something about the humidity? If you were a real friend you would." Or the Estelle Parsons character, again shot in back view, among a mob of schoolchildren failing to open a door for her: "Have all my Walter Raleighs died? Drawbridges do not open by them-

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."
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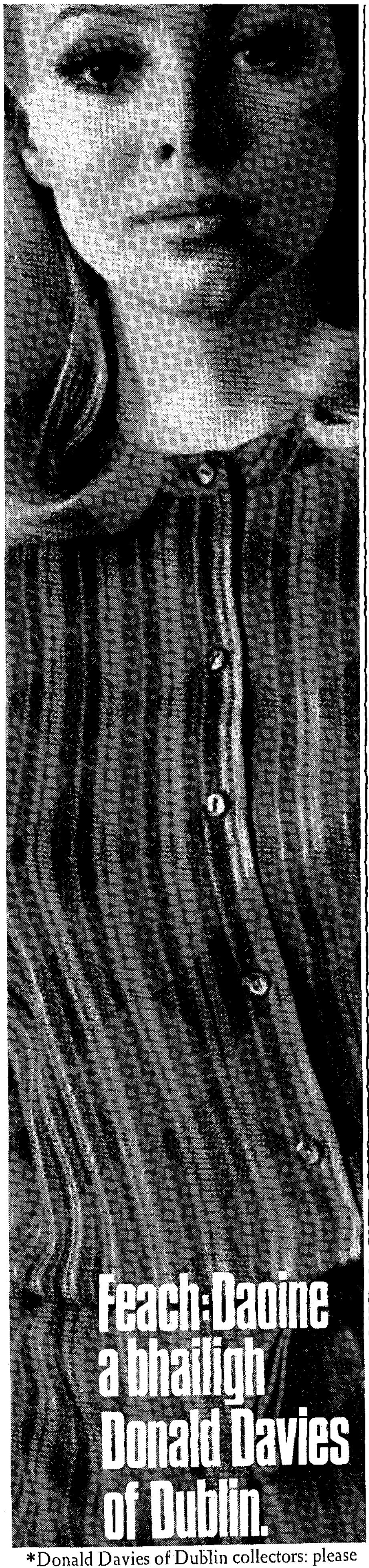
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selves.") Every scene is acted with the kind of repose and detail that can draw you into a life. That substantiality makes it possible—just—to buy the flashbacks to Rachel's childhood traumas, which strike one as gauchely well matched to the immediate event in her grown-up experience. These things generally seem to work better in films if they are inconsequential—if they float up as strong memories for no Freudian reason, as in reality itself. The young Rachel is played by a daughter of Joanne Woodward's and Paul Newman's, a calm eight-year-old called, in the screen credits, Nell Potts. She is very pretty, and a staggering actress. The whole film is delicately proportioned to what it means to do, with a nature much like the one that Miss Woodward gives to Rachel. The daydreams of the heroine about a less constricted life are very modest and lightly self-mocking. When she idealizes the future at the end, it is not romantically. She pictures herself as a dowdy figure on a beach alone with a small son. The picture contains a kind of sense and gentleness that strike me, a foreigner, as true to something deep-running in Americans, though the remark will seem very out of focus in these stupid and pugnacious public times.

—Penelope Gilliatt

●

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[*Slip handed to a man checking out of the Hyatt House Hotel at the San Francisco airport, along with his bill*]

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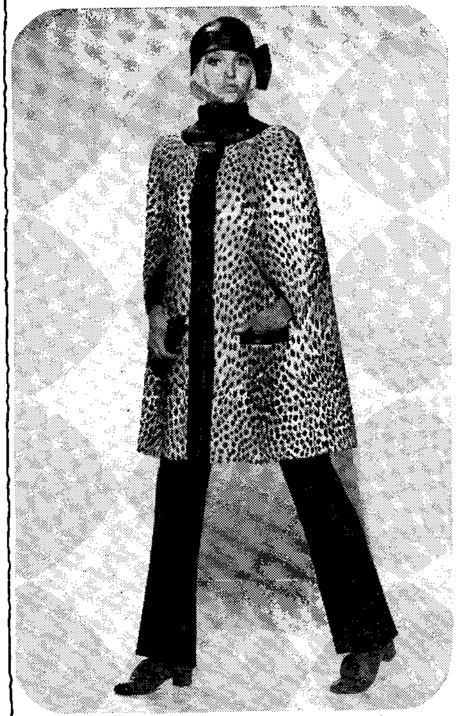

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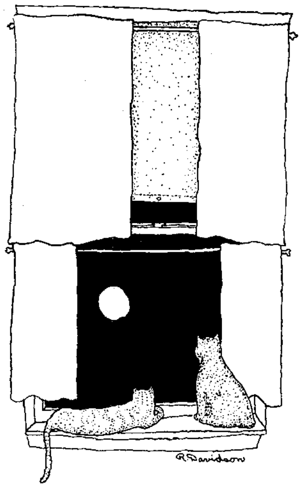
THERE is a mistaken idea, ancient but still with us, that an overdose of anything from fornication to hot chocolate will teach restraint by the very results of its abuse. A righteous and worried father, feeling broadminded and full of manly understanding, will urge a rich cigar upon his fledgling and almost force him to be sick, to show him how to smoke properly. Another, learning that his sons have been nipping dago red, will chain them psychologically to the dinner table and drink them under it, to teach them how to handle their liquor like gentlemen. Such methods are drastic and of dubious worth, I think. People continue to smoke and to drink, and to be excessive or moderate according to their own needs. Their good manners are a matter more of innate taste than of outward training.

Craving—the actual and continued need for something—is another matter. Sometimes it lasts for one's lifetime. There is no satisfying it, except temporarily, and that can spell death or ruin. At least three people I know very well, children of alcoholic parents, were literally born drunk, and after sad experience they face the hideous fact that one more nip will destroy them. But they dream of it. Another of my friends dreams of chocolate, and is haunted by sensory fantasies of the taste and smell of chocolate, and occasionally talks of chocolate the way some people talk of their mistresses, but one Hershey bar would damn him and his liver, too. (Members of A.A. pray to God daily to keep them from taking that First Drink. A first candy bar can be as dangerous.) These people choose to live, no matter how cautiously, because they know that they can never be satisfied. For them real satiety, the inner spiritual kind, is impossible. They are, although in a noble way, cheating: an *honest* satyr will risk death from exhaustion, still happily aware that there will always be more women in the world than he can possibly accommodate.



Somewhere between the extremes of putative training in self-control and unflagging discipline against wild cravings lie the sensual and voluptuous gastronomical favorites-of-a-lifetime, the nostalgic yearnings for flavors once met in early days—the smell or taste of a gooseberry pie on a summer noon at Peachblow Farm, the whiff of anise from a Marseille bar. Old or moderately young, of any sex, most of us can forgo the analyst's couch at will and call up some such flavors. It is better thus. Kept verbal, there is small danger of indigestion, and, in truth, a gooseberry pie can be a horror (those pale beady acid fruits, the sugar never masking their mean acidity, the crust sogging . . . my father rhapsodized occasionally about the ones at Peachblow and we tried to recapture their magic for him, but it was impossible). And a glass of *pastis* at the wrong time and with the wrong people can turn into a first-class emetic, no matter how it used to make the mind and body rejoice in Provence. Most people like to talk, once steered onto the right track, about their lifetime favorites in food. It does not matter if they have only dreamed of them for the past countless decades: favorites remain, and mankind is basically a faithful bunch of fellows. If you loved Gaby Deslys or Fanny Brice, from no matter how far afar, you still can and do. And why not? There is, in this happily insatiable fantasizing, no saturation point, no moment at which the body must cry *Help!*

Of course, the average person has not actually possessed a famous beauty, and it is there that gastronomy serves as a kind of surrogate, to ease our longings. One does not need to be a king or mogul to indulge most, if not all, of his senses with the heady enjoyment of a dish—speaking in culinary terms, that is. I myself, to come right down to it, have never been in love from afar, except perhaps for a handful of fleeting moments when a flickering shot of Wallace Reid driving over a cliff would make me feel queer. I know of women who have really mooned, and for years, over some such glamorous shadow, and it is highly possible that my own immunity is due to my sensual satisfaction, even vicarious, in such things as potato chips and Beluga

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caviar. This realization is cruelly matter-of-fact to anyone of romantic sensitivity, and I feel vaguely apologetic about it. At the same time, I am relieved. I know that even though I eat potato chips perhaps once every three years, I can, whenever I wish to, tap an almost unlimited fountain of them not five hundred feet from my own door. It is not quite the same thing with caviar, of course, and I have smiled upon a one-pound tin of it, fresh and pearly gray, not more than eight or nine times in my life. But I know that for a time longer the acipensers of the Black and Caspian Seas will be able to carry out their fertility rites and that I may even partake again of their delectable fruits. Meanwhile, stern about potato chips on the one hand and optimistic about Beluga on the other, I can savor with my mind's palate their strange familiarity.

It is said that a few connoisseurs, such as old George Saintsbury, can recall *physically* the bouquet of certain great vintages a half century after tasting them. I am a mouse among elephants now, but I can say just as surely that this minute, in a northern-California valley, I can taste-smell-hear-see and then feel between my teeth the potato chips I ate slowly one November afternoon in 1936, in the bar of the Lausanne Palace. They were uneven in both thickness and color, probably made by a new apprentice in the hotel kitchen, and almost surely they smelled faintly of either chicken or fish, for that was always the case there. They were a little too salty, to encourage me to drink. They were ineffable. I am still nourished by them. That is probably why I can be so firm about not eating my way through barrels, tunnels, mountains more of them here in the land where they hang like square cellophane fruit on wire trees in all the grocery stores, to tempt me sharply every time I pass them.

As for the caviar, I can wait. I know I cannot possibly, *ever*, eat enough of it to satisfy my hunger, my unreasonable lust, so I think back with what is almost placidity upon the times I could dig into a tub of it and take five minutes or so for every small voluptuous mouthful. Again, why not? Being carnal, such dreams are perforce sinful in some vocabularies. Other ways of thinking might call them merely foolish, or Freudian "substitutes." That is all right; I know that I can cultivate restraint, or accept it patiently when it is thrust upon me—just as I know that I can walk right down Main Street this minute and buy almost as many Mac-

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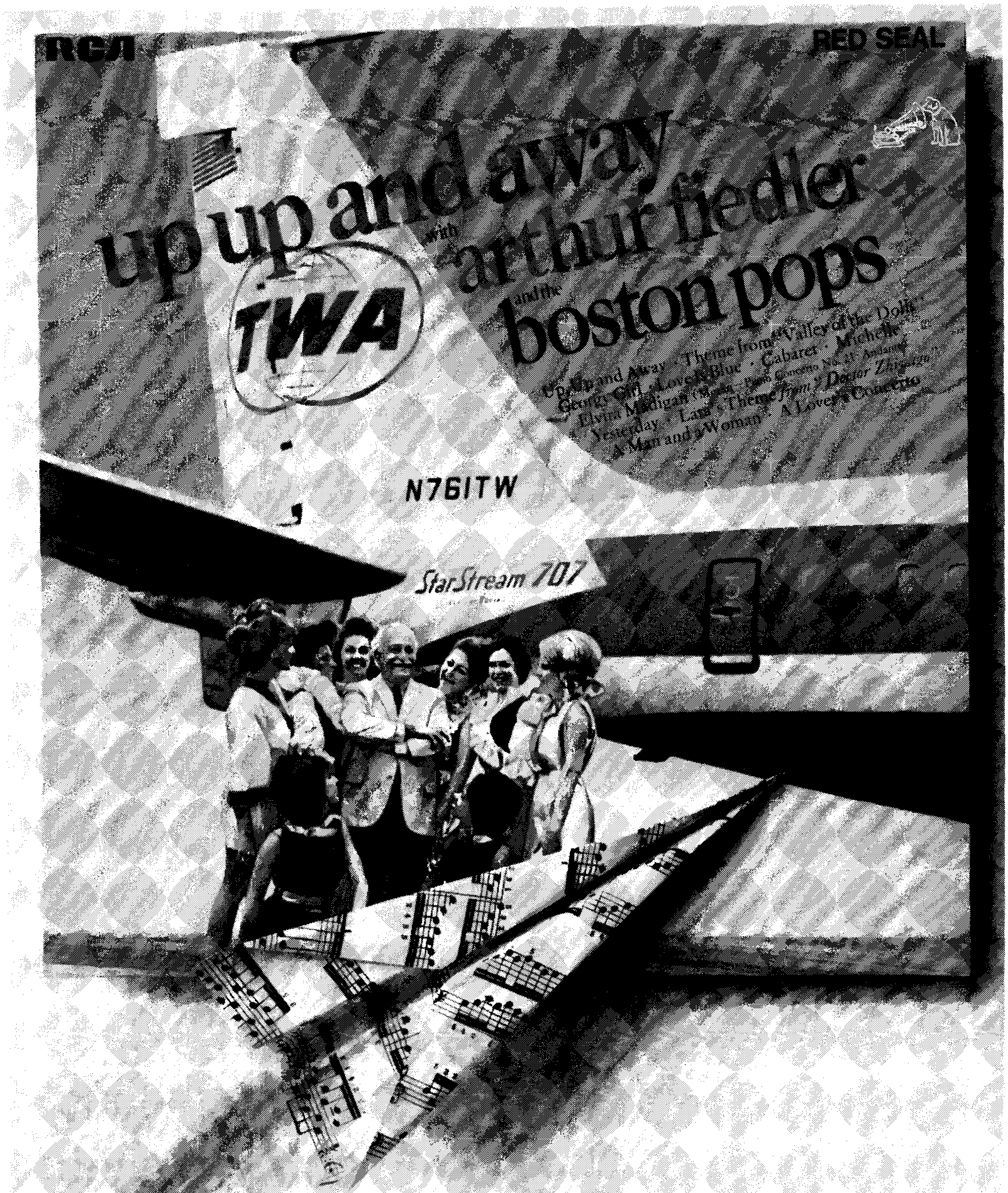
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adamia nuts as I would like to eat, and certainly enough to make me feel very sick for a time, but that I shan't do so.

I have some of the same twinges of basic craving for those salty gnarled little nuts from Hawaii as the ones I keep ruthlessly at bay for the vulgar fried potatoes and the costly fish eggs. Just writing of my small steady passion for them makes my mouth water in a reassuringly controlled way, and I am glad there are dozens of jars of them in the local goodies shoppe, for me not to buy. I cannot remember when I first ate a Macadamia, but I was hooked from that moment. I think it was about thirty years ago. The Prince of Wales was said to have invested in a ranch in Hawaii which raised them in small quantities, so that the name stuck in my mind because *he* did, but I doubt that royal business cunning had much to do with my immediate delectation. The last time I ate one was about four months ago, in New York. I surprised my *belle-sœur* and almost embarrassed myself by letting a small moan escape me when she put a bowl of them beside my chair; they were beautiful—so lumpy, Macadamian, salty, golden! And I ate one, to save face. One. I can still sense its peculiar crispness and its complete Macadamianimity. How fortunate I am!

Many of the things we batten on in our fantasies are part of our childhoods, although none of mine have been, so far in this list. I was perhaps twenty-three when I first ate almost enough caviar—not to mention any caviar at all that I can now remember. It was one of the best, brightest days of my whole life with my parents, and lunching in the quiet back room at the Café de la Paix was only a part of the luminous whole. My mother ate fresh foie gras, sternly forbidden to her liver, but she loved the cathedral at Strasbourg enough to risk almost any kind of attack, and this truffled slab was so plainly the best of her lifetime that we all agreed it could do her nothing but good, which it did. My father and I ate caviar, probably Sevruga, with green-black smallish beads and a superb challenge of flavor for the iced grassy vodka we used to cleanse our happy palates. We ate three portions apiece, tacitly knowing it could never happen again that anything would be quite so mysteriously perfect in both time and space. The headwaiter sensed all this, which is, of course, why he was world-known, and the portions got larger, and at our third blissful command he simply put the tin in its ice bowl upon our table. It was a regal gesture, like

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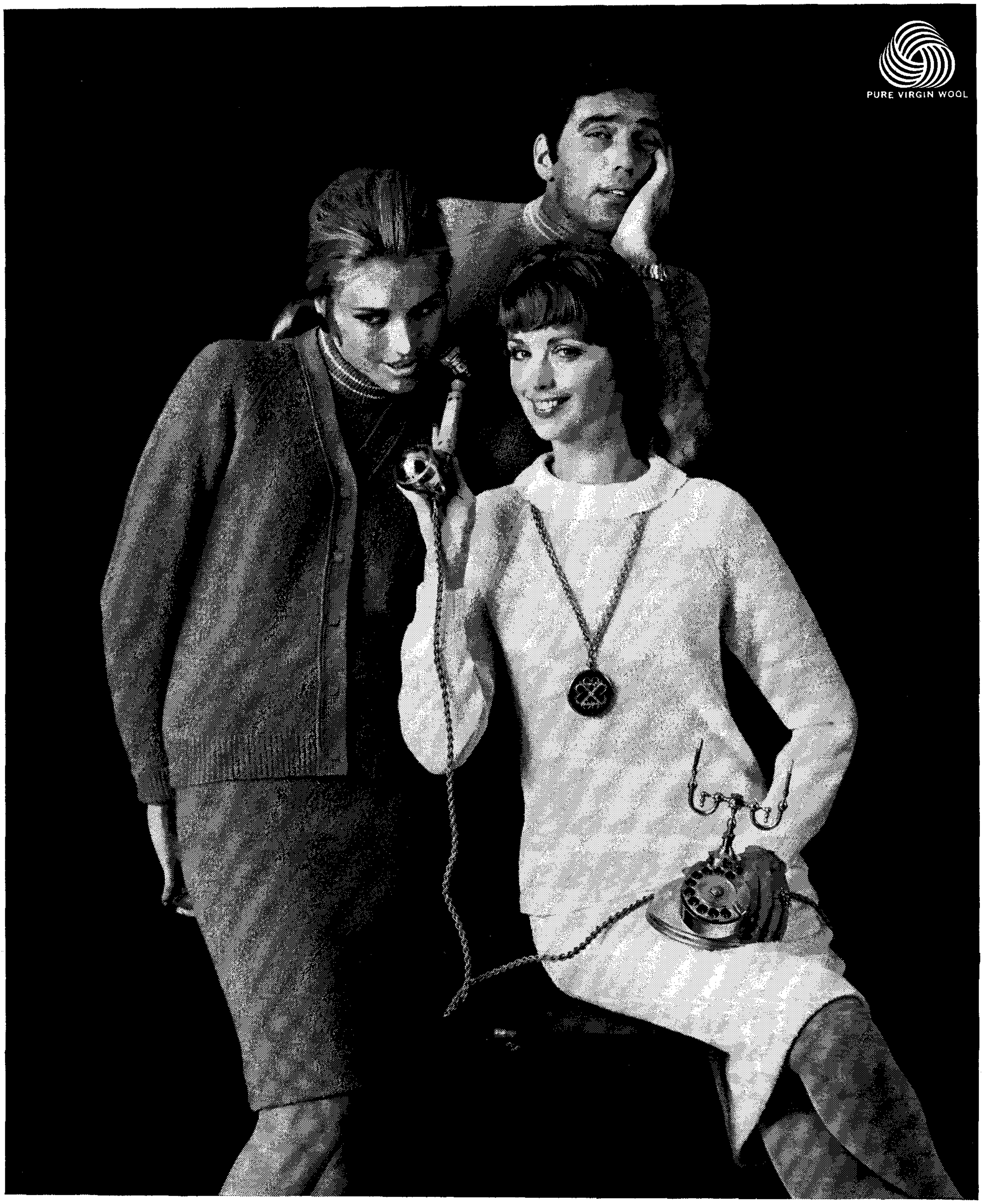

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being tapped on the shoulder with a sword. We bowed, served ourselves exactly as he would have done, grain for grain, and had no need for any more. It was reward enough to sit in the almost empty room, chaste rococo in the slanting June sunlight, with the generous tub of pure delight between us, Mother purring there, the vodka seeping slyly through our veins, and real wood strawberries to come, to make us feel like children again and not near-gods. That was a fine introduction to what I hope is a reasonably long life of such occasional bliss.

As for potato chips, I do not remember them earlier than my twenty-first year, when I once ate stupidly and well of them in a small, stylish restaurant in Germany, where we had to wait downstairs in the tavern while our meal was being readied to eat upstairs. Beside me on a table was a bowl of exquisitely fresh and delicate chips, and when we finally sat down I could not face the heavily excellent dinner we had ordered. I was ashamed of my gluttony, for it is never commendable, even when based on ignorance. Perhaps *that* is why I am so stern today about not eating any of the devilish temptations?

There is one other thing I know I shall never get enough of—champagne. I cannot say when I drank my first prickly, delicious glass of it. I was raised in Prohibition, which meant that my father was very careful about his bootleggers, but the general adult drinking stayed around pinch-bottle Scotch as safest in those days, and I think I probably started my lifelong affair with Dom Pérignon's discovery in 1929, when I first went to France. It does not matter. I would gladly ask for the end of even a poor peasant there, who is given a glass of champagne on his deathbed to cheer him on his way.

I used to think, in my Russian-novel days, that I would cherish a lover who managed through thick and thin, snow and sleet, to have a bunch of Parma violets on my breakfast tray each morning—also rain or shine, Christmas or August, and onward into complete Neverland. Later, I shifted my dream plan—a split of cold champagne one half hour *before* the tray! Violets, sparkling wine, and trays themselves were as nonexistent as the lover(s), of course, but once again, Why not? By now, I sip a mug of vegetable broth and count myself fortunate, while my mind's nose and eyes feast on the pungency of the purple blossoms, and the champagne stings my sleepy tongue . . . and on feast days I drink a little glass of California "Dry Sauterne" from the

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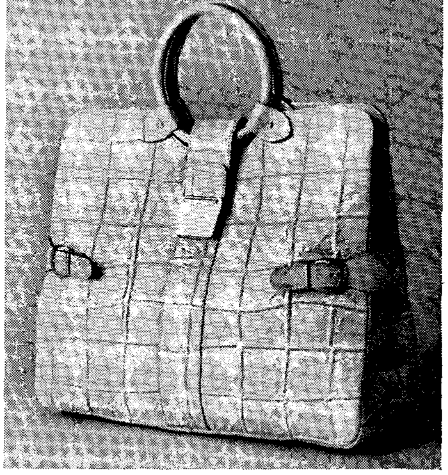

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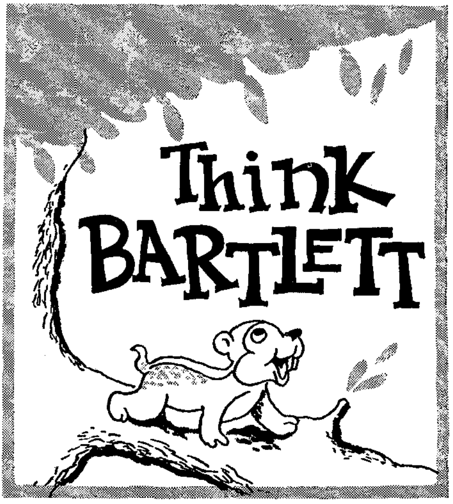

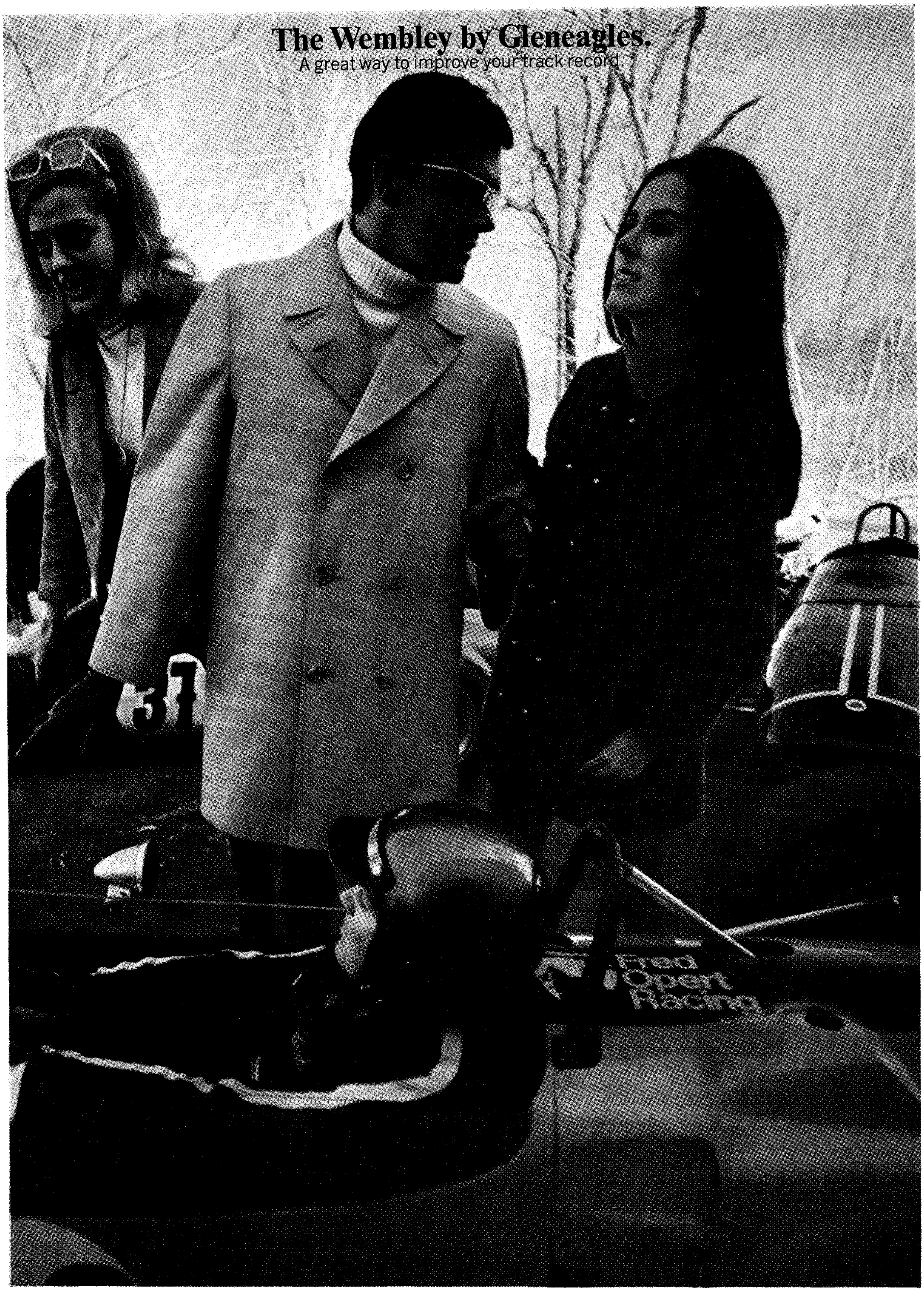
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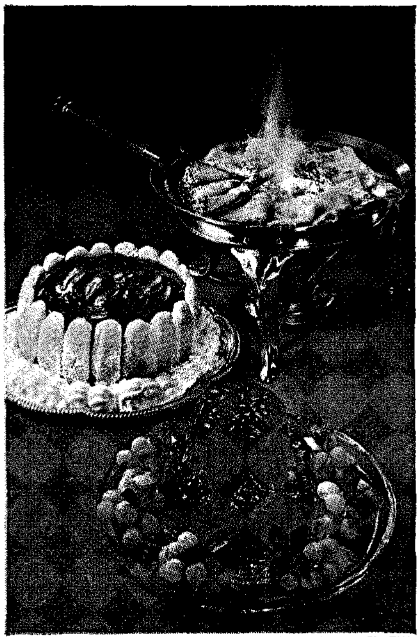

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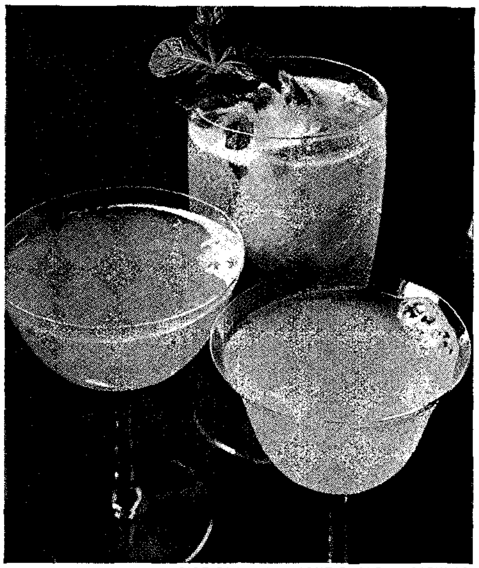

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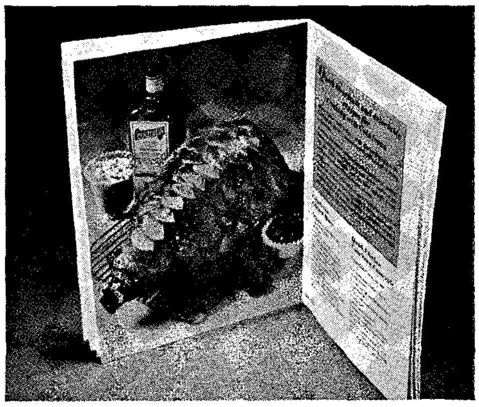

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icebox . . . and it is much easier to get out of bed to go to work if there is not that silly tray there.

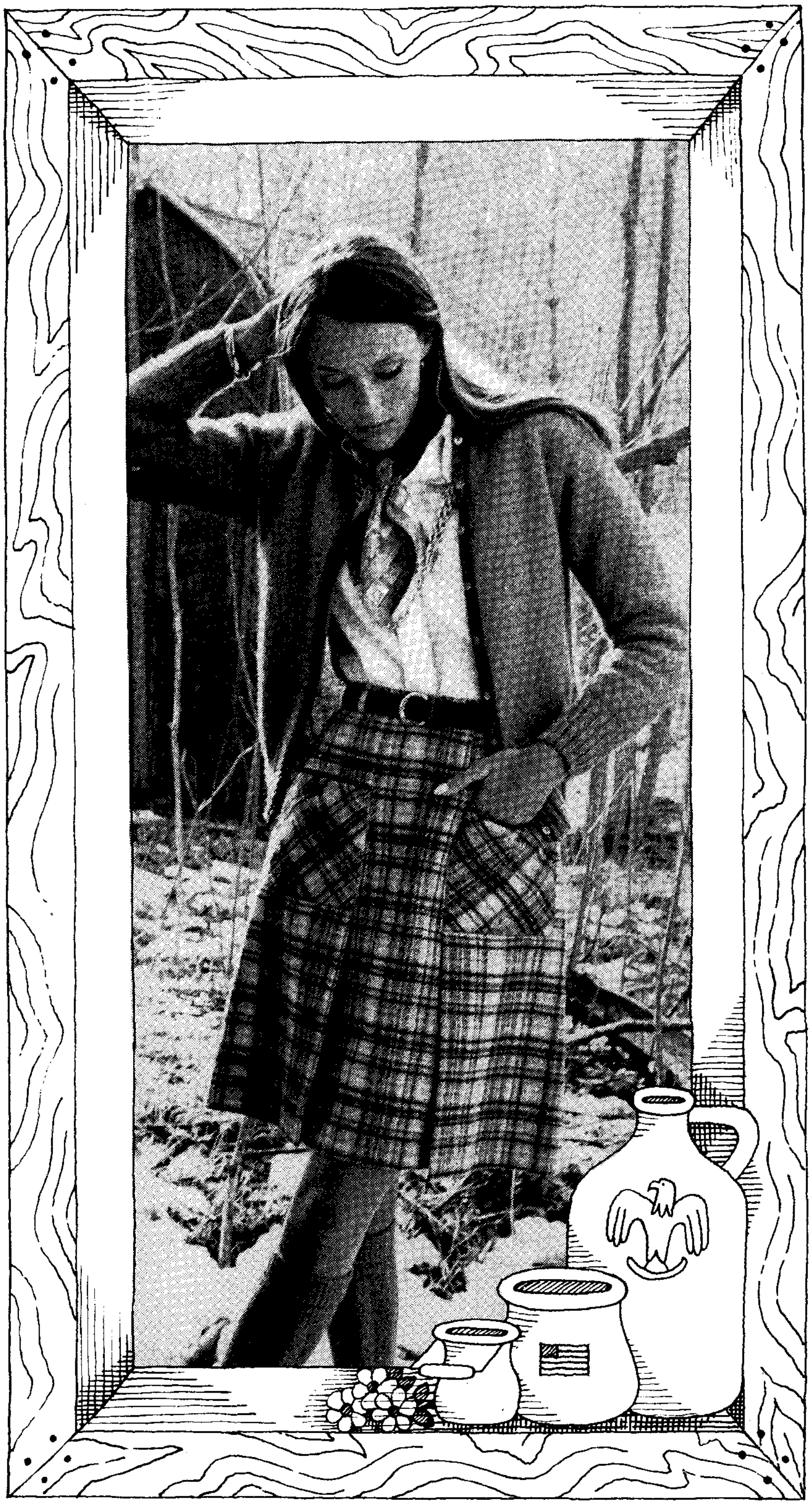
MAYONNAISE, real mayonnaise, good mayonnaise, is something I can dream of any time, almost, and not because I ate it when I was little but because I did not. My maternal grandmother, whose Victorian neuroses dictated our family table-tastes until I was about twelve, found salads generally suspect, but would tolerate the occasional serving of some watery lettuce in a dish beside each plate (those crescents one still sees now and then in English and Swiss boarding houses and the mansions of American Anglophiles). On it would be a dab or lump or blob, depending on the current cook, of what was quietly referred to as Boiled Dressing. It seemed dreadful stuff—enough to harm one's soul.

I do not have my grandmother's own recipe, although I am sure she seared it into many an illiterate mind in her kitchens, but I have found an approximation, which I feel strangely forced to give. It is from Miss Parloa's "New Cook Book," copyrighted in Boston in 1880 by Estes and Lauriat:

> Three eggs, one tablespoonful each of sugar, oil and salt, a scant tablespoonful of mustard, a cupful of milk and one of vinegar. Stir oil, mustard, salt and sugar in a bowl until perfectly smooth. Add the eggs, and beat well; then add the vinegar, and finally the milk. Place the bowl in a basin of boiling water, and stir the dressing until it thickens like soft custard. . . . The dressing will keep two weeks if bottled tightly and put in a cool place.

On second thought, I think Grandmother's receipt, as I am sure it was called, may have used one egg instead of three, skimped on the sugar and oil, left out the mustard, and perhaps eliminated the milk as well. It was a kind of sour whitish gravy and . . . Yes! Patience is its own reward; I have looked in dozens of cookbooks without finding her abysmal secret, and now I have it: she did not use eggs at all, but *flour*. That is it. Flour thickened the vinegar—no need to waste eggs and sugar . . . Battle Creek frowned on oil, and she spent yearly periods at that health resort . . . mustard was a heathen spice . . . salt was cheap, and good cider vinegar came by the gallon. . . . And (here I can hear words as clearly as I can see the limp wet lettuce under its load of Boiled Dressing) "Salad is roughage and a French idea."

As proof of the strange hold childhood remembrance has on us, I think I am justified to print once, and only once, my considered analysis of the



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reason I must live for the rest of my life with an almost painful craving for mayonnaise made with fresh eggs and lemon juice and good olive oil:

GRANDMOTHER'S BOILED DRESSING
1 cup cider vinegar.
Enough flour to make thin paste.
Salt to taste.

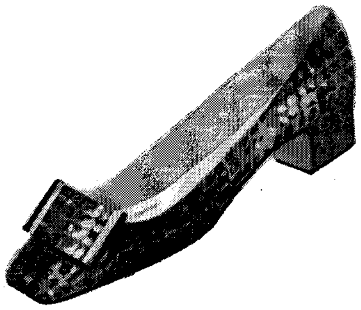
Mix well, boil slowly fifteen minutes or until done, and serve with wet shredded lettuce.

Unlike any recipe I have ever given, this one has not been tested and never shall be, nor is it recommended for anything but passing thought.

SOME of the foods that are of passionate interest in childhood, as potently desirable as drink to a toper, with time lose everything but a cool intellectuality. For about three years, when I was around six, we sometimes ate hot milk toast for Sunday-night supper, but made with rich cocoa, and I would start waiting for the next time as soon as I had swallowed the last crumbly buttery brown spoonful of it. I am thankful I need have no real fear of ever being faced with another bowl of the stuff, but equally happy that I can still understand how its warmth and savor satisfied my senses then. I feel much the same grateful relief when I conjure, no matter how seldom, the four or five years when I was in boarding schools and existed—sensually, at least—from one private slow orgy of saltines and Hershey bars to the next.

There is one concoction, or whatever it should be called, that I was never allowed to eat, and that I dreamed of almost viciously for perhaps seventeen years, until I was about twenty-two and married. I made it then and ate every bit of it and enjoyed it enormously and have never tasted it since, except in the happy reaches of my gastronomical mind. And not long ago, when I found a distinctly literary reference to it, I beamed and glowed. I love the reality of Mark Twain almost as much as I love the dream-image of this dish, and when he included it, just as I myself would have, in a list of American foods he planned to eat—"a modest, private affair," all to himself—I could hardly believe the miraculous coincidence: my ambrosia, my god's!

In "A Tramp Abroad," Twain grouses about the food he found in Europe in 1878 (even a god can sound a little limited at times), and makes a list of the foods he has missed the most and most poignantly awaits



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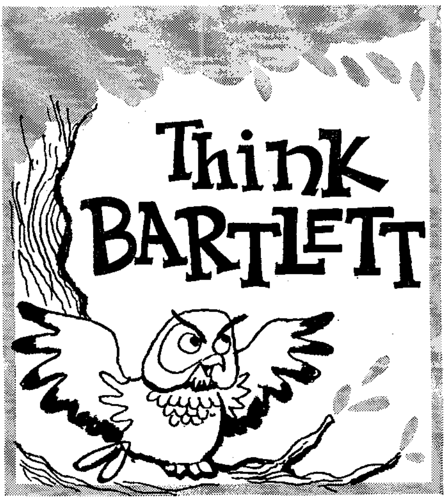

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Della and her seven brothers and sisters have none of these problems. Her father spends as much time looking for work as he does working. Sanitary facilities are almost non-existent. Electricity has yet to reach them. Water is hauled by hand. Even the barest necessities are hard to come by.

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Some of the pressure, too, is off her parents, who can now begin thinking about making their home a little more livable. Also, and perhaps most important, part of the money is put into a fund from which the village can borrow to start self-help projects, including better housing and a water system.

Already there is a new feeling of hope among the villagers and confidence in their ability to help themselves. Even little Della has volunteered to give some time each week to keep her school playground clean.

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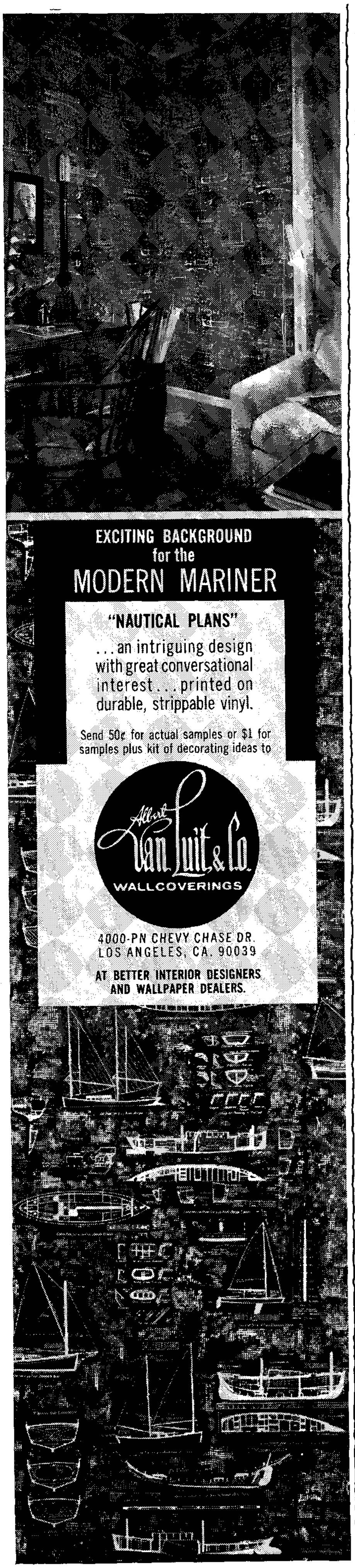

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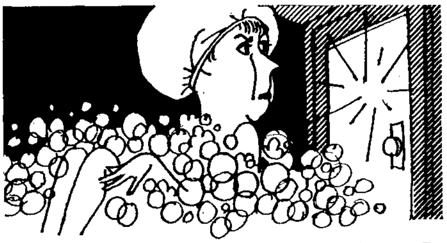
on his return. It starts out “Radishes,” which is indeed either blind or chauvinistic, since I myself always seem to eat five times as many of them when I am a tramp abroad as when I am home. He then names eighty separate dishes, and ends, “All sorts of American pastry. Fresh American Fruits . . . Ice water.” Love is *not* blind, and I do feel sorry about a certain lack of divinity in this utterance, but my faith and loyalty are forever strengthened by items 57 and 58: “Mashed Potatoes. Catsup.”

These two things were printed on the same line, and I feel—in fact, I *know*—that he meant “Mashed potatoes *and* Catsup,” or perhaps “Mashed potatoes *with* Catsup.” This certainty springs from the fact that there is, in my own mind and plainly in his, an affinity there. The two belong together. I have known this since I was about five, or perhaps even younger. I have proved it—only once, but very thoroughly. I am willing to try to again, preferably in “a modest, private affair, all to myself,” but in public if I should ever be challenged.

We often ate mashed potatoes at home. Grandmother liked what my mother secretly scoffed at as “slip-and-go-easies”: custards, junkets, strained stewed tomatoes, things like that, with mashed potatoes, of course, at the head of the list as a necessity alongside any decent cut of meat. But—and here is the secret, perhaps, of my lifelong craving—we were never allowed to taste catsup. Never. It was spicy and bad for us, and “common” in bottles. (This is an odd fact, chronologically, for all the housekeepers of my beldam’s vintage prided themselves on their special receipts for “ketchups,” made of everything from oysters to walnuts and including the plentiful love apple.)

I remember that once when Grandmother was gone off to a religious convention, Mother asked each of us what we would most like to eat before the awesome Nervous Stomach took over our menus again. My father immediately said he would pick a large salad of watercress from the Rio Hondo and make a dressing of olive oil and wine vinegar—a double cock-snoot, since olive oil was an exotic smelly stuff kept only to rub on the navels of the new babies that seemed to arrive fairly often, and watercress grew along the banks of a stream that might well be . . . er . . . *used* by cows. When my turn came, I said, “Mashed potatoes and catsup.” I forget exactly what went on next, except that Father was for letting me eat all I wanted of the crazy mix-



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ture and I never did get to. Ah, well . . . I loved watercress, too, and whatever other forbidden fruits we bit into during that and similar gastric respites, and I did not need to stop dreaming.

My one deliberate challenge to myself was delicious. I was alone, which seems to be indicated for many such sensual rites. The potatoes were light, whipped to a firm cloud with rich hot milk, faintly yellow from ample butter. I put them in a big warmed bowl, made a dent about the size of a respectable coffee cup, and filled it to the brim with catsup from a large, full, *vulgar* bottle that stood beside my table mat where a wineglass would be at an ordinary, commonplace, everyday banquet. Mine was, as I have said, delicious. I would, as I have also said, gladly do it again if I were dared to. But I prefer to nourish myself with the knowledge that it is not impossible (potato chips), not too improbable (fresh Beluga caviar). And now I am sharing it with a friend. I could not manage to serve forth to Mark Twain the "Sheep-head and croakers, from New Orleans," or the "Prairie hens, from Illinois," that he dreamed of in European boarding houses ninety years ago, but mashed potatoes *with* catsup are ready to hand when he says the word. —M. F. K. FISHER

•

"He's exceptionally determined," says his coach. "John is going to make his own way. When I first met him he wanted to become a priest. But he's matured and gotten away from the religious orientation. Now he wants to study business, and make a lot of money."—*The Times*.

We all go through those youthful phases.

•

Like all intangibles, creativity is very difficult to define. At this point, however, etymology may give us a hint. The term "creativity" is derived from the English word "create"—which in turn is derived from the Latin *creatus* constituting as it does the past participle of *creare* (to create).—*From "A Synoptic Philosophy of Education," by Arthur W. Munk.*

And that's it, boys and girls!

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph*]

NAPERVILLE, Ill. (AP)—Max Gimble, 50, of Aurora, and Eric Nusbaum, 33, of St. Charles, both finished work at the same time Tuesday evening at the Bell Telephone Laboratories in Naperville and left for home.

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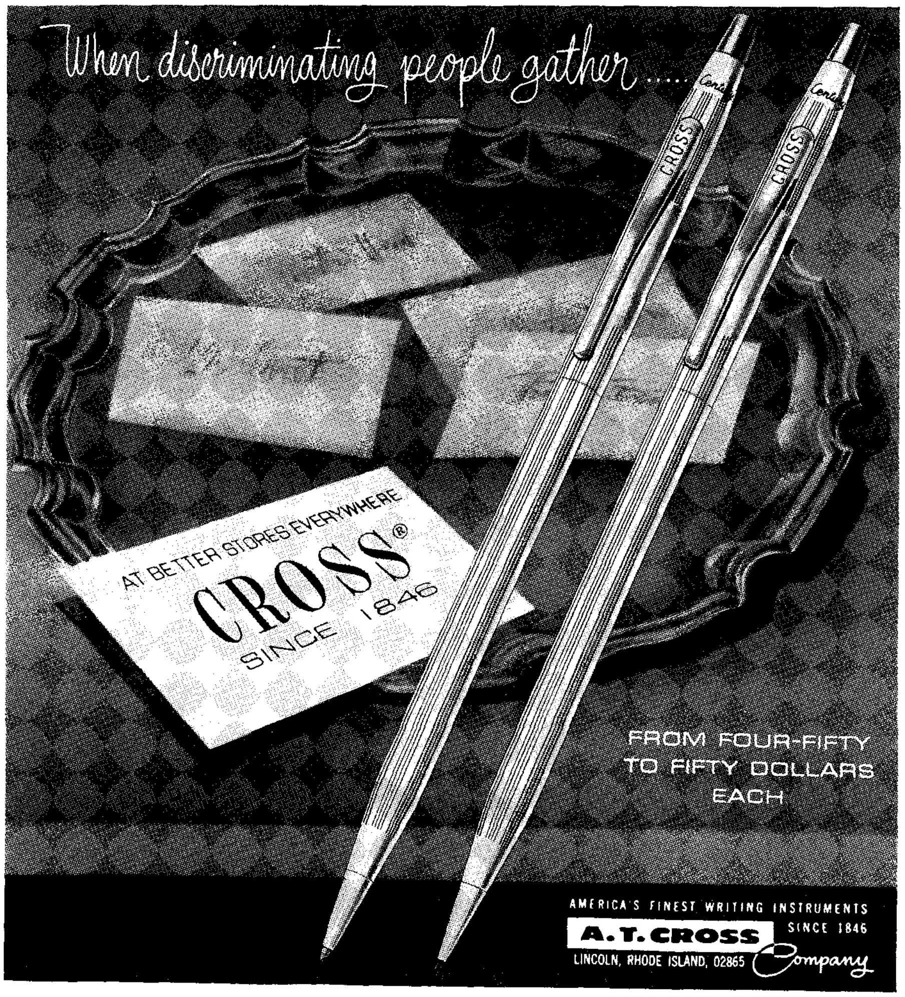

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BY releasing "Art Tatum: Piano Starts Here" (CS 9655)—four of the solos on the record constitute Tatum's first recording session, in 1933, and the rest are from a concert given in Los Angeles in 1949—Columbia reminds us how astonishing Tatum was. Blind in one eye and three-quarters blind in the other, he was a short, slow-gaited man with a warm, obscure face and ridiculously stubby hands. He died in 1956, at the age of forty-six, and he was astonishing from the time of his recording début, when he was just twenty-two, until his death. No one ever knew exactly what he was or what to do with him. He was said to be the greatest jazz pianist who ever lived and he was said to be not a jazz pianist at all. He was admired by classical pianists, by George Gershwin, by jazz musicians, and by dazzled, tin-eared laymen. (Twenty-five years after I took my father, a Lawrence Welk fan, to the Three Deuces, on Fifty-second Street, to hear Tatum, he suddenly asked me, "Who was that little blind piano player we heard one night in New York? He was *some*thing.") People poked fun at his ornate style and his corny interpolations in his solos of "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Stars and Stripes Forever," and then wept at his next brilliance. And the problem hasn't changed. He is still mentioned with awe and he is still put down, he is thought old-fashioned and ahead of his time, and nobody has decided yet what kind of pianist he was. If he had been a white man, he might have become an exceptional concert pianist or a great straight-ahead jazz pianist. But not much was lower and more disconnected in the Depression than a Negro, so Tatum, his talents bulging, was unwittingly forced to become a new, one-man musical form that had something in it of Beethoven's most complex harmonies, Horowitz's technical brilliance, a funning, almost anti-jazz improvisation, a rhythmic complexity and sureness that was African, and a self-assurance beyond mere modesty. All this was superbly stamped by his *sound*, which was immediate-

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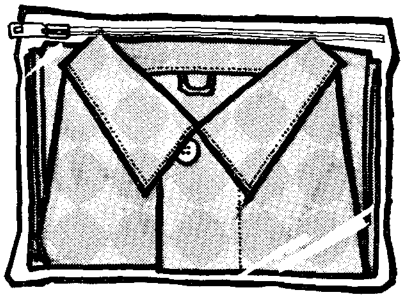

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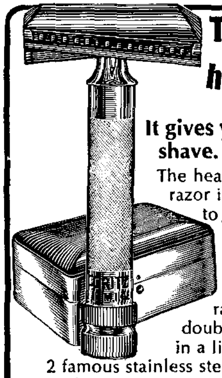

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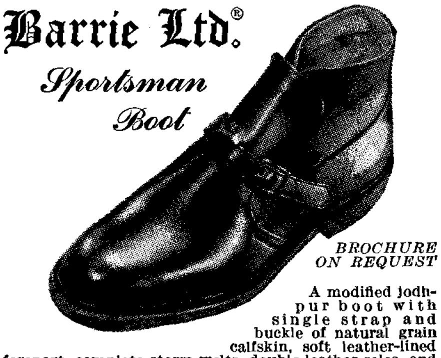

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Richard Tucker

"I've known Winnie Winkle since she was young."

"For about 40 years. Since Madison Street on the lower East Side. I was the only Yankee in my family. We all used to sing after meals," said the former Cantor from Brooklyn in his pied à terre on Central Park South.

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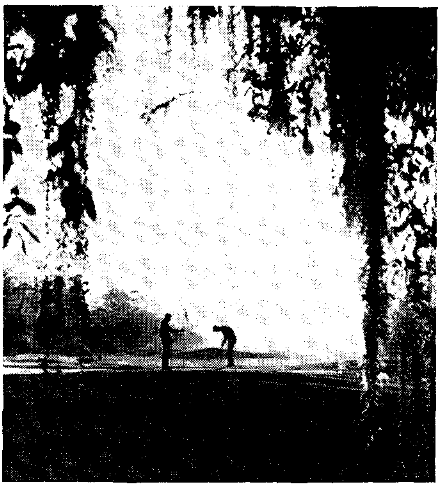
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

ly identifiable after any two bars of his music.

Tatum, like Duke Ellington and Louis Armstrong and Charlie Parker, sprang from virgin soil. In the manner of all great innovators, he looked carefully around him and behind him before he jumped, learning from Fats Waller his stride techniques and his respect for touch and precision, from Earl Hines his single-note melodic lines and maelstrom arhythmic breaks, and from God knows where a technique that few pianists of any sort have matched in this century. Then he jumped, and his odd, doubly frustrating career began. He put together a desultory small band, and it was soon clear that the context suffocated him. He was already a one-man band who helplessly welled up and swamped his sidemen. So he went out on his own and became a sensation. He converted the Fifty-second Street clubs where he often played into small, jammed temples. When the reverence most audiences accorded him was marred by drunken conventioneers, he simply dropped his hands from the keyboard in mid-number and waited, his body motionless, until an almost audible quiet fell, then resumed playing. In the early forties, Tatum put together a trio with Tiny Grimes on guitar (Everett Barksdale eventually replaced him) and Slam Stewart on bass. It had its moments, particularly in the ensemble interplay between the three musicians (by their nature, guitarists and bassists have a way of handling whatever instrumentalists they are surrounded by, even a Tatum), but in the main Tatum sounded hobbled, and he again went out on his own, remaining successful and solitary until he died. (One of the few times Tatum knuckled under and simply became one of the turbines driving the band occurred during an amazing concert in January of 1944 at the Metropolitan Opera House. He had his solo outings that evening, but for most of it he was just a member of possibly the most sensitive and powerful rhythm section ever assembled. Al Casey was on guitar, Oscar Pettiford on bass, and Sidney Catlett on drums, and the four men developed a cyclonic propulsion that lifted the likes of Jack Teagarden, Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, and Red Norvo to startling heights.)

Tatum's second hurdle—his materials, or lack of them—was always there. With the exception of Duke Ellington and Fats Waller and a few others, it is only in the past fifteen or



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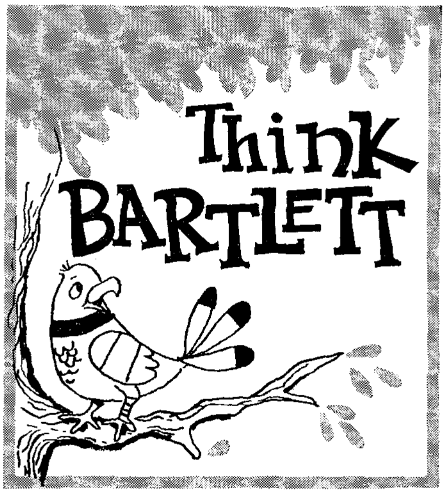

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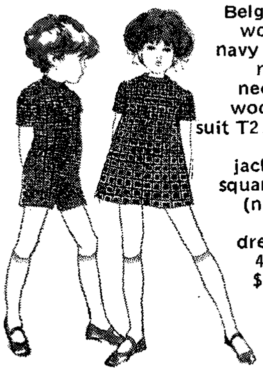

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so years that jazz musicians, weary of the standard popular tunes, have begun writing their own materials. Before that, they generally reworked what was available, often and obviously rising to their best heights with Gershwin and Ellington and Arlen and Youmans and Kern. (Sometimes the reverse was true. One of the best solos Lester Young ever played was in "Flat Foot Floogie.") Tatum was an exception. He apparently had no desire to compose on paper, so he composed when he played. He did this by building baroque castles out of his arpeggios and chords and arhythmic whirlpools, and by using a sly, oblique wit, which made listeners know exactly what he thought of the tune. Like most of the other Eastern pianists (Hines, Mary Lou Williams, the stride men), he never took the blues seriously. He loved to parody boogie-woogie and his rare straight blues came through broadly smiling, Limoges teacups in hand.

Tatum's style was notable for its touch, its speed and accuracy, and its harmonic and rhythmic imagination. No pianist has ever hit notes more beautifully. Each one—no matter how fast the tempo—was light and complete and resonant, like the letters on a finely printed page. Vast lower-register chords were unblurred, and his highest notes were polished silver. (Tatum, needless to say, never muddied anything with the loud pedal.) His speed and precision were almost shocking. Flawless sixteenth-note runs poured up and down the keyboard, each note perfectly accented, and the chords and figures in the left hand sometimes sounded two-handed. Such virtuosity can be an end in itself, and Tatum was delighted to let it be in his up-tempo flag-wavers, when he spectacularly became a high-wire artist, a scaler of Everests, a Buddy Rich. Tatum's bedrock sense of rhythm enabled him to play out-of-tempo interludes or whole choruses that doubled the impact of the implied beat, and his harmonic sense—his strange, multiplied chords, still largely unmatched by his followers, his laying on of two and three and four melodic levels at once—was orchestral and even symphonic.

Tatum would begin a medium-tempo number by playing, or playing with, the melody in ad-lib tempo for the first sixteen bars, rushing at and away from the melody, breaking his phrases with almost coy pauses, and then dancing on again. He would slip into a four-four tempo in the bridge with straight Fats Waller chords, using loose tenths in the left hand, and, near

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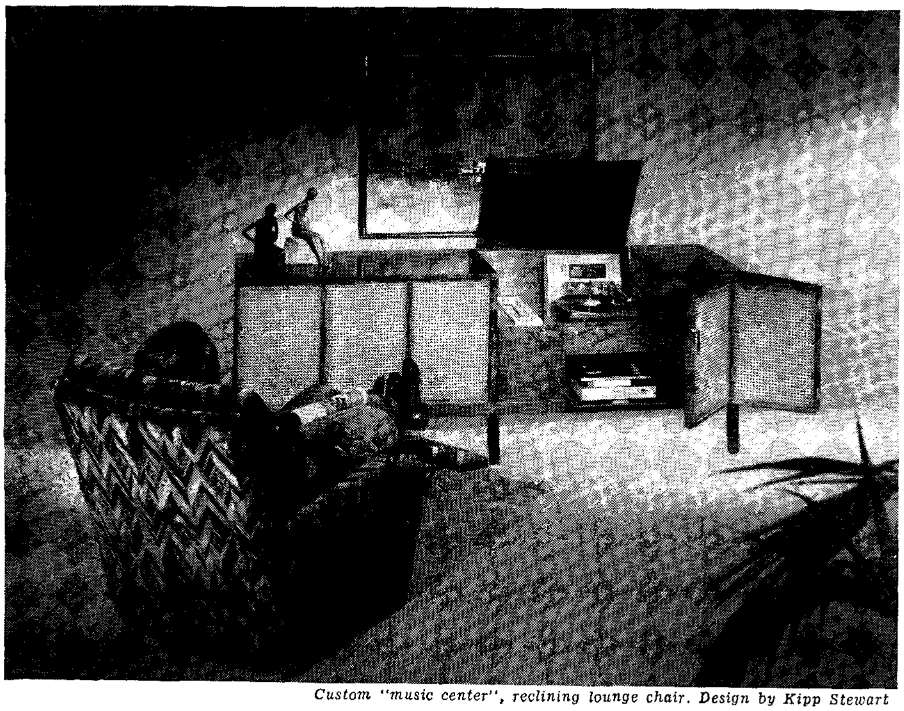

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the end of the bridge, he would disappear into an arpeggio that climbed, descended, and reclimbed the keyboard, coming to an end in the middle of the final eight bars, where he would resume his ad-lib ministrations. He would start the second chorus in tempo, drop into sharp, on-the-beat single notes—*this* was Tatum the jazz musician, the no-nonsense improviser—and, for fear of letting such gravity get out of hand, abruptly shy away into another extended run, which would dissolve into a huge, arhythmic passage, compounded of circular, bucking chords that lasted for the entire bridge. They would be followed by a snatch of stride-piano oompah bass, which rocked back and forth against chopping offbeat chords in the right hand. The final chorus would be a reprise of the first chorus and would often end in a *ha-ha* flatted chord that left the tune and the listener hanging in air. The fast numbers—the now-don't-you-forget-*this* numbers—were a dizzying mixture of meteoric runs, seemingly made up of thirty-second notes, stride-piano passages so fast they made one want to jump and shout, spinning, out-of-tempo breaks, and madcap, on-the-beat single-note passages.

All of Tatum is on the Columbia release. The four early numbers reveal him still in the process of putting together his flying machine. The wind-whipped arpeggios are already there, but, though resplendent, they are disconnected and largely meaningless. Fats Waller is much in evidence, and so are Earl Hines and even Bix Beiderbecke. The harmonies are still ahead of their time. Tatum is a perfect whole in that 1949 Los Angeles concert. Almost every number has passages to ponder and weep over—the runs being poured back and forth between the two hands in "Someone to Watch Over Me;" a "Yesterdays" that is a complete rebuilding of the tune, from the first note to the last; a tidal-wave, up-tempo "I Know That You Know;" a delicate and (so rare for Tatum) fond version of "Willow Weep for Me;" a funny, incredibly light and deft takeoff of boogie-woogie in "Tatum Pole Boogie;" and a "Man I Love" with an arpeggio, lasting some eight bars, that no other pianist would dare because it is impossible.—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

After the war he returned to newspaper work and in six months advanced from $125 a week to $5,000 a year as a columnist.—*Newark Evening News.*

Anyway, the hours were better.

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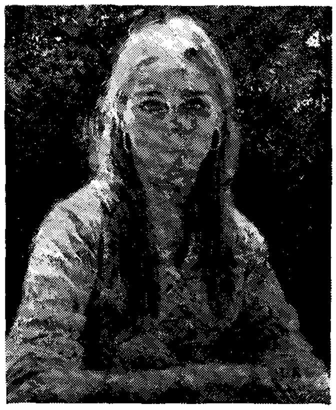

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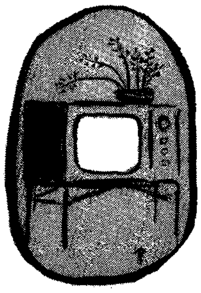
THE AIR

A Wednesday Evening in Chicago

August 29



IT was one of those cool evenings you don't usually get in Chicago this time of year. "You don't often get it nice like this till after Labor Day," the cabdriver had said. The air clear. The night breeze blowing in off the lake. There were boats at anchor in the marina. Dozens of small white boats. White boats floating on the dark water. The boy beside me, a dark-haired boy with a scraggly mustache, was dressed in Levi's and some kind of T-shirt and was called Dave, and blood was running down one side of his face and he was sitting in the gutter holding this girl, and people were screaming, really screaming, and the kids were standing in the middle of the road between the Hilton Hotel and the Blackstone, and then a tight-packed gang of about thirty cops came out of a side street, more or less on the run, holding their clubs out, rushing, pushing into the kids. One kid turned to go by the cops, get out of the way, and one of the cops grabbed the kid by one arm, spinning him off balance, and hit him on the back of the neck with his club. The kid yelled "Hey! God*dam!*," and the cop, who wore a blue helmet and a wide belt, shoved his club hard into the kid's belly, and the kid sort of doubled up, and the cop grabbed him by the arm again and pulled him down the street toward where a white paddy wagon was parked in the middle of the road—one of three paddy wagons, or white armored trucks, with their back doors open. The cop and the kid went by me. The kid, who was tall and skinny, looked about nineteen. The cop seemed young, too. He kept dragging the kid by the arm, and then another cop came over and took the kid by the other arm, and they brought him up in front of the door of the paddy wagon, and when the kid hesitated a moment before climbing in, the second cop shoved him with his club. Then the kid climbed up into the wagon, and both cops pushed him forward so that he fell into it, and then the cops slammed the doors closed and went back on the run, clubs out, to find more kids. The kids were everywhere about. A television cameraman was standing in the middle of the road, in front of a bunch of them, taking pictures of the line of cops advancing on them. The cops were walking in tight formation, striding, their clubs not raised but held against their chests. The cameraman moved back before them, and to one side—you could see him tilting his camera, a heavy thing, to get the picture right—and then the cops suddenly started to run, raising their clubs. The cameraman moved back again and aside more quickly, and then some more cops came in from right behind him, and you could see them all swirled in together—the kids, the cops, the cameraman, who was trying now to raise his camera so that he could see into the mob, then being pushed out, clutching his camera with one hand, a cop grabbing him by the other arm. The cameraman was wild with rage. He wrenched himself away from the cop and just stood there swearing at him, yelling at him, and then the cop took one step toward him, and the cameraman stood still, and the cop turned around and ran back in toward the crowd until he found a kid, and hit him with his club on the shoulders and arms, which he had raised to protect his head. Oh, it was really rotten. You can have only a partial idea of how rotten it was. I kept reading in the papers about how "demonstrators" had been "thumped" or "thwacked" with "nightsticks." When you are six feet tall and weigh a hundred and seventy pounds and hit a man on the head with a thick piece of wood—a thick, hard piece of wood—you do not "thump" him. You give him not only hurt, which is finite, but something worse, something degrading, and this may be why the people who now advocate clubbing in our country seem to be the same people who have trouble understanding that the dropping of bombs on other nations is something more, and worse, than the "delivery" of "hardware."

And I think maybe this is as good a time as any to say something of the television people who tried to report what is officially known as the Democratic National Convention. People generally have the idea, I think, that television is such a big deal that it always gets in everywhere it wants to; nothing is sacred to the camera eye; everything is exposed; nobody has privacy anymore. This time last year, I remember, I was standing beside

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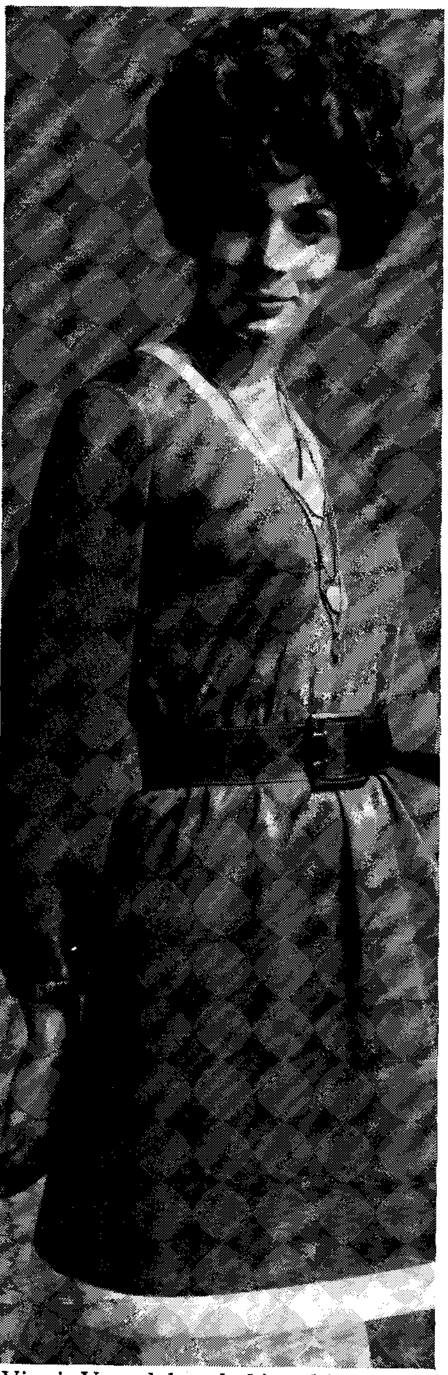

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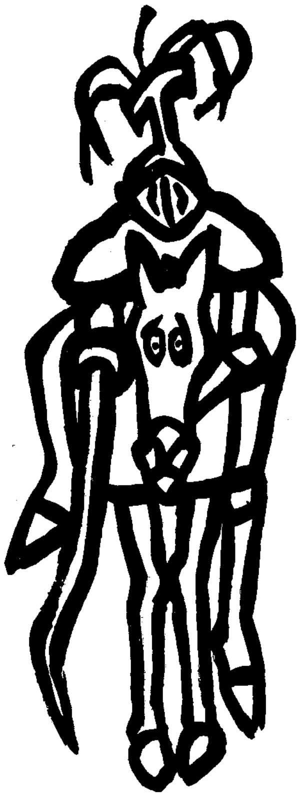

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some dust-blown Marine-helicopter pad in Vietnam with David Schoumacher, of C.B.S., and listening to Schoumacher try to persuade a Marine information officer to let him and his crew fly in to Tam Ky, where, he understood, a big and costly battle was still going on. The Marine refused. He claimed they needed all their helicopters, and doubtless that was in a way true. "But what about the ones I can see going in there empty?" Schoumacher kept asking. The Marine officer wouldn't budge. He had his orders. Later, after we'd gone back to the base, Schoumacher seemed quite calm about it all. "It's standard practice," he explained. "If a battle is going badly, they won't fly you in. Tam Ky, we hear, is going very badly. The U.P.I. had a report out that some of the Marines turned and ran. Can you imagine the Marines allowing that to be caught on film? They'll let us out there when the enemy has gone and the Marines are engaged in mopping-up operations"—which is what they eventually did. The official Marine dispatches described Tam Ky as "a gallant action." I ran into Schoumacher here yesterday—Schoumacher in a business suit, rushing through the corridors of the Conrad Hilton with his camera crew, this time trying to buck Mayor Daley, the Chicago police force, and the official censorship of the Democratic National Committee.

It's common knowledge by now, to be sure, how Daley and the Democrats combined to cut down the television coverage of the events in Chicago by managing the electrical-workers' strike so that there wasn't any time left to provide the networks with mobile hookups—that, plus preventing the networks' mobile trucks from parking at key places on the streets, and making things generally as difficult and restrictive as possible. Still, it's hard to realize, just sitting there in one's living room and looking at the screen, the extent to which one's bird's-eye view of actuality can be diminished, altered, censored in this country, in the year 1968, by a combination of officialdom and sheer brute force. It has truly been very ugly here, and I do not mind being so personal about it because there was something very special in the air in Chicago this week and I have been reading the newspaper stories about it, with their now almost conventional narrations of "thumpings" and "thwackings," and I have been looking at the television, and even the television, which did as well by all of us as I think it humanly

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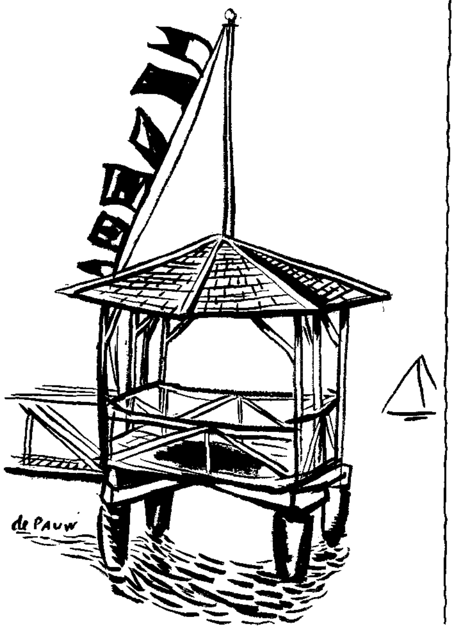
could have, couldn't quite give it out as it really was. Just before going downtown toward the Conrad Hilton, where so much of the clubbing and tear-gassing took place, I watched the evening news in my hotel room. It was mostly about the Convention. Would Humphrey really get it on the first ballot? Interview with Dick Goodwin. Talk about the Vietnam plank. And then a film clip just in from Czechoslovakia, about Dubček. And then—it seemed like something from an old, old movie, so familiar, so terribly familiar, by now almost obscene—a couple of minutes from Vietnam. A mopping-up operation, actually. And there we were once again, briefly—the scene now barely intruding on our consciousness, the same old cast of characters. This time, a Marine sergeant—the same young, harrowed face, unshaven, eyes glazed—talking in a seemingly matter-of-fact tone about what had just happened. "Well, we weren't too worried," he said. "We knew we had the air power. But then a whole lot of them came up at night. Last night. They ran right over Mike Company. It was kind of bad then. That was when my buddy got killed." He seemed about twenty years old, and also had a scraggly mustache, and looked tired enough to fall right down where he was standing. And then the correspondent came on, standing there in his fatigues—a new face. I forget his name; there have been so many "generations" of correspondents in the last few years. Morley Safer, the C.B.S. man who tried so hard to bring home the irony of the war at a time when only those weird people with long hair seemed to have the passion to hate it—Morley Safer,



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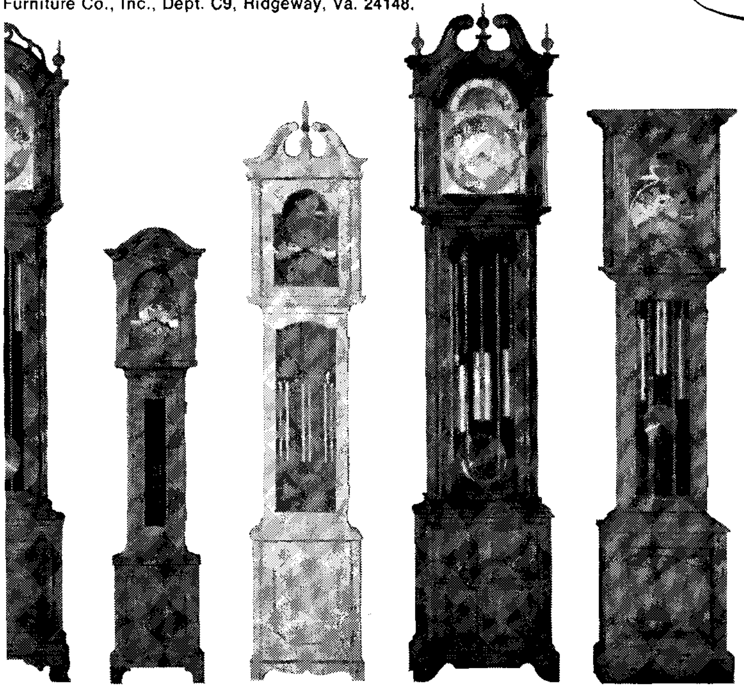

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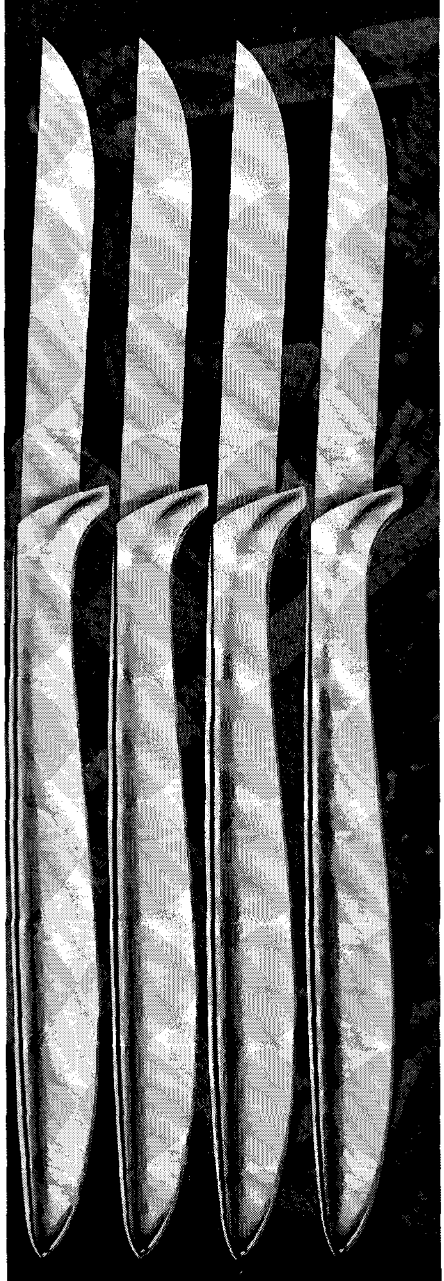

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now elegantly sideburned, was reporting to us that evening from Czechoslovakia. David Schoumacher was, as I said, at the Conrad Hilton. John Laurence, who did such extraordinary work in Con Thien last fall, was over at Lincoln Park with the kids—"the young rebels," as he kept insistently calling them. Wilson Hall, whom I remember bouncing down a Danang road in the back of a jeep, his face quite scarlet from the sun, had been covering Richard Nixon in air-conditioned Miami three weeks ago. Dean Brelis, whom I recently saw from a taxi in New York, making his way up Madison Avenue with a bum leg, was also in Czechoslovakia. And the bloody, wretched war goes on. And kids in Chicago march in the streets. I find it hard to get that Marine sergeant out of my mind—all the more because he barely got into it. That familiar gray picture. Gray Vietnam. Gray Prague. Gray Chicago. Events on film.

When things had quieted down in front of the Hilton last night, I walked down one of the side streets, going no place special, walking partly to *do* something that seemed vaguely human, to get the tear-gas fumes out of the eyes and throat. There was a bar somewhere down Wabash—the Starlite Bar, or something like that. Small, dingy, the kind of bar that is the reason, I guess, one doesn't go to bars much anymore. They had a television set on—an old Dumont set, for God's sake—up on one of those shelves above the bar, just like in the old days when you used to go around the corner to Corey's to watch the World Series. Governor Hughes, of Iowa, was nominating Senator McCarthy. Governor Hughes seemed like a good man, although not exactly a spellbinder, which is maybe just as well. Gene McCarthy also seemed like a good man, but none of that appeared to matter quite enough right then. A couple of the people at the bar were looking at the set but talking to each other about something to do with automobiles and payments. And then Governor Hughes stopped speaking, and the television switched to video tape and showed the fighting and clubbing that had happened an hour or so before dawn at the Hilton. You couldn't see much, really, it was so dark. Blurred lights. The camera moving, tilting. Police running by. Kids milling, running. Maybe you could see enough. I sat there in the bar and watched a cop grab a boy by the neck, and the boy run off, and the cop run after him and hit him twice with his

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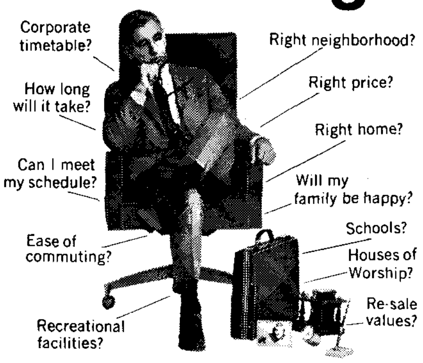
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club. You couldn't see the boy's face, and you heard no sound, although you knew there had been a sound. I went out of the bar (one could still hear police sirens in the distance, smell the gas, the smell of tear gas seeming so much a part of the night air that it would never be without it) and walked up Michigan. A long walk, past the Art Institute, and that big, shiny insurance complex, and Bertrand Goldberg's Marina City, and back to my hotel room, which is all brown: brown walls, brown rug, brown lamps. Down below—fifteen floors below, on the sidewalk—some kids were chanting; you couldn't make out what it was. I switched the television on. The roll call of the states. Montana. Nevada. New York. The great state of Pennsylvania put Humphrey over the top. There was much cheering. That Marine sergeant on the evening news—he seemed so tired. And young. And Dave, the kid with the blood running down his head who had been sitting in the gutter by the Conrad Hilton. I knew he was called Dave because the girl he was holding kept stroking his face and saying, "Dave, just a moment . . ." It seems odd to think that neither of those two young men will ever know about the other, but before too long maybe somebody, somehow, ought to try to tell them.

—Michael J. Arlen

•

Dear Abby: I was married last Sunday in the chapel of our church. It was a small but beautiful wedding. Everything was perfect. We opened our gifts and then left for a short honeymoon trip. When we returned all was in a state of turmoil. My father had proof that my husband had been married before and had not been divorced.

When confronted with this accusation my husband denied it, and said he was going to get a lawyer. Then he took off and never came back. My problem is what to do about the wedding gifts.—*Sioux City Journal.*

Not every girl sees straight through to the core of things.

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All this, and much, much more, is told in one of those volumes that comes out only once in a blue moon if that often, a book so beautifully written, researched in such scholarly detail, so spiced with humor and so laced with philosophy as to put thoroughly to shame by comparison that other American classic about the same general area in France: Henry James' "Mont St. Michel and Chartres."

James was writing, of course, about architecture.—*Boston Globe.*

While Henry Adams sulked in his tent.

girls hate to take them off!

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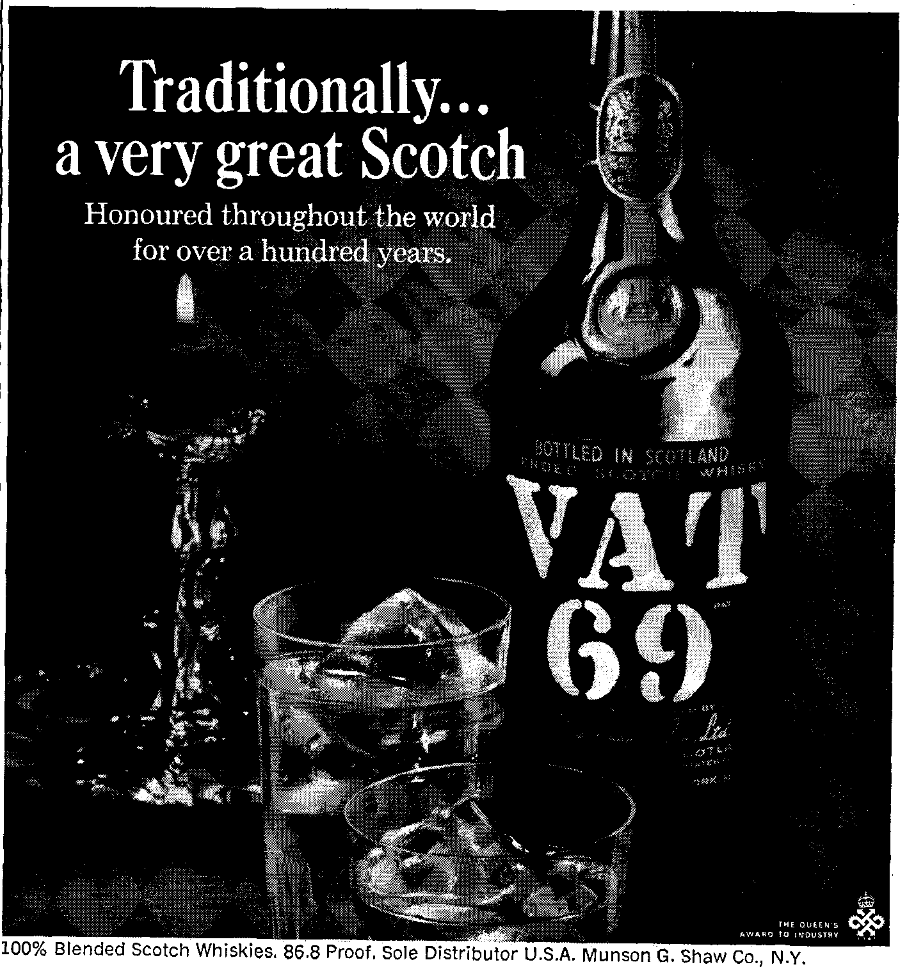
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THE RACE TRACK

Back to Town

With the return to Aqueduct last week, racing on Long Island moved into its autumnal phase. If the Fall Highweight Handicap—the traditional opening-day event—was a hint of what is to come, it's going to be an interesting and lively session. More Scents, who is better known for his success on turf courses and who was carrying 136 pounds, won the Fall Highweight by a head from Gaylord's Feather, the favorite. Taipan, one of the lightweights, who led until the last hundred yards of the six furlongs, was a neck behind, in third place. This weekend, the Matron Stakes, one of the season's prizes for two-year-old fillies, should bring out a worthy collection. So many top-notchers have won it in the past that I wouldn't have space to list them all. Instead, I'll call to mind a disappointment. Back in 1947, Calumet Farm had a little whizzer you may remember named Bewitch. She went to the post in the Matron at odds-on, and a big noise from Hollywood, who shall be nameless, bet $65,000 on her to show—for supper money, no doubt. Well, moments after the start she veered sharply across the track, crowding most of the other starters, and then flew on to finish first by lengths. So she was disqualified—and there was no supper money.

Needless to say, the race of the meeting will be the Beldame Stakes, for fillies and mares, at a mile and a furlong, the following Saturday. Dark Mirage, this old pushover's pet—and, incidentally, the outstanding three-year-old—will meet such topflight older runners of her sex as Gamely, Princessnesian, Politely, Plucky Pan, and Prides Profile (how's that for a run of "P"s?) at weight-for-age. Dark Mirage and the other three-year-olds will carry 118 pounds, and the four-year-olds and upward 123. A getaway-day special.

There is something about Belmont Park, which will follow the Big A, that raises it above the level of other racecourses. (Oh, I know there are plenty of things to complain about, too.) It's not the prize money; rather, Belmont seems to have

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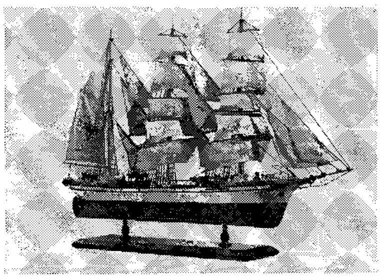

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the power to bring out the best in horses and show it in a suitable setting. (It also lists half a dozen races with purses grossing six figures.) The Futurity, in my book still the blue ribbon for two-year-olds, returns there on September 21st after an absence of seven years, and it may settle a question that racetrackers have been arguing ever since Saratoga—the relative merits of Top Knight and Reviewer, who ran one, two in the Hopeful. And if it doesn't, there's the Champagne Stakes on Columbus Day.

For the older horses, the main events are the Woodward, at a mile and a quarter, on September 28th; the Man o' War, at a mile and a half over the turf course, on October 19th; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, at two miles, on October 26th. By the way, the Queen of England may send one of her horses, Hopeful Venture, to run in the Man o' War. At any rate, Tommy Trotter, racing secretary for the New York Racing Association, has sent an entry blank to Noel Murless, who trains him. I hardly need to add that the racecourse management is all of a twitter. Hopeful Venture—and isn't that a happy name for a race horse?—is a four-year-old bay colt by Aureole, and a handsome one, to judge by his pictures. He's unbeaten (as this is written) in three starts this season: the Ormonde Stakes at Chester, the Hardwicke Stakes at Royal Ascot, and the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud in Paris.

It is to be regretted that no jumping races are scheduled for Saturdays or holidays at either Aqueduct or Belmont Park. Some years ago, the powers who decide such things found that more money was bet in the mutuels on claimers, so racing between the flags was relegated to weekdays. It seems to me that if a good steeplechase, or even a hurdles race, were run off occasionally on weekends it would earn new friends for the sport. It's worth a try, anyhow. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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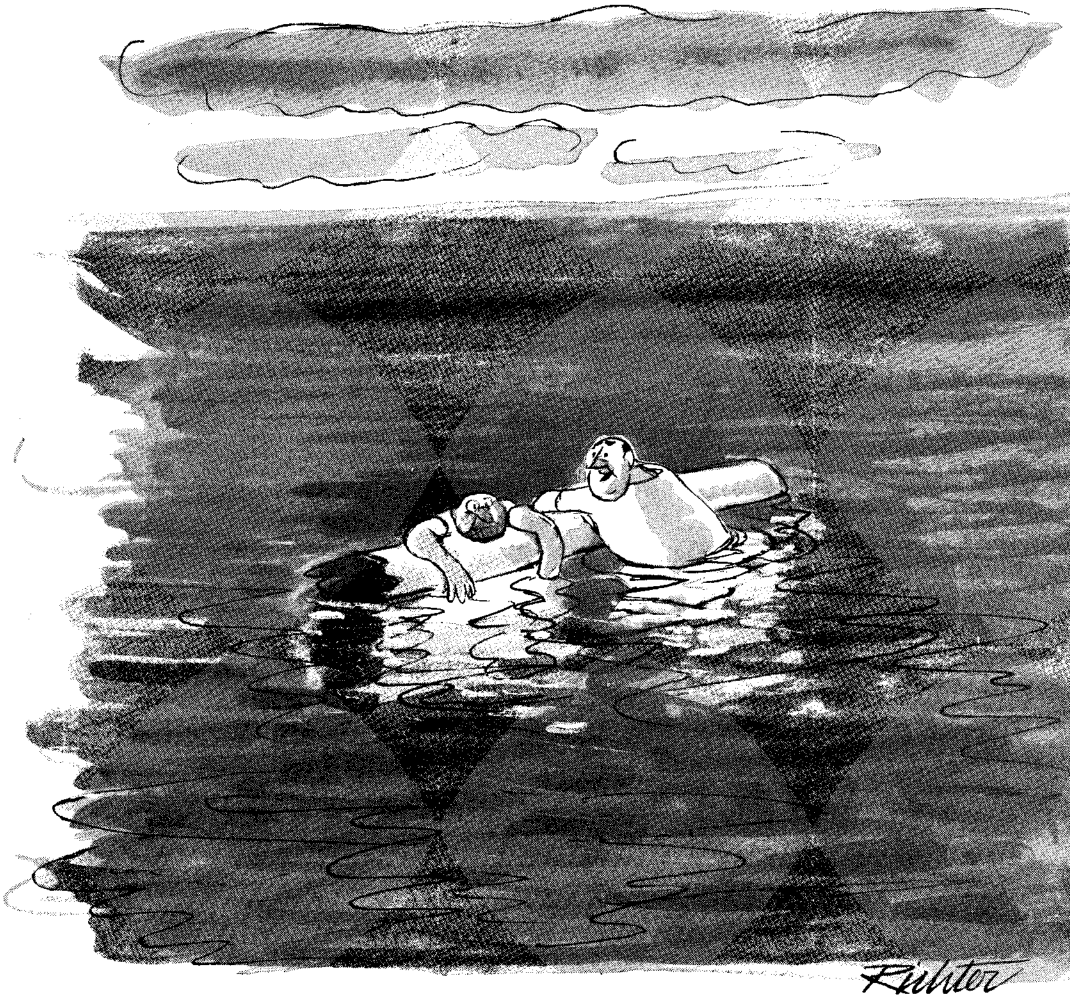
RONA

LETTER FROM CHICAGO

AUGUST 30

THERE is this that can still be said for Chicago—that despite its fabled corruption and greed, despite its bloody past and present, and despite the several clear resemblances to Prague and Saigon that could be observed along the lake front and in the International Amphitheatre this week, it continues to produce and shelter journalists irreverent in their attitudes toward such established institutions as Mayor Daley's party and toward the professional canons that are generally honored in the observance elsewhere in the country. Delegates and other victims who, braving the stench and the occupation forces in their hotel lobbies, could find on the newsstands yesterday morning the New York *Times*, which informed them, in a banner headline, "HUMPHREY NOMINATED ON THE FIRST BALLOT," could also find the Chicago *Daily News*, whose banner, eschewing capitals, read "HHH faces shambles." This was over a lead story by Peter Lisagor, which began with this succinct pronouncement on the proceedings of the evening before: "Hubert H. Humphrey could have gotten a better deal in a bankruptcy court." Indeed he could have. No bankruptcy court ever burdened a failed entrepreneur with a thirty-billion-dollar-a-year war abroad, or required full payment in the hard currency of ego to such creditors as Lyndon Johnson and Richard Daley. When Senator McGovern entered the Grand Ballroom of the Conrad Hilton for his morning-after press conference, he was greeted by a cry of "Congratulations!" "Thank you," he said, with a smile that perfectly betrayed the fact that he realized he was being complimented not for valor in three largely inactive weeks of political combat but for enjoying the good fortune of not having to head the Democratic ticket this year. Later, Senator McCarthy received similar congratulations in the same spirit.

In the last twenty-four hours, there have been signs that the Vice-President will try to beat the rap. In his acceptance speech last night, he said, plainly referring to Vietnam, that "the policies of tomorrow need not be limited by the policies of yesterday." Translated from the Aesopian, this could read, "On Friday morning, I won't have to do what I said I would do on Wednesday night." In the same speech, he said that "those who know the true meaning of democracy accept the decision of today but never [relinquish] their right to change it tomorrow." Democracy is by no means the only system that can claim this doctrine. Addressing the Democratic National Committee this morning, he explained, like a modernist preacher talking about the Old Testament to hard-shell fundamentalists, that no one could be expected to take the platform entire as Holy Writ. "The most foolish thing a man could do would be to be wedded inflexibly to every word," he said. "Let's not get ourselves into any inflexible position." But the "inflexible position" he clearly had in mind was the Vietnam plank of the platform, which he and his supporters had fought for bitterly only two days earlier, thereby causing—in the judgment of nearly all observers here—extensive, and probably irreparable, damage to the Party and to his own prospects for victory in 1968. Humphrey may take up flexibility now that he is, as he puts it, "the captain of the team." But if he is really ready to do so, it would seem that he must be prepared either to be hauled back into court on charges of contempt or to face repudiation by the man who may no longer be "captain" but is indisputably President and Commander-in-Chief. In Lyndon Johnson's house up to now, as Hubert Humphrey must know better than any other man alive, there have been not many mansions



"'. . . And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout, but there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.' Now, how about it, man? Don't you know any poems, jokes, riddles?"

but only one. Things may have changed, or may be in the process of changing; as everyone keeps saying, anything can happen in 1968. But most people at this Convention doubt it, and some think it altogether possible that Humphrey is talking as he is because he has received word that he is already *persona non grata*, and is thus emboldened to strike out on his own. Humphrey may even have decided that, in view of the way things have been going lately, a Presidential curse would be worth a hundred Presidential blessings. Anything is possible.

"We will do our best to adjust our message and our policies to the realities," the candidate told the National Committee, which includes quite a few people who don't think much of either the message or the policies. As a rule, political opportunism is characterized as such, and looked down upon, only by those who dislike the opportunities being seized. If Humphrey is on his way to becoming a dove, many men of high principle will applaud his abandonment of what they regard as low principle. No one is opposed to "adjusting" to the "realities"—there can be disagreement only over the perceptions of reality and the appropriateness of the adjustments to it. In his acceptance speech last night and in his observations this morning, Humphrey left a good deal of room for conjecture and argument over the soundness of his perceptions concerning the country he hopes to lead. On our role in Vietnam, his most notable contribution was an omission; he said not a word in praise of the war or of our conduct of it or of any of the ideological flimflam that has been advanced in its support. He said that peace is a "necessity"—Johnson, Nixon, and George Wallace work that thought into every speech—and that "no one knows what the situation in Vietnam will be when the next President of the United States takes that oath of office on January 20, 1969." (Little doubt about this, certainly, though Ho Chi Minh and Lyndon Johnson could probably come up with some highly educated guesses.) Nobody really suspects Humphrey of outright dissembling on the peace issue. Like just about everybody else, he wants out. The fear is not that he doesn't mean it when he says he feels free to reinterpret the Vietnam plank adopted here but, rather, that he would not, or could not, perform the act of moral and intellectual purgation that now seems essential to ending the war—a repudiation not of a few words in a platform but of the past he helped

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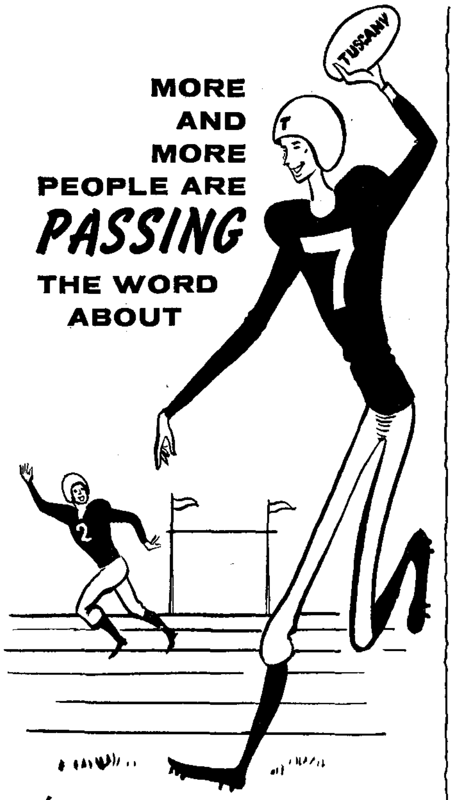

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to fashion. (No matter how hawkish he may sound, Richard Nixon, an opportunist of breathtaking virtuosity, is in an almost perfect position to do this if he so chooses. The administration he served had a lot to do with our present plight in Southeast Asia, but the political statute of limitations has long since run out, and no one can hold him personally responsible for anything but his language—February, 1968: "There is no alternative to the continuation of the war in Vietnam"—which Humphrey seems to be saying doesn't count after forty-eight hours.) Though Humphrey may in time find some device for extricating himself from the recent past—not the last few days but the more than three years of agony that began with the crucial escalations of 1965—there is as yet no sign that he sees a need to do any such thing.

Like Nixon in Miami Beach, Humphrey in Chicago needed—though never quite as badly as Nixon—Southern support for the nomination. His Strom Thurmond was John Connally, of Texas, but Connally—partly because he isn't really a Thurmond, partly because the South was anything but solid in this Convention—did not play Warwick, as Thurmond did. Humphrey's choice of Senator Muskie as the Vice-Presidential candidate was made not to win favor in the South or in the suburbs, as the choice of Governor Agnew was three weeks ago, but, rather, to hold on to those elements of the old Democratic coalition that have not already defected or become incorrigibly apathetic. Unlike Nixon, Humphrey has no "Southern strategy" for the election. He accepts it as foreordained that, except in two or three states, the contest for Southern electoral votes will be between Nixon and George Wallace. He therefore has no present need (though one may develop later on if, as seems possible, every large city becomes a Chicago of sorts) to talk like a sheriff's deputy. He put in some strong words for "law and order," few of which seemed directed at Mayor Daley and his enforcers, who succeeded neither in upholding the law nor in maintaining order, but he also acknowledged the existence of a national malaise ("There is, my friends—let's see it as it is—trouble in America") and the probability that, unless remedies are quickly found and applied, "we shall doom ourselves to a terrible exhaustion of body and spirit." Yet he could not bring himself to attribute any part of the "trouble" to its principal cause, the war; on the contrary, he boasted—not

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altogether unreasonably but, in the circumstances, quite irrelevantly—that it was largely a by-product of the successes of the Democratic administrations he has so conscientiously served. ("We have awakened expectations. We have aroused new voices. . . . We have inspired new hope, etc., etc.") In the main, he prescribed more of the same courses of therapy, the ultimate efficacy of which remains to be proved or disproved. He was, of course, in no position to point out that the foreign policies of the Johnson-Humphrey Administration have made impossible the extension, or even the preservation, of the most admirable of its domestic policies.

The largest question about Hubert Humphrey—and it was being asked a good two years before he arrived for the coronation ceremonies—is concerned not so much with his views on Vietnam or on law and order or on social justice as with the inner spirit of the man. If one takes him more or less at his word (and makes the necessary discounts required by the delicacy of his position) and on his record (including his support of the war), he seems a worthy enough successor to any of the Democratic Presidents of this century. He is intelligent, adventurous, and as awesomely energetic as the incumbent. He has had more practical experience than most of his predecessors, and in his early career he was far more courageous and independent than most of his contemporaries. But for the last four years he has been the servant of a man who destroys servants. It is not that Lyndon Johnson is a deliberately cruel master; he can be tolerant of human weakness and generous in praise and promotions for services rendered. But it is a fact, to which nearly all his former aides have borne witness, that taking and carrying out his orders for any length of time is an immensely destructive experience—the more so because, in the end, or well before the end, the President develops a contempt for those who have shown the very servitude he has demanded. (It is this trait that has led many to wonder whether Johnson really wants Humphrey to succeed him.) Many Johnson aides who have feared that continued service and subservience would leave them with no character at all have got out of the Administration, just as any sensible man would get out of the way of a bulldozer. But Vice-Presidents do not resign. Some, like John Nance Garner under Franklin D. Roosevelt, have dissociated themselves to a certain extent from the President, and Garner's ex-

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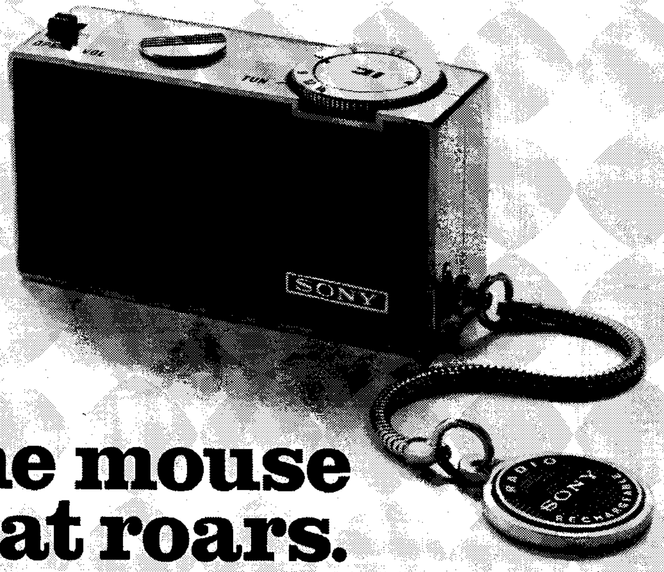

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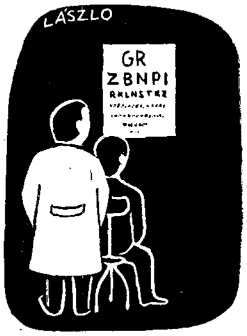
ample, among others, has often been commended to Humphrey. But, Johnson being Johnson, and Humphrey being Humphrey and wanting desperately to be President himself, the option simply was not available to him—or so, at least, his friends insist. Some say that the Humphrey of four years ago is very nearly intact; others, no less well-disposed, doubt if the Humphrey of four years ago any longer exists.

The evidence available here has been in the main disquieting. Whether or not there has been permanent damage to Humphrey's character, there has clearly been a disintegration of the kind of sensibility for which the man once seemed almost unique in his time. Before the National Committee, he spoke of the problem of gaining the support of those young people who had worked for Senator McCarthy as if all that was required to deal with it were time—a few days or weeks—and perhaps such other healing compounds as patronage: "Just give these people time—they'll be there." Some of them no doubt will be there, especially if Richard Nixon goes on talking about nuclear weapons as an instrument of diplomacy, but neither in his acceptance speech nor in his other statements did Humphrey reveal that he had any useful clue to the real grievances of the McCarthy supporters—to say nothing of those more deeply alienated young citizens confronting the police and the National Guard on Michigan Avenue. Senator McCarthy had as little in common with most of the demonstrators as Humphrey had, but—though it could not advance his 1968 cause in the slightest, since that had already been smashed by the Humphrey machine—he had the compassion (it could also be called good political sense) to set up an emergency hospital in his Conrad Hilton headquarters. From another floor of the same hotel, a television entertainer not previously noted for any sympathy with protesters looked out upon the awful scene and instructed the kitchen to send a thousand sandwiches out to those on the barricades—a gesture of which, as far as is known, he did not inform his press agents. Something of the sort might have been expected of the Humphrey of several years ago, but neither gestures nor words of any kind of understanding were forthcoming this week. Worse, according to some of those who shared his company in the Buckingham Suite on Wednesday night, when the ballots were being counted a few miles away and heads were being smashed under brilliant illumination a couple of hundred feet below his command post, he drew the blinds on the ghastly and unpredictable battle raging below and fastened his attention on the sham battle—the entirely predictable proceedings being brought to him by color television. (The Indiana count: "Golly, I missed it by a half." Maryland: "Exact.") Once or twice in the course of the evening, he peered through the blinds and declared that he found the spectacle "sad," though it is said he was considerably relieved by an Associated Press dispatch that said most of the demonstrators were from other parts of the country, and thus, as he is reported to have put it, "do not represent the people of Chicago." If all this seemed incredible to old Humphrey-watchers, it became slightly less so on Friday morning, when Mrs. Humphrey explained that she and her husband understood the mood of the new generation because they had been getting reports on it from the young Humphreys. "Our youngsters," she said, "are all over talking with young executives and young Jaycees."



THIS Convention, viewed in purely organizational terms, bore some striking resemblances to the one held in Miami Beach earlier in the month and, in fact, to most major-party Conventions held since television came into our lives. First-ballot nominations now seem the unvarying rule; only once—here in Chicago in 1952, when Adlai Stevenson won on the third tally—has there been a match that went beyond the first round. Whether this is to be explained as a mere accident or as a consequence of television no one really knows, but television has, for better or worse, made politicians aware of the fact that people mostly regard politics as an intrusion on their time and on their attention, and wish to see things—particularly things that bore them—brought to a head quickly. Speeches have been shortened, demonstrations have been curtailed (and eventually seem bound to be done away with), and, since 1952, nearly all the bartering has been done before the delegates have arrived. (This Convention was

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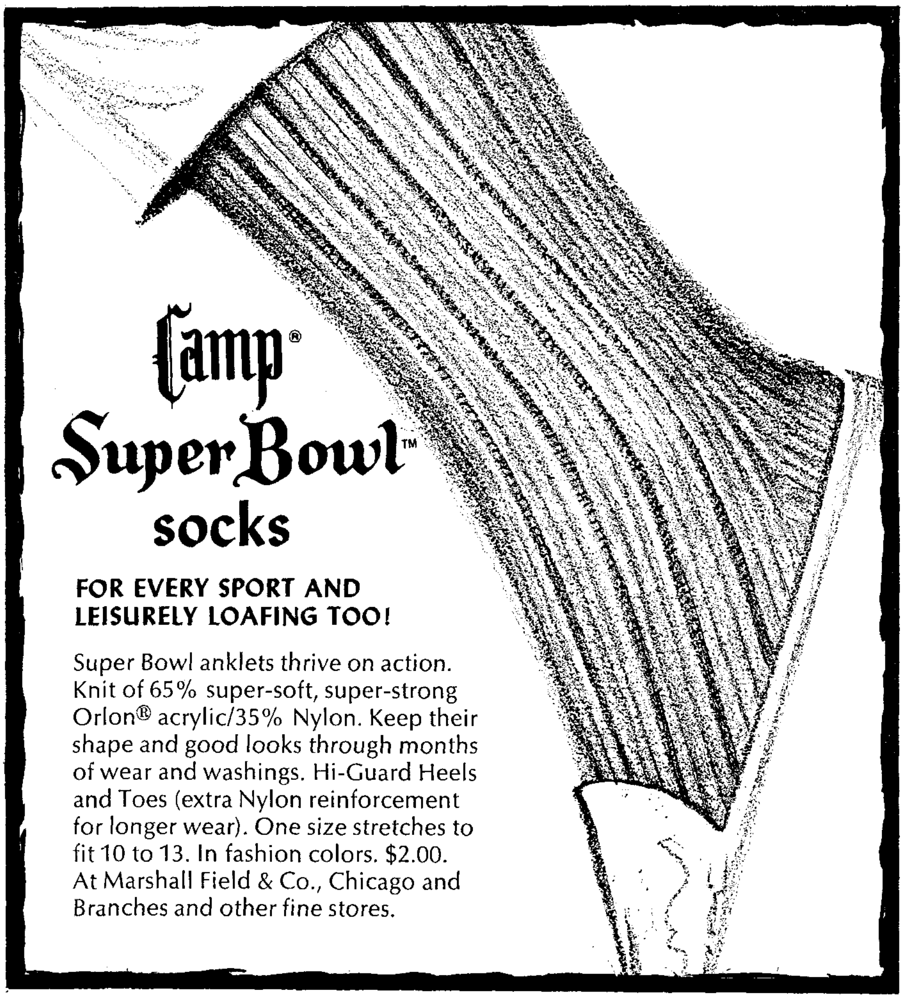
something of an exception in that it was the scene of one major debate and of a good deal of controversy over rules and procedures, many of which were revised by action of the delegates.) The pre-Convention front-runners now seem the inevitable winners, no matter what strength the challengers may have shown in the primaries and in the opinion polls. The front-runners (John F. Kennedy, Barry Goldwater, Richard Nixon, Hubert Humphrey) accumulate their early strength not by direct appeals to the electorate but by appeals to the organizations—a method not quite as undemocratic as it is frequently held to be, since the strength of even such organizations as the one that Mayor Daley presides over with so much ruthless effectiveness derives ultimately from the people. Mayor Daley may be a despot, but he is a very popular despot and is looked upon as a benign one by most Chicagoans. Not since the nomination of Dwight Eisenhower sixteen years ago has any man been chosen for reasons of demonstrable personal popularity among the masses. But all the also-rans of recent years have regarded, or professed to regard, popularity as the key to nomination, and listening to the McCarthy people here was much like listening to the Rockefeller people in Miami Beach three weeks ago—and, for that matter, like listening to the same people in San Francisco four years ago. Humphrey, Nixon, Goldwater—none, it was said with assurance, could get nominated, because each was certain to be a loser in November, whereas every one of the challengers could produce solid evidence of "electability." Presented to the delegates in Miami Beach and Chicago, this evidence was bound to lead to "erosion" among those committed to Humphrey and Nixon. Both McCarthy and Rockefeller saw hope for themselves in the "favorite sons," some of whom—most notably those in the South—shared no bonds of ideological sympathy with them but could nevertheless be useful in creating the time that would be necessary for the erosion process to develop. Rockefeller saw great hope in Ronald Reagan's small show of strength, which would ultimately work to his benefit; McCarthy saw bright prospects in a good showing by Lester Maddox, which might lead to a revolt of the South against Humphrey and, by some unexplained alchemy, to an increase of support for McCarthy—or, possibly, to a draft of Edward Kennedy, whose absent presence constituted one of the few phe-



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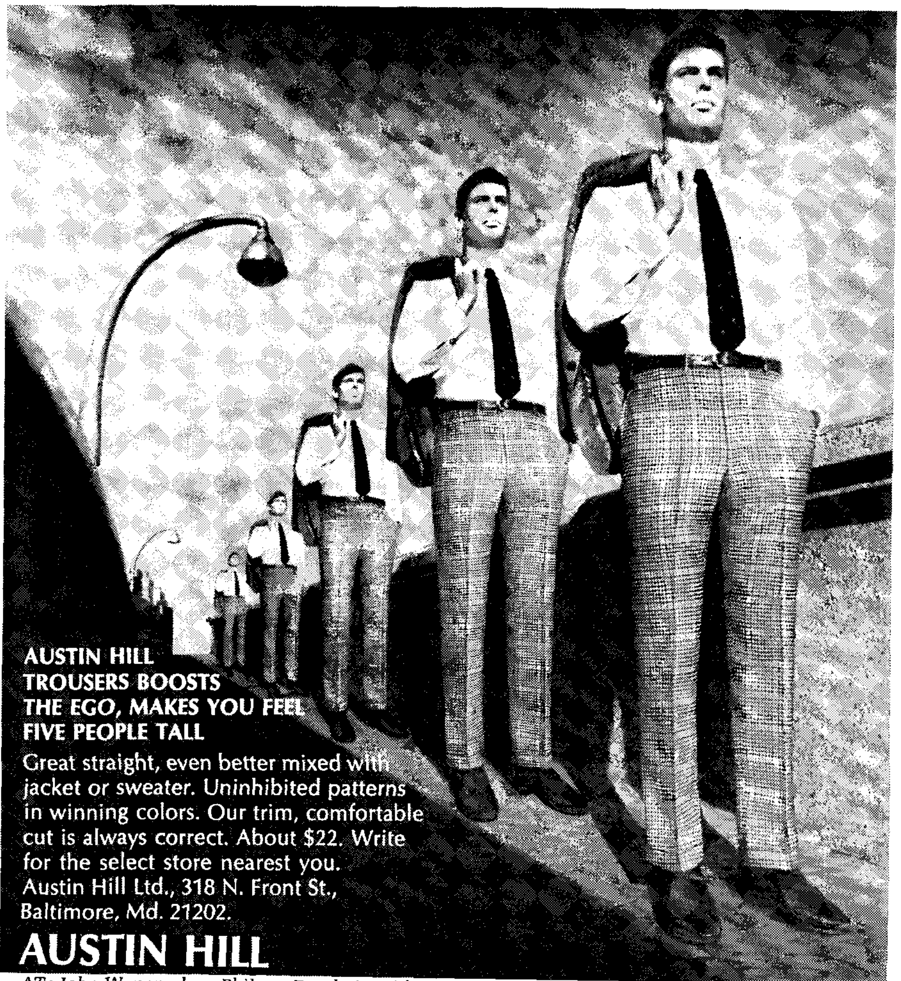

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nomena here that were not familiar to those who had seen the Early Show at Miami Beach.

The system may be unbeatable. Much has lately changed in our political lives, but our parties retain—far more than our nation does—the characteristics of federation. They are not national parties but voluntary organizations of state parties, and the state chieftains are still, for the most part, men in whose lives many things are more important than the quality of national leadership. Controlling the State House more means far more to most of them than controlling the White House, and the question for them is rarely who can do the most to produce "victory" across the nation every four years but, rather, who can help the most, or hurt the least, on their own turf. This year's Conventions have given rise to much talk about finding a new and more "democratic" system for the selection of national leaders. The favored alternative of many theorists is a national primary—a preëlection election in which the voters in each party can (presumably on the same day, a couple of months before the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November of each quadrennial year) express their preferences among the declared candidates. A national primary might curb the powers of the provincial leaders or compel them to take a broader view of the national interest, but it would also, in all probability, make victory a sure thing for the candidates with the most money and the most theatricality. The present system still provides opportunities for men whose means may be slender, but whose convictions may be powerful and deserving of attention, to exert at least some influence on the political process. Senator McCarthy did a great deal to alter the political climate this year simply by winning the New Hampshire primary in March; it seems unlikely that he could have accomplished anywhere near as much if he had had to finance and conduct a big-time show from sea to shining sea.

It may eventually turn out that more was accomplished for democracy in the midst of the sordid proceedings here this week than could possibly be accomplished by any scheme that would bypass the convention system. To the consternation of the circus managers, a real debate on a great issue was a feature of the production. It was thrust upon the Convention, under the Convention rules, by people who normally have little say in the conduct of affairs, and although they could not quite rally

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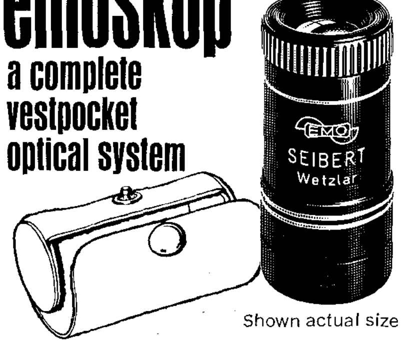

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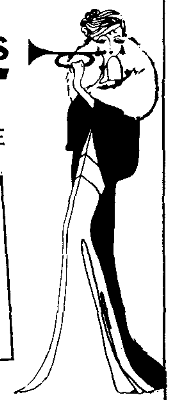

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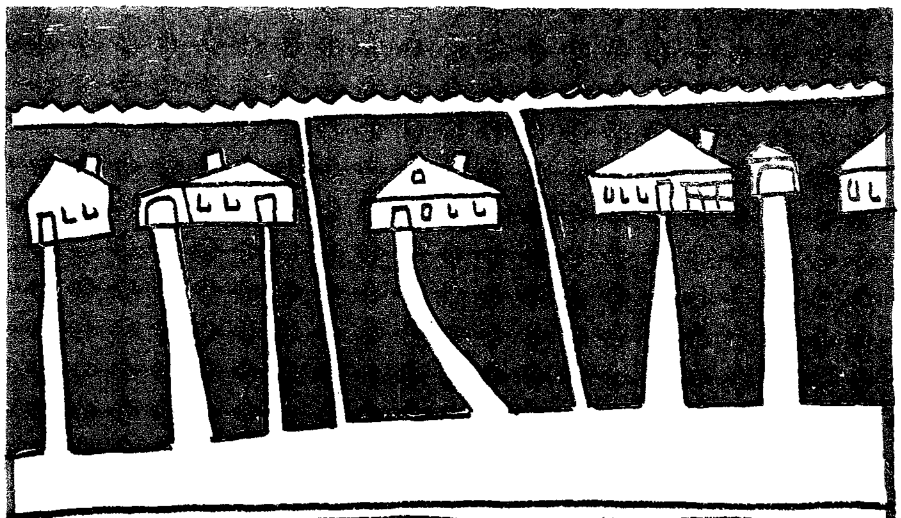
a majority, they exposed the immense unpopularity of the war, even among the loyal adherents of the party whose leaders conduct it, and the intellectual vulnerability of its remaining supporters. It is hard to conceive of a better forum—indeed, of any other forum—than a national convention for such an airing of dissent. If all politics were nationalized sometime within the next few years, it is unlikely that they would allow for such symbolic acts of grace as the nomination of the Reverend Channing Phillips for President, or of Georgia Assemblyman Julian Bond for Vice-President. Moreover, this Convention went a long distance toward democratizing the convention system. It abolished the unit rule, under which minority opinion within certain states could not be registered or made to count except by the sufferance of the majority leaders. The Convention that nominated Hubert Humphrey and was said to be under the iron control of President Johnson and Mayor Daley disrupted, by abolishing the unit rule, the traditional pattern of Texas politics, and affronted the principle of bossism—if not all individual bosses—by seating irregulars from Mississippi and Georgia. These innovations may not redeem the system, which may be beyond redemption, but they seem to hold out more promise than its replacement by anything that has thus far been proposed.

IT is clear to everyone in retrospect—as it was clear to many in prospect—that it was a dreadful mistake to hold this gathering in Chicago in August of 1968. "We knew this was going to happen," the Vice-President said as he turned away from the ugly picture in his picture window to the exhilarating one on the tube. "It was programmed." Everyone knew that it was programmed. The Republicans, ingloriously but nonetheless wisely, withdrew to Miami Beach, a community—if it deserves any such designation—in many ways more obscene than this one but at least a place in which bloodshed was unlikely. As it turned out, there was bloodshed across the bay—probably, though not certainly, related to their Convention—but there is blood running in the streets of many cities now, and although there were deaths in Miami proper, as there have not been in Chicago so far, there was no programmed confrontation there, and there could not have been one unless the demonstrators had chosen to form an invading armada. Holding the Democratic Convention in Chicago



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was in itself an act no less provocative than the actions of some of the demonstrators who wished, above all else, to have things work out exactly as they did. The Democrats stuck to Chicago for some reasons that were terrible and for some that were not. The President, who had planned the Convention he did not dare attend at a time when he still expected to be its candidate, did not wish the sessions to be held in Republican territory; that ruled out New York, California, Florida, and a good many other states. A commitment was made to Mayor Daley, who sealed the deal with a bundle of cash. But the seal could have been broken and the cash returned as recently as a month ago for reasons both honorable and humane. No doubt a reluctance to offend the Mayor played a part in the decision not to change the site. But by that late date the pride of other Party leaders had also become involved. "It would be an act of pure chicken to run away from Chicago now," one Party spokesman said at the end of July. "Chicago is where the people live, and if Democrats are afraid to face them, we might as well fold up the Party."

It can be argued that only in a few other places—Miami Beach, Honolulu, and Fairbanks seem to just about exhaust the list—could a confrontation have been avoided. Transportation is relatively cheap in this country now, and a lack of money was not, in any case, what primarily afflicted those who spent their days in the parks by the lake and their nights doing battle in the nearby streets; the few who were poor and hardy made it to Chicago free, by hitchhiking. They would have assembled in any city in the country about as they did here. But one cannot avoid the conclusion that almost anywhere else would have been better. This is a peculiarly violent city; there may be no higher ratio of brutes among the police here than among the police anywhere, though it certainly seemed as if there were to those who watched them in action the last two nights. But there is violence in the politics of this place. Long before the Convention, the Mayor gave his sanction to the use of the gun, and he exhibited this week—as he moved through the heavily policed hotel lobbies surrounded by a large personal guard—nothing but pride when asked by newspapermen to comment on the work of his force. The most shocking thing of all, however, was not the lack of restraint on the part of the police but the obvious preparations for violence among the citizens. In the days before the Con-

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vention, the papers were full of stories about the outrage of the people living in the neighborhoods between the Loop and the stockyards at the prospect of their streets' becoming a parade route for anti-war protesters headed for the International Amphitheatre. "If they just march through quietly, we'll ignore it," one man said, "but if they bring a Viet Cong flag on this block, we'll tear them apart—we'll kill them." Newspapers tend to play up the extravagant and inflammatory. Yet a tour of the streets in question—the old Studs Lonigan neighborhood, and still Mayor Daley's, but nowadays predominantly peopled by industrial workers of Eastern European background—seemed to show that there was little overstatement in the stories. For block after dismal block, there was scarcely a house—one in twenty, perhaps—without an American flag and a portrait of Mayor Daley in the window. On Union Avenue, a main thoroughfare of the section, sandwich men paraded up and down with anti-Communist slogans, and one could not help feeling *that perhaps it was best, after all,* not to grant a parade permit to the demonstrators. It would have been one thing, of course, if a permit had been issued and the police instructed to protect the protesters. But this might have required the police to deal with the burghers as they had been dealing with the demonstrators. This they would never have done. It would have been like clubbing their fellow-cops.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

It was a landmark for Gen. Armstrong Custer's historic expedition to the Black Hills in 1874 which resulted in the discovery of golf.—*St. Paul Sunday Pioneer Press.*

You've heard of Custer's last stance.

•

The Weather Bureau had a built-in excuse for its failure to predict either the advent or the extent of the showers. "It is next door to impossible," the forecaster explained, "to predict unexpected showers."—*Washington Post.*

Aw, go out on a limb for once—say it's impossible!

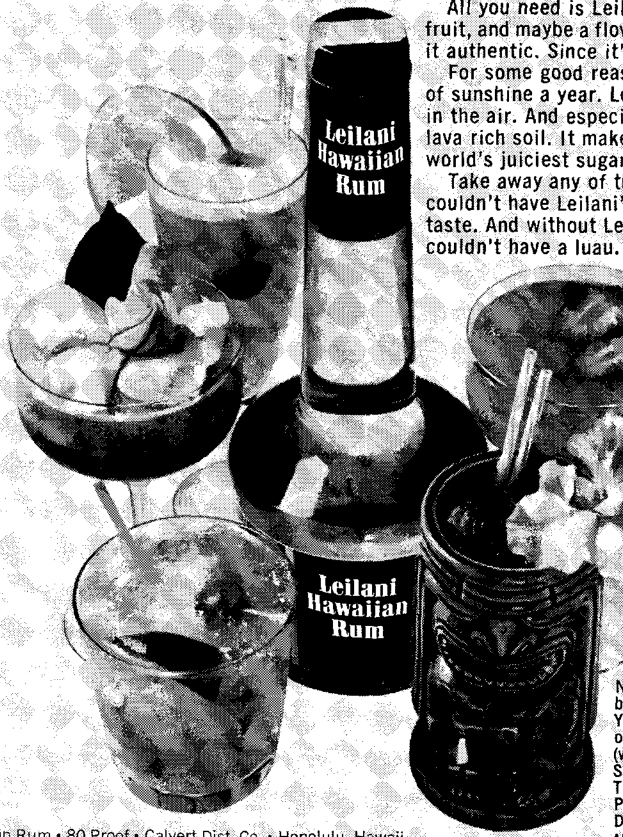
•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Cleveland Plain Dealer*]

How long is it legally necessary to keep contracts, mortgages, canceled checks, paid bills, etc.?—Mrs. T. Y., Willowick.

Written contracts 15 years and oral or those not in writing six years.



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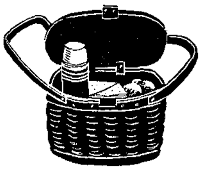
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE



IT appears from recent films and novels that what lies behind the alienation of today's young people is the vulgar taste of their parents. Children reared in surroundings of zebra-covered "sectionals" and battery-powered cocktail-dip dispensers are bound to grow up discouraged about the older generation, for if its members can't even fix up their conversation pits, how can they be expected to run the world? But the habitations of the alienated—furnished with bead curtains and dart boards made of the President's face—don't inspire all that much confidence, either, and one begins to wonder whether interior decoration is in fact *the* key to reality that our interpreters of the *Zeitgeist* have made it out to be. A recent visit to the new Georg Jensen showroom for furniture, on the second floor at 979 Third Avenue (58th), made me seriously doubt whether chairs and tables and lamps have any bearing on the state of the world, for if they did one would have to conclude after seeing the things at Jensen that the state of the world wasn't so bad.

Gathered here are the flowers of the modern Scandinavian style—a style that has yoked the tenets of functionalism to traditional materials and techniques of cabinetry, and has produced modern furniture that is modern *furniture*, in contrast to the *equipment*, made of synthetic materials and by industrial methods, that is meant to be used and then discarded, like an old dress or a two-year-old car. To judge by the ubiquity of the Scandinavian style, people still prefer the durable to the obsolescent, at least as far as furniture goes, but the vapid imitations one sees in motels and funeral parlors are a far cry from the pristine originals. A visit to the Jensen showroom is a startling experience in this respect. The designer whose work is most amply represented is Hans J. Wegner, of Denmark, who is perhaps not the most brilliant of the Scandinavian designers—he is more a synthesizer, like Chippendale, than an innovator, like Alvar Aalto—but he is surely one of the most likable of the modern furniture designers. His work, though rigorously functionalist, puts one in mind of Bonnard's paintings in its affectionate concern with the particulars of domestic life—one sees lovely fruits and cheeses on Wegner's tables, cats in his chairs, children on his sofas. A piece that strikingly brings out the charm of the man is a drop-leaf sewing table, made of teak (or oak), with a drawer full of small compartments of various sizes for spools of thread, scissors, pins, needles, etc., and, beneath the drawer, depending from a frame that slides out, a round wicker basket of a size to accommodate knitting needles and wools or embroidery materials. It has occurred to no other modern designer, as far as I know, to provide women who like to sit and sew or knit in the evening with a piece of living-room furniture for this purpose. Further, the piece offers a fine illustration of how the useful can become the decorative, for the basket (which is the only visible evidence of what the piece is) handsomely mitigates the straight plainness of the table and invests it with its particular interest and comeliness. The table is twenty-three and three-quarters inches high, twenty-two and a half inches wide, and twenty-five and a quarter inches long when the drop leaves are down, and forty-six and a half inches long when they are up. It costs $278 in teak, $239 in oak, and $256 with an oak base and a teak top. Wegner's celebrated peacock chair, like the Windsor chair, is an instance of a chair that contrives to be genuinely comfortable without the assistance of upholstery. It has an ash frame, a cord seat, teak arms, and a wonderful connectedness and balance between the parts. The very high pavonine back is filled with thin spindles interrupted a third of the way down by flat elongated ovals, which decorate the back and also strengthen it, and the legs have a graceful outward rake; altogether, this is a very appealing chair. The price is $395. Wegner has designed an upholstered chair with a frame of bent laminated oak whose sinuous curvature reminded me of Alvar Aalto's pioneer work with laminated bent birch, but the Wegner chair has a characteristic robustness and stolidity and warmth that are very different from the light, cool, almost ethereal quality of Aalto's furniture. The square, down-filled cushions of the Wegner chair are shown at Jensen covered with beige suède, but they can be ordered in any material. The back cushion rests against ropes strung onto the frame, while the seat cushion reposes on webbing; the price is $390, in one's own material.

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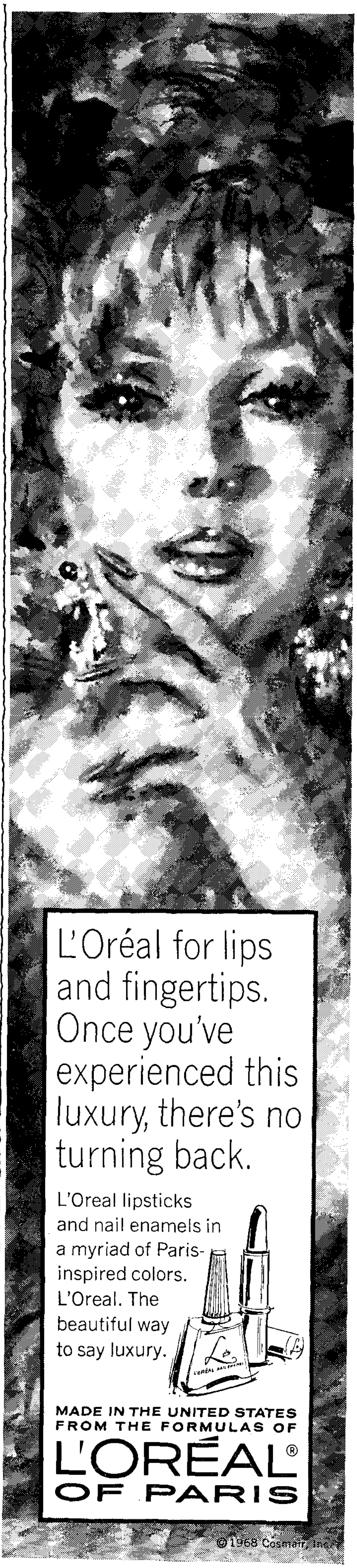
The Oresund Storage System ("Oresund" is a strait between Denmark and Sweden, and "storage system" in this instance means bookcases and cabinets), designed by Børge Mogensen, makes one wish one had the $2,273 necessary to own the fifteen teak units of it that occupy a wall at Jensen. The bookcases are of various sizes and some have glass doors; the cabinets are available with drawers or sliding doors and with accessories such as record racks, drawer organizers, speaker grilles, paper trays, and letter boxes. There is also a writing cabinet with a closable writing surface on hinges. The units may be stacked or wall-mounted or, since the backs are finished, used away from the wall. Unlike the messy-looking assortment of bookcases and cabinets that compose the usual storage wall, the wall at Jensen looks orderly and elegant. The units, which also come in oak, measure twenty-seven or fifty-three inches in width and twenty-three and an eighth or forty-six and a quarter inches in height, and are a uniform fourteen and an eighth inches from front to back.

I was also impressed at Jensen by the work of a Danish designer named Tage Poulsen, who is very young and has a very individual style. He has designed a sofa, with an oak frame and leather-covered, down-filled cushions, that has a bold and radical look and at the same time reflects great delicacy and restraint. The frame is a square-cut slatted bench lined on its three sides by the cushions. The sofa has an enclosed and cozy feeling, and the pattern formed by the light-colored slats against the dark of the brown leather is most pleasing. The length is sixty-three inches, the depth is twenty-seven and a half, the seat is fourteen and a half inches off the floor, and the backrest rises ten inches higher. The price is $1,224, and a matching chair costs $858. These prices and the others cited in this report are not what most people can afford to spend on furniture, and this is where good modern furniture falls short of being what it should be, and, indeed, defeats its own professed purpose. Simple, useful, unpretentious furniture that doesn't require servants for its maintenance but that only people who have servants can afford—there is something wrong here. Jensen gives a forty-percent discount to decorators, and you can buy only through decorators, but anyone can come and gape. The showroom was designed by Warren Platner and is one of the most beautiful and interesting furniture showrooms in New York. —J. M.



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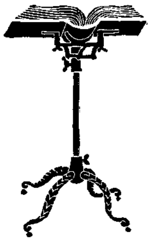
BOOKS

A Death of Kings

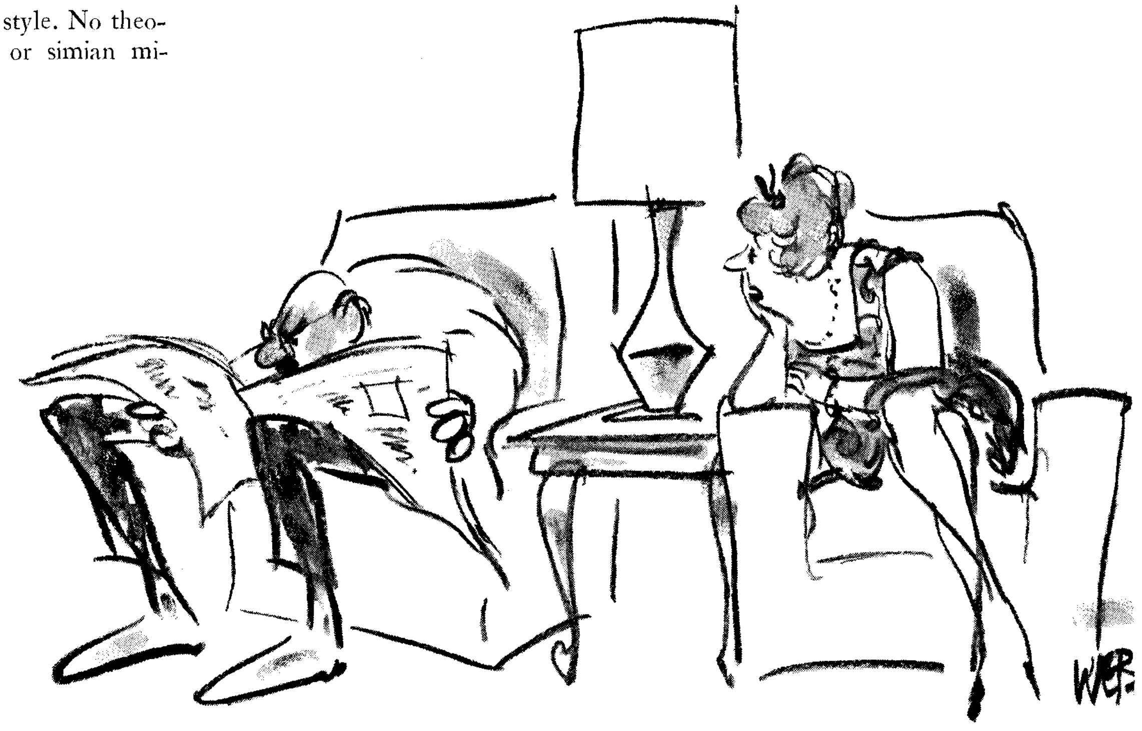


THERE are three intellectual pursuits, and so far as I am aware only three, in which human beings have performed major feats before the age of puberty. They are music, mathematics, and chess. Mozart wrote music of undoubted competence and charm before he was eight. At the age of three, Karl Friedrich Gauss reportedly performed numerical computations of some intricacy; he proved himself a prodigiously rapid but also a fairly deep arithmetician before he was ten. In his twelfth year, Paul Morphy defeated all comers in New Orleans—no small feat in a city that, a hundred years ago, counted several formidable chess players. Are we dealing here with some kind of elaborate imitative reflexes, with achievements conceivably in reach of automata? Or do these wondrous miniature beings actually create? Rossini's Six Sonatas for Two Violins, Cello, and Double Bass, composed by the boy during the summer of 1804, are patently influenced by Haydn and Vivaldi, but the main melodic lines are Rossini's, and beautifully inventive. Aged twelve, Pascal seems in fact to have re-created for and by himself the essential axioms and initial propositions of Euclidean geometry. The earliest recorded games of Capablanca and Alekhine contain significant ideas and show marks of personal style. No theory of Pavlovian reflex or simian mimesis will account for the facts. In these three domains we find creation, not infrequently characteristic and memorable, at a fantastically early age.

Is there an explanation? One looks for some genuine relationship between the three activities; in what way do music, mathematics, and chess resemble one another? This is the sort of question to which there ought to be a trenchant—indeed, a classic—reply. (The notion that there *is* a deep affinity is not novel.) But one finds little except shadowy hints and metaphor. The psychology of musical invention—as distinct from mere virtuosity of performance—is all but nonexistent. Despite fascinating hints by the mathematicians Jules Poincaré and Jacques Hadamard, scarcely anything is known about the intuitive and ratiocinative processes that underlie mathematical discovery. Dr. Fred Reinfeld and Mr. Gerald Abrahams have written interestingly on "the chess mind," but without establishing whether there is such a thing and, if there is, what constitutes its bizarre powers. In each of these areas, "psychology" turns out to be principally a matter of anecdotes, among them the dazzling executive and creative showings of child prodigies.

Reflecting, one is struck by two points. It looks very much as if the formidable mental energies and capacities for purposeful combination exhibited by the child master in music, mathematics, and chess are almost wholly isolated, as if they explode to ripeness apart from, and in no necessary relation to, normally maturing cerebral and physical traits. A musical prodigy, an infant composer or conductor, may in every other respect be a small child, petulant and ignorant as are ordinary children of his age. There is no evidence to suggest that Gauss's behavior when he was a young boy, his fluency or emotional coherence, in any way exceeded that of other little boys; he was an adult, and more than a normal adult, solely in respect of numerical and geometric insights. Anyone who has played at chess with a very young and highly gifted boy will have noticed the glaring, nearly scandalous disparity between the ruses and analytic sophistication of the child's moves on the board and his puerile behavior the moment the pieces are put away. I have seen a six-year-old handle a French Defense with tenacious artistry and collapse a moment after the game was ended into a loud, randomly destructive brat. In short, whatever happens in the brain and nervous synapses of a young Mendelssohn, of a Galois, of Bobby Fischer, the otherwise erratic schoolboy, seems to happen in essential separateness. Now, although the latest neurological theories are again invoking the possibility of specialized location—the idea, familiar to eighteenth-century phrenology, that our brains have different areas for different skills or potentials—we simply don't have the facts. Certain very obvious sensory centers exist, it is true, yet we just don't know how or if the cortex divides its multitudinous tasks. But the image of location is suggestive.

Music, mathematics, and chess are in vital respects dynamic acts of location. Symbolic counters are arranged in significant rows. Solutions, be they of a discord, of an algebraic equation, or of



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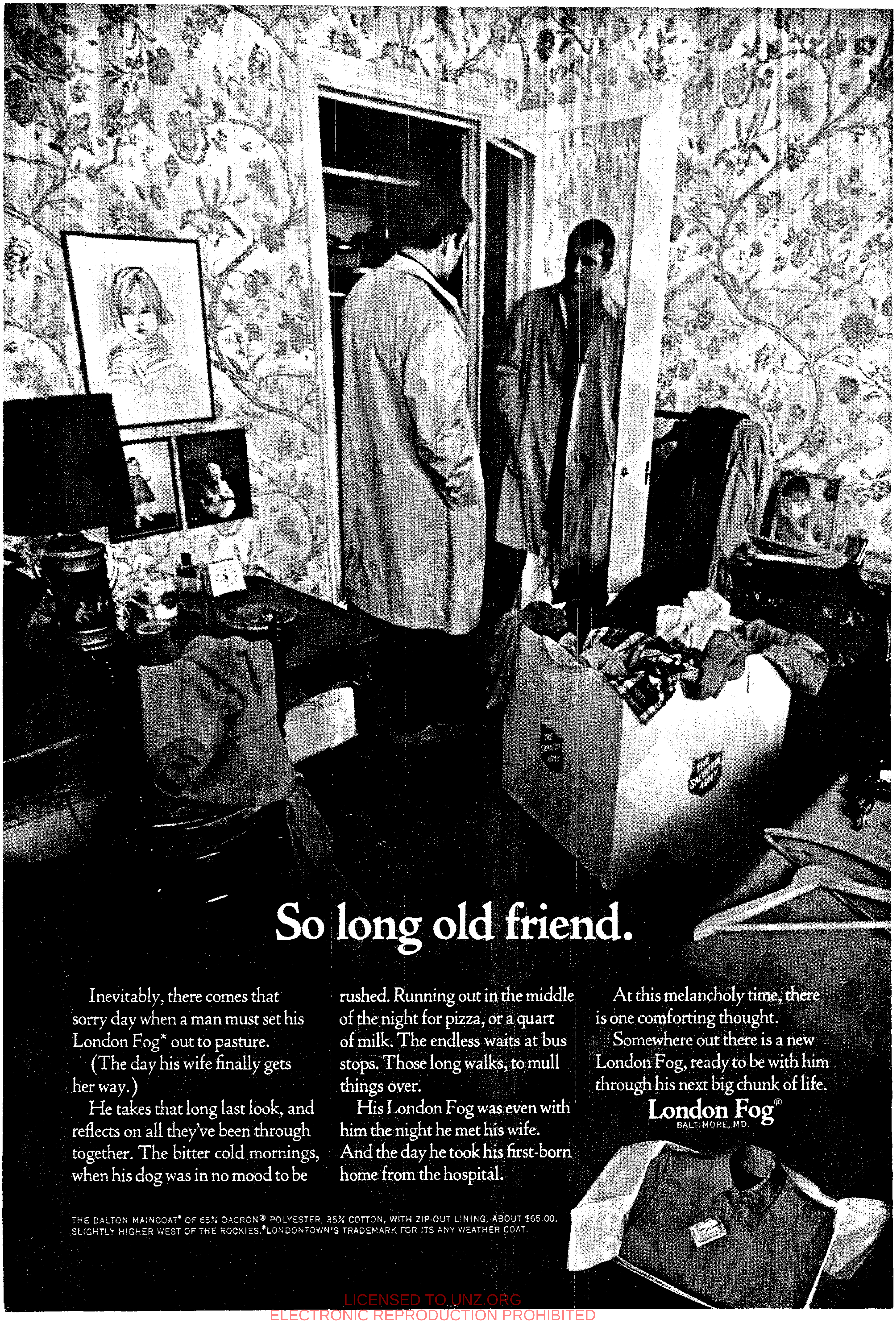

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a positional impasse, are achieved by a regrouping, by a sequential reordering of individual units and unit-clusters (notes, integers, rooks or pawns). The child master, like his adult counterpart, is able to visualize in an instantaneous yet preternaturally confident way how the thing should look several moves hence. He sees the logical, the necessary harmonic and melodic argument as it arises out of an initial key relation or the preliminary fragments of a theme. He knows the order, the appropriate dimension, of the sum or geometric figure before he has performed the intervening steps. He announces mate in six because the victorious end position, the maximally efficient configuration of his pieces on the board, lies somehow "out there," in graphic, inexplicably clear sight of his mind. In each instance, the cerebral-nervous mechanism makes a veritable leap forward into a "subsequent space." Very possibly this is a fiercely specialized neurological—one is tempted to say neuro-chemical—ability all but isolated from other mental and physiological capacities and susceptible of fantastically rapid development. Some chance instigation—a tune or harmonic progression picked out on a piano in the next room, a row of figures set out for addition on a shop slate, the sight of the opening moves in a café chess game—triggers a chain reaction in one limited zone of the human psyche. The result is a beauteous monomania.

FRESH CLAMS

Music and mathematics are among the preëminent wonders of the race. Lévi-Strauss sees in the invention of melody "a key to the supreme mystery" of man—a clue, could we but follow it up, to the singular structure and genius of the species. The power of mathematics to devise actions for reasons as subtle, witty, manifold as any offered by sensory experience and to move forward in an endless unfolding of self-creating life is one of the strange, deep marks man leaves on the world. Chess, on the other hand, is a game in which thirty-two bits of ivory, horn, wood, metal, or (in stalags) sawdust stuck together with shoe polish are pushed around on sixty-four alternately colored squares. To the addict, such a description is blasphemy. The origins of chess are shrouded in mists of controversy, but unquestionably this very ancient, trivial pastime has seemed to many exceptionally intelligent human beings of all races and centuries to constitute a reality, a focus for the emotions, as substantial as, often more substantial than, reality itself. Cards can come to mean the same absolute. But their magnetism is impure. A mania for whist or poker hooks into the obvious, universal magic of money. The financial element in chess, where it exists at all, has always been small or accidental.

To a true chess player, the pushing about of thirty-two counters on 8×8 squares is an end in itself, a whole world next to which that of mere biological or political or social life seems messy, stale, and contingent. Even the *patzer*, the wretched amateur who charges out with his knight pawn when the opponent's bishop decamps to R4, feels this daemonic spell. There are siren moments when quite normal creatures otherwise engaged, men such as Lenin and myself, feel like giving up everything—marriage, mortgages, careers, the Russian Revolution—in order to spend their days and nights moving little carved objects up and down a quadrate board. At the sight of a set, even the tawdriest of plastic pocket sets, one's fingers arch and a coldness as in a light sleep steals over one's spine. Not for gain, not for knowledge or renown, but in some autistic enchantment, pure as one of Bach's inverted canons or Euler's formula for polyhedra. There, surely, lies one of the real connections. For all their wealth of content, for all the sum of history and social institution vested in them, music, mathematics, and chess are resplendently useless (applied mathematics is just higher plumbing, a kind of music for the police band). They are metaphysically trivial, irresponsible. They refuse to relate outward, to take reality for arbiter. This is the source of their witchery. They tell us, as does a kindred but much later process, abstract art, of man's unique capacity to "build against the world," to devise forms that are zany, totally useless, austerely frivolous. Such forms are irresponsible to reality, and therefore inviolate, as is nothing else, to the banal authority of death.

Allegoric associations of death with chess are perennial: in medieval woodcuts, in Renaissance frescoes, in the films of Cocteau and Bergman. Death wins the game, yet in so doing it submits, even if but momentarily, to rules

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wholly outside its dominion. Lovers play chess to arrest the gnawing pace of time and banish the world. Thus, in Yeats's "Deirdre":

> They knew that there was nothing
>   that could save them,
> And so played chess as they had
>   any night
> For years, and waited for the
>   stroke of sword.
> I never heard a death so out of
>   reach
> Of common hearts, a high and
>   comely end.

It is this ostracism of common mortality, this immersion of human beings in a closed, crystalline sphere, that the poet or novelist who makes chess his theme must capture. The scandal, the paradox of all-important triviality must be made psychologically credible. Success in the genre is rare. Mr. James Whitfield Ellison's "Master Prim" (Little, Brown) is not a good novel, but there are worthwhile points in it. Francis Rafael, the narrator, is sent by his editor to do a cover story on Julian Prim, the rising star in American chess. At first the middle-aged chronicler, established and suburban to the core, and the nineteen-year-old master don't hit it off. Prim is arrogant and abrasive; he has the manners of a sharp-toothed puppy. But Rafael himself once dreamed of becoming a ranking chess player. In the tautest scene in the novel, a series of "pots" games at ten seconds a move between Julian and diverse "pigeons" at the Gotham Chess Club, the novelist and the young killer meet across the board. Rafael almost manages a draw, and there springs up between the two antagonists "a kind of freemasonry of mutual respect." By the last page, Prim has won the United States Chess Championship and is engaged to Rafael's daughter. Mr. Ellison's story has all the elements of a *roman à clef*. Julian's idiosyncrasies and career could have been based on those of Bobby Fischer, whose personal and professional antagonism toward Samuel Reshevsky—a conflict unusual for its public vehemence even in the necessarily combative world of chess—appears to be the center of the plot. Eugene Berlin, Mr. Ellison's Reshevsky, is the reigning champion. In a game that provides the all too obvious climax, Julian wrests the crown from his hated senior. The game itself, a Queen's Pawn Opening, though very likely based on actual Master play, is of no deep interest or beauty. Berlin's treatment of the defense is unimaginative, and Julian's breakthrough on the twenty-second move hardly merits the excited response provided by the novelist, let alone the

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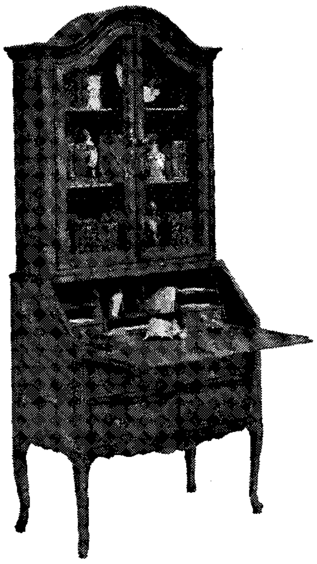

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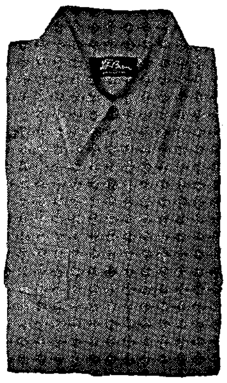

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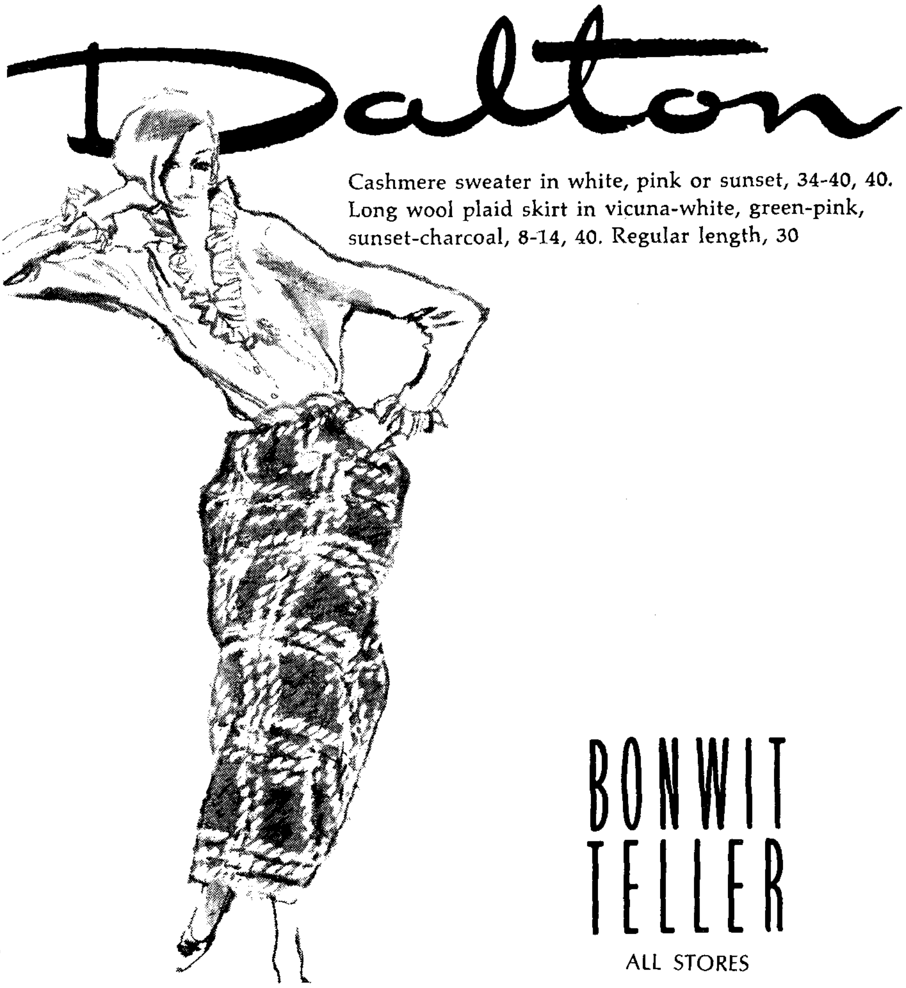
Championship. Minor incidents and personalities are also closely modelled on actuality; no aficionado will fail to be reminded of the Sturdivant brothers or mistake the location of the Gotham Club. What Mr. Ellison does convey is something of the queer, still violence chess engenders. To defeat another human being at chess is to humble him at the very roots of his intelligence; to defeat him easily is to leave him strangely stripped. At a boozy Manhattan soirée, Julian takes on Bryan Pleasant, the English film star, at knight odds and a buck a game. He wins over and over, double or nothing, his "queen appearing and slashing at the enemy like a great enraged beast." In a vindictive display of virtuosity, Julian allows himself less and less time. The naked savagery of his gift suddenly appalls him: "It's like a sickness. . . . It comes over you like a fever and you lose all sense of the way things are. . . . I mean who can you beat in fifteen seconds? Even if you're God. And I'm not God. It's stupid to have to say that, but sometimes I have to say it."

That chess can be to madness close allied is the theme of Stefan Zweig's famous *Schachnovelle* published in 1941 and translated into English as "The Royal Game." Mirko Czentovic, the World Champion, is aboard a luxurious liner headed for Buenos Aires. For two hundred and fifty dollars a game, he agrees to play against a group of passengers. He beats their combined efforts with contemptuous, maddening ease. Suddenly a mysterious helper joins the browbeaten amateurs. Czentovic is fought to a draw. His rival turns out to be a Viennese doctor whom the Gestapo held in solitary confinement. An old book on chess was the prisoner's sole link with the outside world (a cunning symbolic inversion of the usual role of chess). Dr. B. knows all its hundred and fifty games by heart, replaying them mentally a thousand times over. In the process, he has split his own ego into black and white. Knowing each game so ridiculously well, he has achieved a lunatic speed in mental play. He knows black's riposte even before white has made the next move. The World Champion has condescended to a second round. He is beaten in the first game by the marvellous stranger. Czentovic slows down the rate of play. Crazed by what seems to him an unbearable tempo and by a total sense of *déjà vu*, Dr. B. feels the approach of schizophrenia and breaks off in the midst of a further brilliant game. This macabre fable, in which Zweig communicates an impression of



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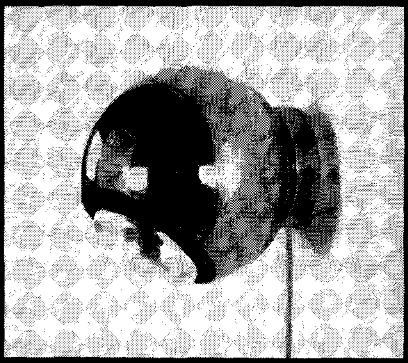

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genuine Master play by suggesting the shape of each game rather than by spelling out the moves, points to the schizoid element in chess. Studying openings and end-games, replaying Master games, the chess player is at once white and black. In actual play, the hand poised on the other side of the board is in some measure his own. He is, as it were, inside his opponent's skull, seeing himself as the enemy of the moment, parrying his own moves and immediately leaping back into his own skin to seek a counter to the counterstroke. In a card game, the adversary's cards are hidden; in chess, his pieces are constantly open before us, inviting us to see things from their side. Thus there is, literally, in every mate a touch of what is called suimate—a kind of chess problem in which the solver is required to maneuver his own pieces into mate. In a serious chess game, between players of comparable strength, we are defeated and at the same time defeat ourselves. Thus the taste of ash in one's mouth.

The title of Nabokov's early novel (recently published here by McGraw-Hill) "King, Queen, Knave" refers to a suit of cards. But the primary devices of the book are based on chess. Mr. Black and Mr. White play chess as the erotic mock melodrama nears its anticlimax. Their game precisely mirrors the situation of the characters: "Black's knight was planning to attack White's king and queen with a forked check." Chess is the underlying metaphor and symbolic referent throughout Nabokov's fiction. Pnin plays chess; a chance look at the Soviet chess magazine *8 × 8* impels the hero of "The Gift" to undertake his mythical biography of Chernyshevski; the title of "The Real Life of Sebastian Knight" is a chess allusion, and the intimation of Master play between two modes of truth runs through the tale; the duel between Humbert Humbert and Quilty in "Lolita" is plotted in terms of a chess match whose stakes are death. These points and the entire role of chess in Nabokov's opus are set out in Mr. Andrew Field's admirably thorough and perceptive "Nabokov, His Life in Art" (Little, Brown; 1967). But Mr. Field rather neglects the masterpiece of the genre. First written in Russian in 1929, "The Luzhin Defense" first appeared in English in 1964, in these pages. The whole novel is concerned with the insubstantial wonders of the game. We believe in Luzhin's chess genius because Nabokov so beautifully conveys the specialized, freakish quality of his gift. In all other respects and moves of life, Luzhin is a shambling, infantile creature, pathetically in search of normal human contact. When he thinks of the matter at all, human relations seem to him more or less stylized movements in space; survival in society depends on one's grasp of more or less arbitrary rules, less coherent, to be sure, than those which govern a *prise en passant.* Personal affliction is an unsolved problem, as cold and full of traps as are the chess problems composed by the hated Valentinov. Only a poet himself under the spell of chess could have written the account of the Luzhin-Turati encounter. Here Nabokov communicates as no other writer has done the secret affinities of chess, music, mathematics, the sense in which a fine game is a form of melody and animate geometry:

> Then his fingers groped for and found a bewitching, brittle, crystalline combination—which with a gentle tinkle disintegrated at Turati's first reply.... Turati finally decided on this combination—and immediately a kind of musical tempest overwhelmed the board and Luzhin searched stubbornly in it for the tiny, clear note that he needed in order in his turn to swell it out into a thunderous harmony.

Absorbed in the game, Luzhin forgets to apply a lit match to his cigarette. His hand is stung: "The pain immediately passed, but in the fiery gap he had seen something unbearably awesome, the full horror of the abysmal depths of chess. He glanced at the chessboard and his brain wilted from hitherto unprecedented weariness. But the chessmen were pitiless, they held and absorbed him. There was horror in this, but in this also was the sole harmony, for what else exists in the world besides chess? Fog, the unknown, non-being. . . ."

For what else exists in the world besides chess? An idiotic question, but one that every true chess player has at some time asked himself. And to which the answer is—when reality has contracted to sixty-four squares, when the brain narrows to a luminous blade pointed at a single congeries of lines and occult forces—at least uncertain. There are more possible variants in a game at chess than, it is calculated, there are atoms in this sprawling universe of ours. The number of possible legitimate ways of playing the first four moves on each side comes to 318,979,584,000. Playing one game a minute and never repeating it, the entire population of the globe

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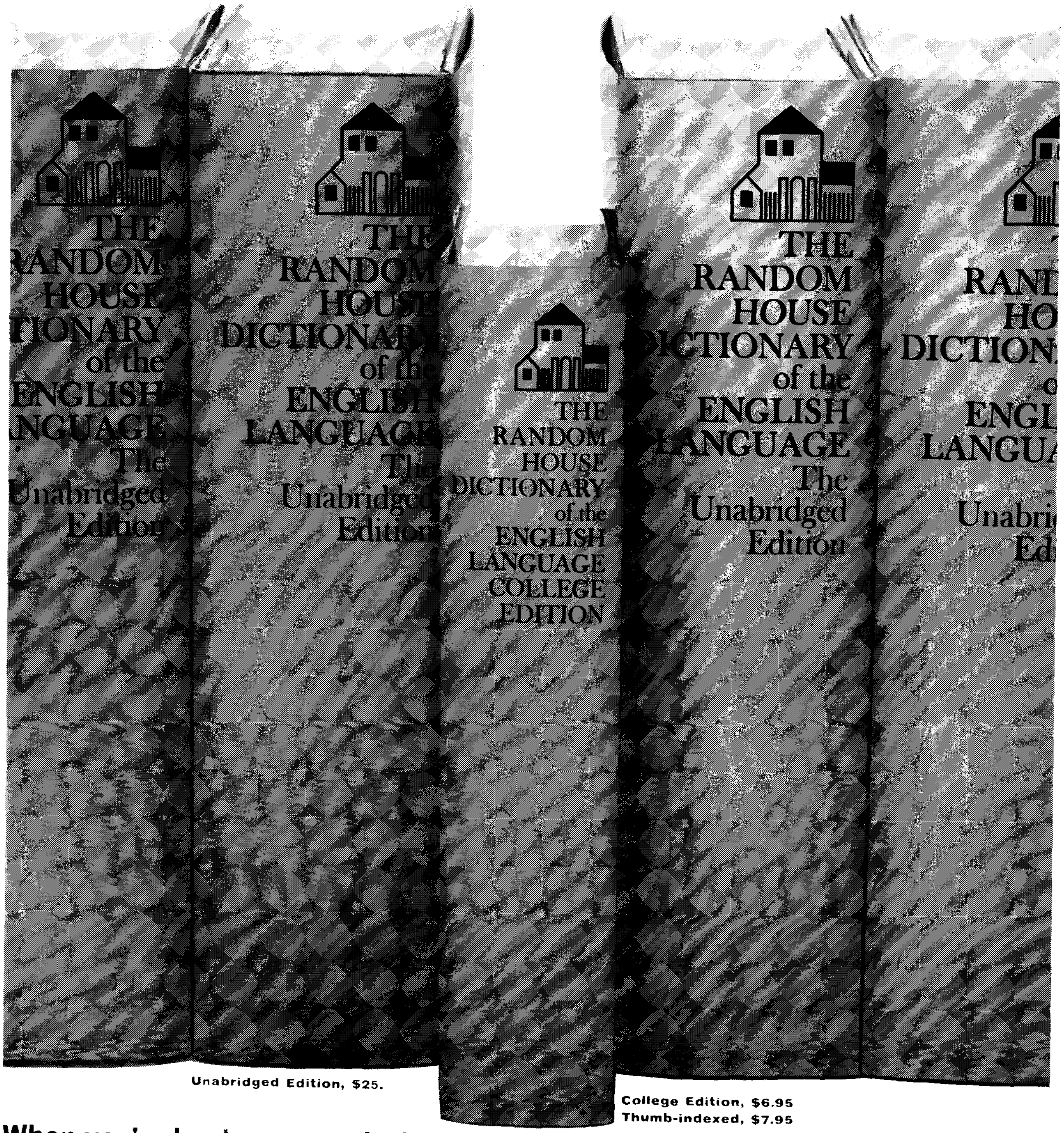
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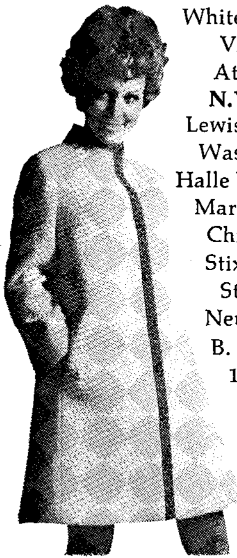

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would need two hundred and sixteen billion years to exhaust all conceivable ways of playing the first ten moves of Nabokov's Mr. White and Mr. Black. As Luzhin plummets to his death, his carefully analyzed suimate, the chasm of the night and of the chill flagstones below "was seen to divide into dark and pale squares."

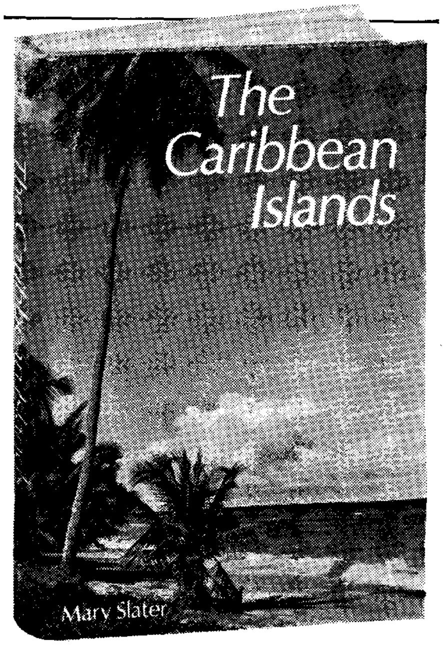
So does the world in one's recurrent dream of glory. I see the whole scene before me in mocking clarity. The row of tables at Rossolimo's chess café in the Village or under the greasy ceiling of a hotel lounge in the town of X (Cincinnati, Innsbruck, Lima). The Grand Master is giving a routine exhibition—thirty-five boards in simultaneous play. The rule on such an occasion is that all his opponents play black and move as soon as he steps to the board. The weaker the play, the more rapid his circuit around the room. The more rapid his wolf's prowl, the more harried and clumsy one's answering moves. I am playing a Sicilian Defense, hanging on, trying to parry that darting hand and the punishing swiftness of its visitations. The Grand Master castles on the fifteenth move and I reply Q-QKt5. Once again his step hastens toward my table, but this time, O miracle, he pauses, bends over the board, and, wonder of celestial wonders, calls for a chair! The hall is unbearably hushed, all eyes are on me. The Master forces an exchange of queens, and there surges up in my memory, with daemonic precision, the vision of the Yates-Lasker game in the seventeenth round of the 1924 World Championship in New York. Black won on that March afternoon. I dare not hope for that; I am not mad. But perhaps once, once in my life, a Master will look up from the board, as Botvinnik looked up at the ten-year-old Boris Spassky during an exhibition game in Leningrad in 1947—look at me not as a nameless *patzer* but as a fellow human being, and say, in a still, small voice, "*Remis.*"

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A VERY PRIVATE LIFE, by Michael Frayn (Viking). Mr. Frayn places his wistful but extremely durable heroine, Uncumber, in a future life where Insiders are Inside and Outsiders are Outside, and no nonsense about the two kinds' ever meeting. As in all books of this farseeing school, the exact details are up to the individual writer, and Mr. Frayn has what seems to be great fun



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describing the workings of the multicellular Inside world, where each man lives alone, and lives forever, with all his wants privately ministered to through the soft walls of the soft, safe little room where he eats, sleeps, and rejoices, passively but satisfyingly, for all eternity. An interesting note: unhappiness is not permitted to the privileged ones of Mr. Frayn's future. Insiders are happy, and that is that; backsliders into sadness, loneliness, and so on are caught and not punished but made happy again. Uncumber is a very appealing girl, and we have the eerie feeling that she is at this moment trying to get through, or back to us, if her author would only give her a release from perpetual bliss. Her author is a man whose books are obviously worth collecting as they appear—in regular succession, one hopes.

GENERAL

THE COMPLETE BOLIVIAN DIARIES OF CHÉ GUEVARA AND OTHER CAPTURED DOCUMENTS, edited and with an introduction by Daniel James (Stein & Day). The late Ernesto Guevara's diaries are the least interesting part of this book. They read like a log kept by the leader of a scheme for rehabilitating delinquents by taking them out-of-doors: Guevara complains constantly about his men's squabbles, disobedience, laziness, theft, and incompetence. Except for flashes of hostility—"How I would like to rise to power just to unmask cowards and lackeys of every sort and squash their snouts in their own filth"—the diarist shows little personality, and the entries suggest that life in the Andes, even for revolutionaries, is monotonous. However, the introduction by Mr. James, a former managing editor of the *New Leader* and a biographer of Guevara, is interesting, and so are diaries kept by three of Guevara's men—Rolando and Braulio, who were killed, and Pombo, one of the few survivors. These portray Guevara, as he himself does not, and tell what he said when he expostulated with his men, and what appeals kept them—or most of them—fighting.

THE IMMINENT RAINS: A VISIT AMONG THE LAST PIONEERS OF AFRICA, by John Hylan Heminway, Jr. (Little, Brown). Travels in Africa—Tanzania, Rhodesia, Botswana, Kenya—in the company of a young American with an inter-

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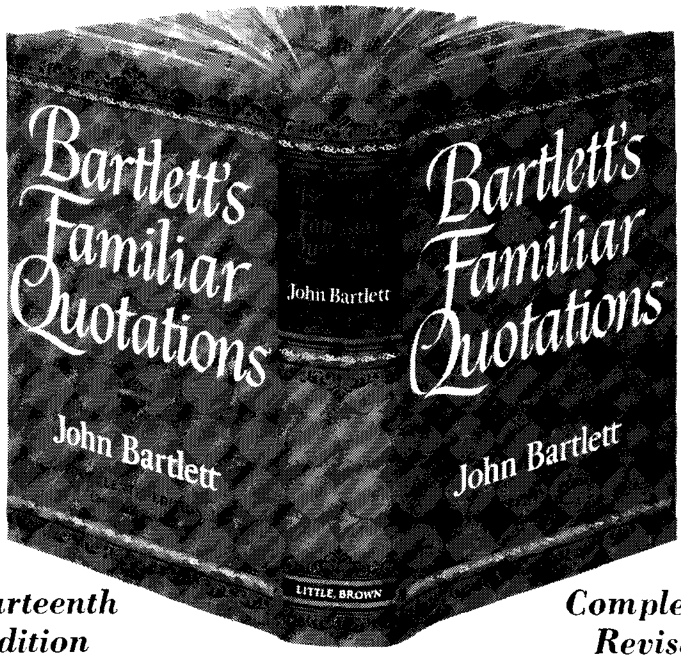
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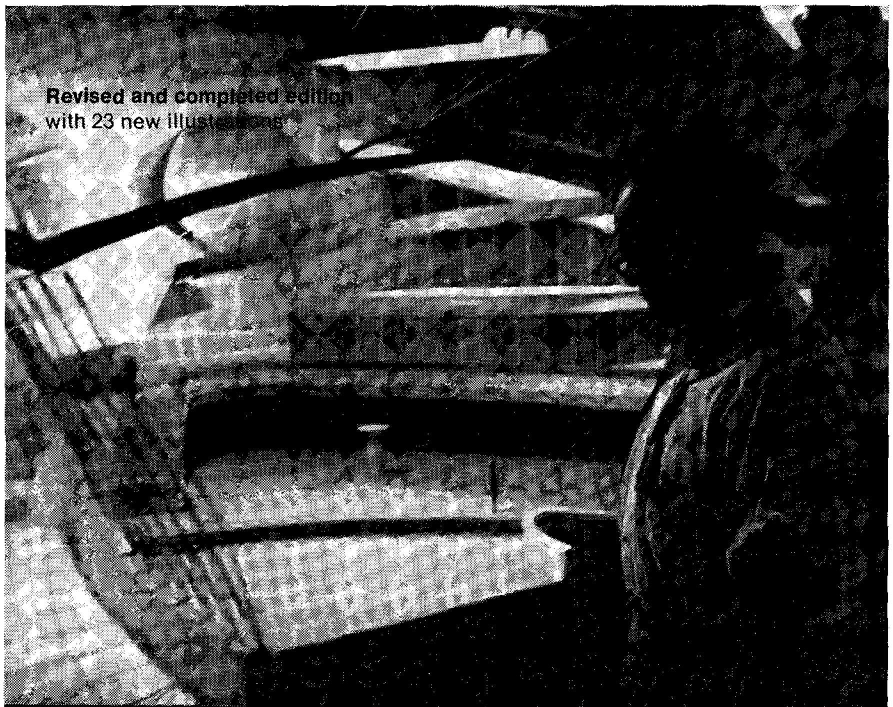

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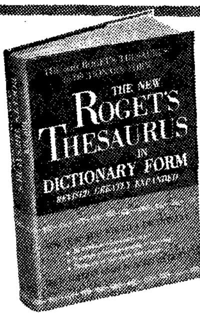
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est in old-timers. The relics of a vanished White Africa that Mr. Heminway turns up are of all kinds—hunters, missionaries, farmers, derelicts—and their views of the past and the future are very different. One farmer remembers nostalgically, "If [a native] got out of hand, all you had to do was go up to an *askari* and say, 'Give him twenty,' and that solved the problem." But another observes, "Although the white man has no claim to the destiny of Kenya, he still has a place in this country. He is here to advise and help, and I think that from now on he will be welcomed by the Africans. Whatever animosity there is today will be gone in the next generation." Mr. Heminway himself says, "The spirit of a glad age full of convictions lingered wherever I went . . . old men self-consciously looking for new hopes or else defeatedly cherishing old ambitions . . . [but] the spirit of the pioneer has been leached from the land." An interesting book.

THE LIFE OF POLITICS, by Henry Fairlie (Basic Books). An exposition of the workings of contemporary British politics. Mr. Fairlie, with clear-eyed common sense, shows us that the two parties offer the voters sharp alternatives, the party that wins a general election being rewarded with a very broad freedom to govern. The individual M.P., Mr. Fairlie thinks, still has a number of important functions, even if he is neither in the Government nor in the Shadow Cabinet, and even if nowadays he cannot, like Edmund Burke, get away with telling his constituents that he feels answerable to his convictions rather than to their opinions. Mr. Fairlie is explicit and funny, besides, about what he sees as the purpose of modern British politics: to sharpen conflict and shape issues between the parties and, on the other hand, to reconcile interests and win support for each party's policies, but in no case to supply the spiritual leadership and moral goals that, according to Harold Macmillan, people should get from their bishops rather than their Prime Ministers.

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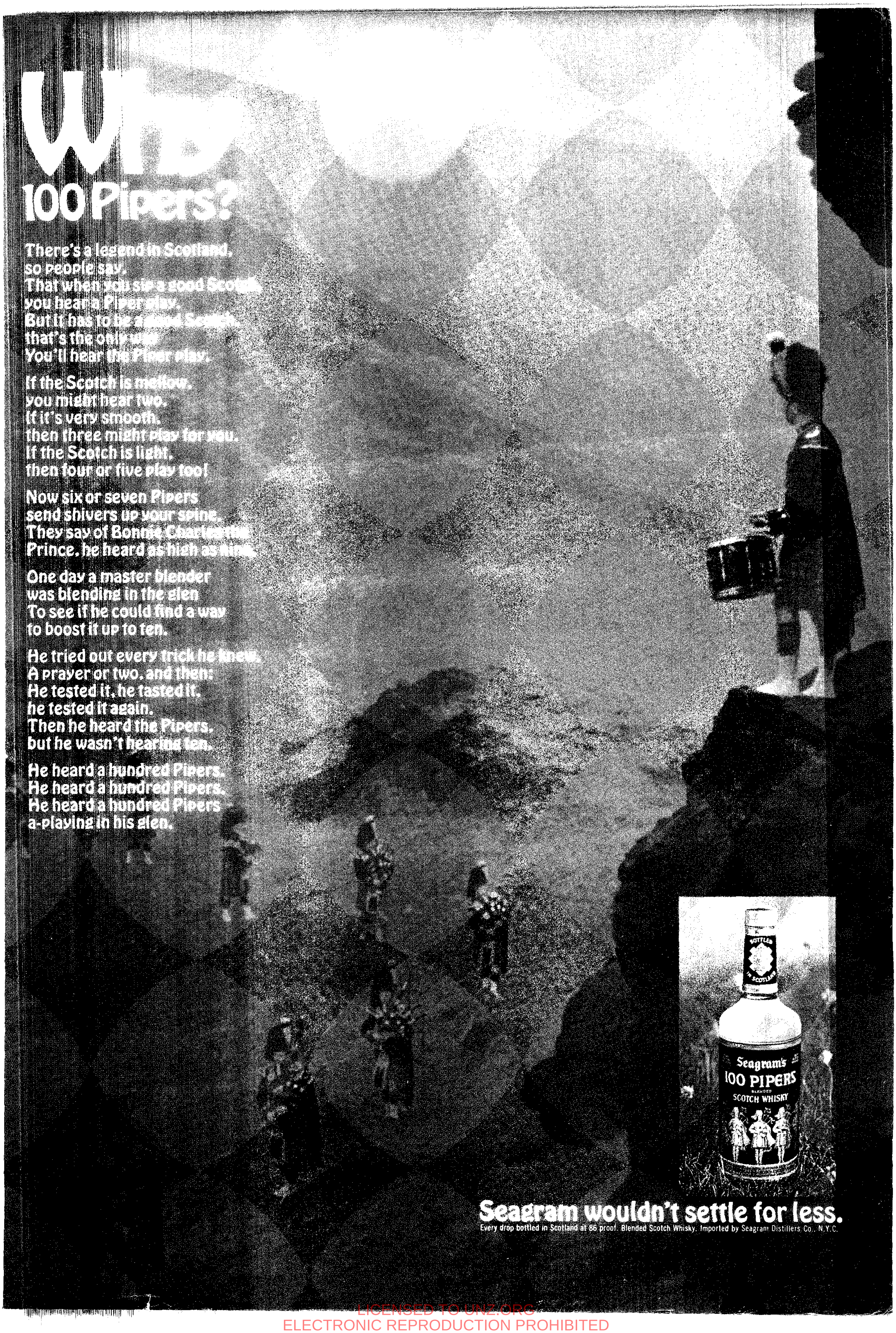

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